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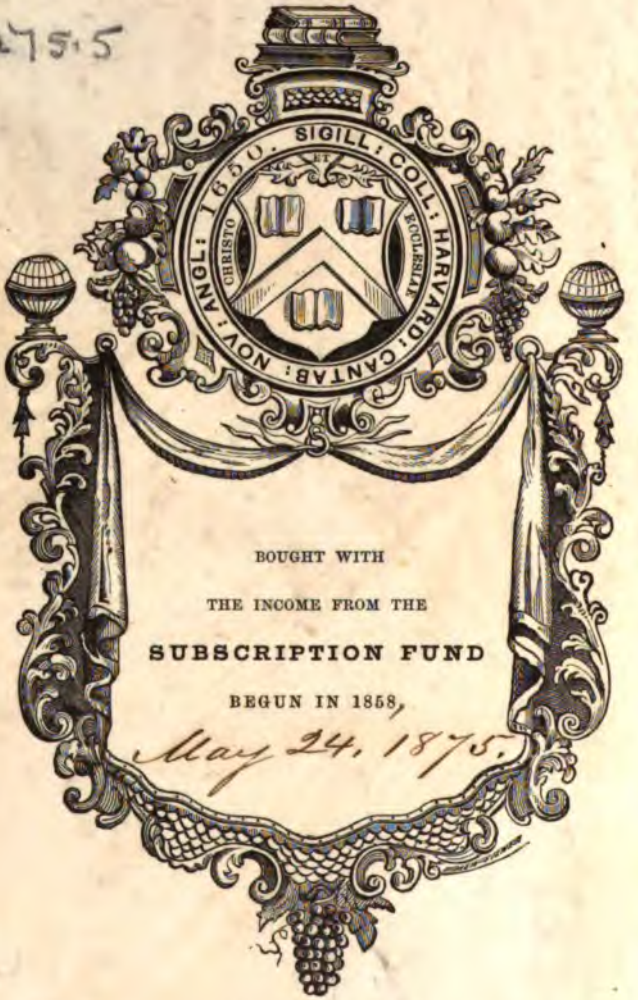

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

Achilles and Lancelot. By HORACE M. MOULE 344
Age of Lead, An 63
Armgart: A Tragic Poem. By GEORGE ELIOT 161
Berkeley, Bishop, On the Metaphysics of Sensation. By PROFESSOR HUXLEY . . . 147
Blank Court; or, Landlords and Tenants. By OCTAVIA HILL 456
Callimachus: A Sketch 367
Cave-Hunting. By W. BOYD DAWKINS, F.R.S.:—
III.—The Caves of Yorkshire 357
Centenarianism. By E. RAY LANKESTER 466
Chaucer, The Descriptive Poetry of. By STOPFORD A. BROOKE 268
Cid, The Poem of the. By MARY ARNOLD 471
Common Law, The Development of the. By ALBERT V. DICEY 287
Darwinism and Religion 45
Denison, Edward.—In Memoriam. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN 376
Der Ruhm, or the Wreck of German Unity. The Narrative of a BRANDENBURGER HAUPTMANN 230
Diplomate, A, on the Fall of the First Empire. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE . . . 280
France, The State Papers of. By J. PITT BYRNE 314
French Prison, Two Nights in a, during the Civil War 209
Ingres. By FREDERICK WEDMORE 52
Ireland, The Past and Future Relation of Great Britain to. By the HON. GEORGE A. BRODRICK 32
Ireland, Pleasant Recollections of Fifty Years' Residence in. By JOHN HAMILTON, of St. Ernans:—
I. 144
II. 145
III. 225
IV. 226
Jade Quarries of Kúeh-lún. By H. CAYLEY 455
Landlords and Tenants, Blank Court; or. By OCTAVIA HILL 456
Literature, How it may illustrate History. By DAVID MASSON 200
Loire, Souvenirs of the Campaign of the. By GABRIEL MONOD:—
I. 69
II. 134
Madrigal. By ALICE HORTON 375
Mango Tree, The; a Poem. By CHARLES KINGSLEY 126
Marie. By MARY CROSS 297
Mendelssohn, Letters by 128
Nation, How is the Work of the, done? 410
Ossian. By PRINCIPAL SHAIRP 113
Oxford, The Early History of. By J. R. GREEN:—
I. The Town 443
Panic, The, and its Lessons. By EDWARD A. FREEMAN 1
Paris and Versailles, A Victim of:—
I. Paris 384
II. Versailles 487

Patty :— PAGE

Chapter XXV. (*continued*):—Roger Westropp at Home in London . 13
,, XXVI. Mrs. Fagg's Opinions 13
,, XXVII. Nuna's Love 17
,, XXVIII. Patty, the Heiress 19
,, XXIX. Nuna and her Lovers 22
,, XXX. Paul's Confession 26
,, XXXI. Nuna's Letter 88
,, XXXII. Miss Latimer 93
,, XXXIII. Patty's Fright 98
,, XXXIV. Married 101
,, XXXV. Patience's Story 104
,, XXXVI. Clouds 110
,, XXXVII. The Portrait 188
,, XXXVIII. The First Sitting 191
,, XXXIX. "It is well to be off with the Old Love before you are on with the New" 194
,, XL. In which Paul "treats" Resolution 197
,, XLI. Patty's Advisers 249
,, XLII. At Roger Westropp's 252
,, XLIII. Mrs. Bright's Misgivings 257
,, XLIV. A Discussion 259
,, XLV. Mr. Pritchard's Advice 262
,, XLVI. A Discovery 266
,, XLVII. Coming Home 329
,, XLVIII. A Command 331
,, XLIX. Miss Coppock's Warning 333
,, L. Nuna's Promise to Roger 335
,, LI. A Gossip at the "Bladebone" 337
,, LII. Patty's Admirer 340
,, LIII. Parted 421
,, LIV. Again at Ashton 423
,, LV. Called to Account 425
,, LVI. Cousinly 428
,, LVII. Patty's Letter 430
,, LVIII. Husbands and Wives 434
,, LIX. An Appeal 437

Pies, A Day with the. By CHARLES BUXTON, M.P. 312
Plato, The Study of 81
Pope and Cowper 217
Red Ties. By T. E. KEBBEL 370
Sunset on Yarrow, A. By A. L. 311
Unfulfilled. By "PAN" 442
West, A Week in the. From A VAGABOND'S NOTE-BOOK :—
I. 241
II. 321
Whymper's "Scrambles among the Alps." By LESLIE STEPHEN 304

Contributors to this Volume.

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BRODRICK, THE HON. GEORGE A.
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Contents:—

I.—The Panic and its Lessons. By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L.

II.—Patty. Chapters XXV.—XXX.

III.—The Past and Future Relation of Ireland to Great Britain. By the Hon. George A. Brodrick.

IV.—Darwinism and Religion.

V.—Ingres. By Frederick Wedmore.

VI.—An Age of Lead.

VII.—Souvenirs of the Campaign of the Loire. By Gabriel Monod, of the 11th Ambulance (bis) of the Paris "Société Internationale de secours aux blesses." Part I.

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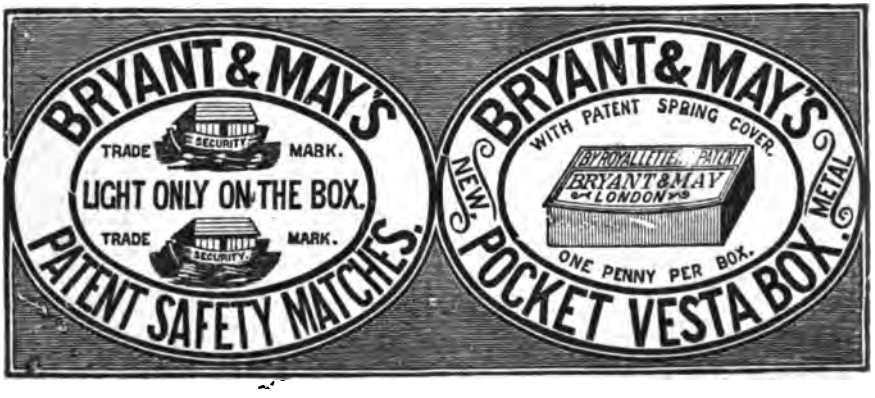

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1871.

THE PANIC AND ITS LESSONS.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L.

[It may be well to say that this article was written before the appearance of the articles on kindred subjects in the last number of this Magazine. A few passages only have been changed.]

We have just been passing through, perhaps we have not yet fully come out of, one of those curious fits of panic which seem ever and anon to seize upon the English nation, and which, after exciting everybody for a little while, die away and are forgotten. I can remember several of the kind, though I am not sure that I can give the exact date to each. Twice or thrice within my memory has all Britain been mightily alarmed for fear of the French. It is a good many years ago, but I distinctly remember that Mr. Martin Tupper made some very patriotic verses on one occasion. There was a line—

"Englishmen, arm, up with your rifles;"

and the verse that rimed to it was something about not "standing on trifles." And there was another stanza which I remember more perfectly—

"Jesuit priests and prætorian legions
Clamour like hounds to be loosed on their prey,
Eager to devastate Protestant regions,
And to have vengeance for Waterloo day."

And there was another time, or the same, when everybody was so full of the coming invasion that it became the correct thing to write books on the subject, and Sir Edward Creasy, I think it was, wrote a book upon all the invasions and projected invasions of England from the beginning of things. Then there was the great panic which gave birth to the volunteers, and everybody took to talking about volunteers and the volunteer movement and the wonderful things that were to come of them. Now for all these panics there was some kind of reason. A power was prominent, almost dominant, in Europe, which from the days when the modern states of Europe began to exist, has always been the disturbing element among them. Against that power, a power on whose acts no man could reckon, it was indeed the wisdom of every nation in Europe to stand thoroughly prepared. While France stood, in its own eyes at least, at the head of the nations of the continent, while she claimed to dictate to every other nation and to meddle in all their internal affairs, while she was ever and anon threatening to avenge Waterloo and was more steadily setting forth her claim to the western provinces of Germany, it was indeed the duty of every European nation to stand ready for the attack for which it might be marked out as the next victim. Never had any nation, among nations professing to live side by side on equal terms, reached such a height of insolence. Did Ger-

many or Italy aim at that process of consolidation through which France had gone at an earlier time? The strength which the united nation gained from its unity was looked on as so much taken away from the strength of France. France, as claiming a right to domineer over all her neighbours, openly made it her business to keep them weak and disunited. With France in the ascendant, with the power of France wielded by the unscrupulous will of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, no nation could be safe for a moment. The panics might take a somewhat absurd shape, but our moments of panic were moments of greater wisdom than the fits which alternated with the panics, the fits in which we fell down and worshipped the common enemy. In such a state of things our moments of panic were in truth our lucid intervals. They were moments far more honourable to us than the fit of madness in which we allowed ourselves to be dragged by our dear and faithful ally into an attack on a sovereign and a people who had never wronged us, on behalf of the foulest tyranny on earth.

But those days are past. The tyrant has fallen—fallen amid such utter scorn and ignominy as few tyrants in the world's history have fallen. The boasted strength of the nation which claimed to give law to Europe has shown itself to be utter weakness. The old disturbing power lies crushed beneath the mightiest stroke of righteous vengeance that the world has seen for ages. One might have deemed that one universal cry of joy and thankfulness would have gone up from liberated Europe. One might have deemed that no language could have been found so fitting to be the common song of mankind as the strains in which the Hebrew poet of old rejoiced over the fall of a kindred tyranny, the strains in which he sang how Lucifer had fallen from heaven, how the oppressor had ceased and the golden city ceased. Instead of this, at the very moment of deliverance we are seized with another panic, and the panic is this time directed against the deliverer. It is directed, not against the power which has so long threatened the peace and freedom of Europe, but against the power which has given Europe at least a moment of peace in which it may breathe freely.

It is my lot always to be on the unfashionable side. Seventeen years ago I saw no reason to dread Russia, and every reason to dread France. Last year, to my amazement, I found myself going along with a popular cry. I was at once surprised and delighted to find that the glorious struggle in which the German nation was engaged—a struggle to free itself from the French aggression of the moment, to make French aggression impossible for the future—awakened general sympathy in England. Since then the tide of public opinion has turned the other way, and I find myself left in a state to which I am far better used. The odd logic which turns against a cause allowed to be righteous, simply because that cause is victorious, is altogether beyond me. It is not often that right and might go together. But I cannot believe that right is turned into wrong, simply because, for once in a way, might has become its companion.

The two cries which we have had going about lately are both somewhat startling, and to a plain understanding they seem also a little inconsistent with one another. All of a sudden we were told that we had no army, that we could not put together a hundred thousand men. We could not put together forty thousand men. We had no powder, or we had the wrong kind of powder. We had no rifles, or we had the wrong kind of rifles. Our soldiers were not like the educated soldiers of Prussia. Our officers were not like the scientific officers of Prussia. The volunteers themselves, the glory of the land, would, it was suddenly found out, be of no kind of good in a real battle. All this sounded very frightful, and very likely some of it might be true, but one had a kind of notion that one had heard it all before more than once. Then, to make the thing more frightful, we were told that our turn was sure to come next. As soon

as Bismarck had eaten up France, he was sure to come and eat up England. The thing was quite certain. Somebody who had the good luck to understand German had heard two Germans on an English railway talking very ugly things in their own tongue. Nay, it was quite certain that Prussian officers had been seen with a map of England, planning out campaigns in divers parts of our island, and this, there could be no doubt, meant mischief. It was whispered back again that this was only part of the scientific military education of Prussian officers, that they did exactly the same with maps of Russia and Turkey and Spain and California and the Cannibal Islands, and that it could hardly be believed that they were going to invade all the world at once. That was all very well; the maps of the other countries might very likely be meant for scientific study or scientific amusement, but a map of England could be meant only for real work. The Prussians were certainly coming; they might not indeed come straight from the gates of Paris to the no-gates of London; they might swallow up Luxemburg and Belgium and Holland on the road, by way of a whet; but if so, it would be much the same; we were bound by treaty to fight for all these states, and we had no men, no rifles, no powder, with which we could fight for them. All this was unpleasant enough, but while we were rubbing our eyes in wonder and scratching our heads in puzzledom, and trying to find out how we could get out of such a sad state of things, there came another cry, if anything, more appalling than the other. The same people who told us that we were effaced, wiped out, clean gone, that we had no men, no rifles, no powder, told us all of a sudden that we were bound to go to war with Russia the next morning. Our honour demanded it; our "prestige," whatever that is, demanded it; effaced as we were, we were bound to go forth, at the bidding of honour and "prestige," to fight with Russia, though we had neither men, rifles, nor powder to fight her with. How this was to be done was not very plain to ordinary minds. One might have thought that the votaries of honour and "prestige" expected miracles to be wrought on their behalf, that the walls of Russian fortresses were to fall down at the sound of the British trumpet, and that the hosts of the Czar were to be put to flight before such easy weapons as lamps and pitchers. But one could hardly believe that miracles were looked for, when the very men who were urging us to fight were endlessly sneering at the King of Prussia for being old-fashioned enough to believe that there is a God that judgeth the earth. Still, men or no men, rifles or no rifles, powder or no powder, we were to go forth and fight Russia. The cause was a cause in which we could not hold back; it was the cause of the faith of treaties. To be sure we, and every other nation in Europe, had freely trampled treaties under foot, whenever it was convenient to do so. In defiance of treaties, Belgium had been separated from Holland; in defiance of treaties, Poland had vanished from the map of Europe; in defiance of treaties, the commonwealth of Cracow had been swallowed up by Austria; in defiance of treaties, a Buonaparte sat on the throne of France; in defiance of treaties, he had seized the neutral land of Savoy. All these things might be passed by; it was only free states that they concerned. Russia herself might be forgiven when it was only a free country which she swallowed up; such matters did not touch our honour and our "prestige;" but when a barbarian despotism was threatened, then honour and "prestige" were touched to the quick. We did not strike a blow for the neutrality of Savoy it is a chance if we should have stricken a blow for the neutrality of Switzerland itself; but for the neutrality of the Black Sea all risks must be run. All other powers might repudiate treaties at will, but to Russia no such freedom might be allowed, at least when she was dealing with her kindred despots. Poland and Cracow, Savoy and Switzerland, were matters of no account. But the inde-

pendence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire—that is, the continued bondage of Eastern Christendom—was a thing so holy that for its sake we were bound to wage a war, even though we had no men, no rifles, no powder, to wage it with.

Another thing is wonderful. Fifteen years ago Russia was overcome, and, being overcome, she was treated as those who are overcome commonly are treated. She was made to surrender part of her territory, so as to keep her away from a river her presence on which those who overcame her held to be dangerous. She had also to submit to certain humiliating conditions, restraining her in some of the common rights of an independent nation. Just now France is overcome, far more completely overcome than Russia was. France, like Russia, has to surrender part of her territory, so as to keep her away from a river her presence on which those who have overcome her hold to be dangerous. She has also to pay a great sum of money; but she is not subjected to any humiliating conditions; she is not restrained in any of the common rights of an independent nation. Yet, by some means which I cannot understand, the treaty to which Russia had to submit is held to be far more binding than the treaty to which France has had to submit. To give formal notice that a treaty will no longer be regarded may not be diplomatically correct; but it is surely more honest and straightforward than either to shuffle out of a treaty or to pick some quarrel in order to get rid of it. Yet no words could be found too strong to denounce the conduct of Russia in saying that she would no longer be bound by a most humiliating treaty. Meanwhile those who spoke most fiercely against Russia for so doing have been speaking of the far less humiliating treaty to which France has submitted as a mere truce, a mere breathing-space, till she can begin her old career again. They are in fact encouraging France to do, in a shape in every way more mischievous, the very thing which they have been so fiercely denouncing Russia for doing.

Such are the various cries,—cries, I must think, a little inconsistent with one another,—to which we have been listening for some months past. But of course the great cry of all is the cry of no men, no rifles, no powder. If this really be so, it is a grievous fault, and ought doubtless to be put straight as soon as may be. But, looking more broadly at the matter, I cannot conceive a time when the cry of danger, invasion, and such like, at least from any European power, was more utterly out of place. The power from which there was real danger to us and to the rest of the world lies crushed, and can at all events do no mischief for some time to come. Think, if France had been victorious. Will any man persuade me that the great nation would have been content with simple victory, content even with the Rhine frontier? The nation and its Buonaparte would have been at least sorely tempted to go on and repeat the whole career of the other Buonaparte. Belgium, so often threatened, would of course have been swallowed up; and Belgium is the one continental state which all English parties agree that we are bound to defend. And we may be sure that a still more direct attack on England would have followed before long. It might not have come this year, but it would have come very soon. An attack on England, after a successful attack on Prussia, would have been the natural wind-up of the policy of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte. The policy of the tyrant has, after all, been very simple. At the head of the great nation, with ideas to express, defeats to avenge, and so forth, his one object was to get a name for himself and to flatter the French passion for glory by attacking the chief European powers in turn. No one attacked him; no usurper was ever let so completely alone. Reigning, as he did, in defiance of treaties, no one thought of putting those treaties in force against him. Everybody fell down and worshipped him; kings called him "brother;" he

was made a Knight of the Garter, he dined with the Lord Mayor and kissed the Queen.[1] The reward of all this forbearance, and somewhat more than forbearance, was a series of systematic aggressions on the chief powers of Europe. The object was to teach them that France, under her Buonaparte, was stronger than any of them. But it was a great point to do the thing easily and with a show of decency. The way was to pick a quarrel with each state in turn, beginning with his fellow-despots, and, if possible, to make the thing look respectable by bamboozling some free state to join her in his enterprise. He began with picking a quarrel with Russia, a power guilty enough in other quarters, but innocent towards him. In the depths of the "Eastern Question" it was easy to dig up grounds of quarrel, silver stars, keys, and what not. So the quarrel was picked, and England was bamboozled into the great national crime of the Russian war. He then went on to pick a quarrel with Austria, also a power guilty in other quarters, but innocent towards him. To that end he bamboozled Italy with hopes of deliverance; he would free Italy from the Alps to the Hadriatic, a promise which, as we all know, he took care not to fulfil. Cavour probably was more wary than Buonaparte, and foresaw better than he what was coming. But how little any zeal for Italy had to do with the attack on Austria is plain from the fact that, from the moment when it appeared that the movement was likely to issue in Italian freedom and Italian unity, Buonaparte ever after showed himself the bitterest enemy of Italian freedom and Italian unity. He went back from his Italian campaign without having done the work which he promised to do, but not without exacting his stipulated wages in the shape of the two Italian provinces which he took to himself. After the turn of Austria naturally came the turn of Prussia; the third great military power of the Continent was to be humbled as the other two had been. Prussia was accordingly attacked on the most ridiculous pretext of all, but undoubtedly with the fixed purpose of robbing Germany of her western provinces. As England had served his purpose in the attack on Russia, as Italy had served his purpose in the attack on Austria, it is clear that the Tyrant was deluded enough to think that Southern Germany would, in the like sort, serve his purpose in the attack on Prussia. England had been thoroughly deluded; we have not fully awakened from our delusion even now. Italy was only half deluded, and in the end she outwitted her enemy. But Southern Germany refused to be deluded for a single moment; the gamester threw his last cast; the dice proved against him, and the whole fabric of evil fell to the ground. But had it been otherwise, had France conquered, had France been extended to the Rhine instead of Germany being extended to the Mosel, had French troops entered Berlin instead of German troops entering Paris, had the great nation stood triumphant and dominant over every continental power, will any man persuade me that the turn of the Island Empire would not have come next? It would have been the one thing wanting to complete the great cycle of successful aggressions. It must never be forgotten that an essential part of the programme of Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, as set forth by him years ago, was to avenge the defeat of Waterloo. If his star had led him so far in triumph as to avenge the share of Prussia in that defeat, can we doubt what would have come next would have been to finish the work by avenging the share of England?

From this danger, our real danger within the bounds of Europe, the German victories have saved us. And now we turn round and lavish our sympathies upon our fallen enemies and have little but revilings for our victorious brethren. The mighty triumph of right, the

[1] See the *Spectator*, August 25, 1855, especially the leading article headed "The Kiss."

[When I wrote this a month back I did not foresee that the same man, with the blood of fresh thousands on his hands, would be again received at the English Court and, what is of more importance, be cheered by an English crowd.]

grandest display which the world ever saw of human force and human skill working for a great and noble cause, is met with coldness and more than coldness, with ostentatious insult and suspicion, by those who, next to the victors themselves, have most need to rejoice in the victory. Truly our continental brethren may reproach us that we love our enemies and hate our friends; by this time doubtless they perceive that if France had triumphed and all they had died, then it had pleased us well.

I believe that there never was in this world a panic more unreasonable than the fear of danger to England from the side of Germany. If there is any danger, it is a danger of our own making. Germany is our natural ally against the common enemy: she has been so always, from the day of Bouvines to the day of Waterloo. Germany has no interest in doing us harm; she has no sentimental provocation to do us harm; for a long time to come she cannot even have the means to do us harm. If the name of England is beginning to be hateful in German ears, it is wholly the fault of England. It is because a kindred people, engaged, for once in the world's history, in purely righteous warfare, looked to their brethren, if not for material help, at least for cheering sympathy, and all that they have got is scorn for themselves and brutal sneers at their sovereign. I believe that the wisest heads in Germany and those who wield the affairs of Germany are still thoroughly friendly to us. But if German popular feeling has turned against us, such a change is neither wonderful nor undeserved. If ever we feel the effects of having turned our natural friends into our enemies, it will be wholly our own doing.

Germany, in truth, has nothing to gain by attacking England. I see no reason to doubt that the policy of the new Empire will be peaceful. But, supposing it to be otherwise, the obvious fields for its warlike energies lie elsewhere. It is obvious that Germany is imperfect as long as Austria and the adjoining states, Tyrol, Kärnthen, and the rest, are separated from Germany and attached to Hungary. It is very strange geography which makes Wien, Salzburg, and Innsbruck something other than German. Then again, there are Liefland and Esthland, lands in which the German element has to struggle hard against the evil influence of Russia. If united Germany goes forth either conquering or peaceably annexing, it strikes me that these are the quarters in which those processes are the most likely to take place. If it should unhappily be otherwise, if Switzerland or Belgium or Holland should be attacked, then, I grant, be the aggressor France or Germany or whoever it might be, it would be the duty of all Europe to step in in the name of European freedom.

Still, though I fail to see the special reason for any special alarm at this particular moment, there is no doubt that in this wicked world it is always better to stand ready for anything that may happen, however unlikely. I am a peace man, but I am not a peace-at-any-price man. I hold, as fully as any fire-eater, that it would never do to let the world think that England will never fight, come what will. I protest against shedding one drop of English blood or spending one farthing of English money to bolster up a loathsome despotism at the other end of Europe. But if free Belgium or free Switzerland were to be threatened, that would be quite another matter. So, silly as mere panics are, it can never be wrong seriously to set our house in order. At the same time, it might be better, if it can be done, to set our house in order without that wonderful turning of ourselves inside out with which on these occasions we commonly amuse the world. The cry is for army reform, and so far the cry is not an unreasonable one. But two different notions of army reform split off from one another at the first moment. One notion of army reform is to spend more money on such an army as we have now. Another notion is to get a better kind of army for the money which we now spend upon it, or possibly for less.

May I here be allowed to express the sort of feeling with which I as an outsider look upon the existing British army, feelings which I certainly do not believe to be wholly confined to myself? There are no doubt military families and military circles in which everything to do with the army seems intelligible and natural. But outside those families and circles, the army certainly seems something very wonderful. I am one of those who have to look on all professions from the outside; I can pretty well understand the Church and the Law; I have some vague notions about Medicine, and some notions vaguer still about the Navy; but the Army is to me a perfect mystery. The most prominent facts about it seem to be that we pay a vast deal more for our army than any other nation pays for its army—that, as far as touches those who make it up, it is said to be the best army in the world—and yet that we are told that, if we were suddenly called on to act, we should be utterly unable to do anything. Here is the plain fact; we pay much more for our army than other nations, and yet military men themselves tell us that we have no army capable of doing anything at all. These things are puzzling on the face of them; and, if we come to look a little closer into the matter, we find points of detail which to an outsider seem no less puzzling. First of all, there is the point which the House of Commons has just been debating. The British army is, I believe, the only army in the world in which officers buy their commissions. A plain man might think that the existence of this odd kind of revenue ought to have the effect of making the British army cheaper than any other instead of dearer. A plain man might also think that the avowed buying and selling of places of authority was in itself a very strange thing. It is certain that, if the like were done in any other branch of the public service, it would be thought very strange indeed. Conceive a Judge or a Bishop or a county magistrate or a chief constable buying his office. There may be some good reason which makes these cases different from those of a captain or a colonel buying his office; but the difference is certainly not visible to the naked eye at the first glance. Of course it may be said that there is such a thing as purchase in the Church as well as in the army, that, if men buy commissions, they also buy livings. It is certain that something very like buying livings does very often take place. But it is also certain that, in strictness of language, Church livings cannot be bought and sold, and it is also certain that the approaches to such a process which the law does allow are looked on as abuses by most people except those who profit by them. And, after all, the buying of livings, so far as it exists, exists only because some livings are in private gift. No one can buy a living which is in any kind of public patronage, any more than he can buy any other public appointment. Then again, the outsider may perhaps look on the purchased commission as wonderful in another way, when he remembers the legal position of the army. It is one of our great constitutional doctrines that a standing army is illegal. Its existence is legalized from year to year by a series of special Acts of Parliament. In order to get rid of the army altogether there would be no need to pass any Act of Parliament, but simply to refrain from passing an Act of Parliament. The commission is therefore something in its own nature precarious, something whose value may come to an end any year. It may therefore seem a little strange that these purchased commissions should be looked on as something permanent, something giving their holders vested interests, something calling for compensation in case of abolition, just like the freehold estates of the clergy of a disestablished Church. There is surely a vast difference between a property which nothing short of an Act of Parliament can take away, and a property which may any year become of no value whatever by the easier process of Parliament holding its tongue. Then again, there is some further mystery about regulation prices and non-regulation prices, and

some hints are given that the British tax-payer is to be made to pay for something or other which even the rules of the service do not recognize. To an outsider this sounds like the claim of the owners of rotten boroughs for compensation at the public expense at the time of the great Reform Bill.

For all these things there may be some good reason, but they are puzzling. There are other things again which to an outsider seem equally puzzling. For instance, there are certain branches of the military service, the officers of which are of necessity educated men, ranking alongside of educated men of other professions. One might have expected that those who belong to these higher branches of the service would be specially picked out for high commands, and would be dealt with in every way as their higher intelligence and education fairly deserves. We should think it odd if literate clergymen enjoyed a formal preference above graduate clergymen; yet one ever and anon hears that the Artillery and Engineers are the branches of the service which are picked out to be snubbed, while the titles and honours go to men who to the naked eye seem to have nothing to do but to lounge about London. Then too it would be thought very odd in the Church or the Law or any other branch of the public service, if to every bishoprick or judgeship there were two Bishops or two Judges, one of whom did what was to be done, while the other was paid for doing nothing. Yet something like this goes on, if I do not greatly mistake, with the office of colonel in the British army. The outsider asks for explanation, and he is told that the sham colonel is in each case an old and deserving officer, who in this form receives the reward of his service. The outsider perhaps murmurs that he has no objection to giving a pension to an old officer who is at once deserving and needy, but that he objects on principle to making sham offices for anybody. And he perhaps begins to doubt about the old and deserving officers, when it comes out in a debate in the House of Commons that one of these sinecure colonelcies is held, of all people in the world, by the Prince of Wales. Of course a man may not speak of a Prince in the way in which he would speak of any one else. But it may be allowed to ask whether, even in the army, other people get the like promotion at the same age and with the same amount of service. The outsider, who does not profess to understand military mysteries, may perhaps think that, as it would confessedly be queer if his Royal Highness received the income of a Dean or of a Commissioner in Bankruptcy, so it is at first sight no less queer that he should draw the pay of a colonel. Then again it is puzzling to see old gentlemen who have long retired from active service, rising step by step in military rank, possibly, the outsider may suspect, receiving increased pay at each step. Nobody is made a Bishop or a Judge unless he is meant to act as a Bishop or a Judge, yet it is certain that men grow into generals whom no one has the least thought of putting at the command of armies. Then again the outsider hears confusedly of people called army-agents, to whom some portion of the public money seems to go. His notions of an army-agent may be a little vague, but the name does not sound like the name of a public officer, and he thinks that the thing on the first blush sounds odd. All these things may be quite intelligible to those who are familiar with the army; there may be very good reason for all of them; but to the man who looks at all professions from the outside they have a very strange look, a much stranger look than anything which stands out visibly on the surface in other professions.

Altogether the man who has never been brought within the range of military mysteries is apt to wonder that, of all callings and professions in the world, that in which there is most talk about "honour," most talk about "officers and gentlemen" and all that kind of thing, is the one in which money seems to have greater sway than in any other

known calling. It is in the army alone that offices are openly bought and sold; it is in the army alone that men leap over the heads of others avowedly because they are richer; it is in the army alone that men are "bought out" and receive "bonuses" to retire. In my day at least Fellows of Colleges were anxious for promotion and seniority as well as military officers. But what would be thought of a senior Fellow being "bought out" or receiving a "bonus" —that, I suppose, is high polite for a bribe—to give up his fellowship? Lastly, there is one thing which, strange as it is, is certainly highly to the credit of the British officer. I believe it is true that, though an officer can sell out while he lives, yet, if he is killed, his commission, or some part of the value of it, dies with him. In other words—

> "He who fights and runs away
> Will get the value of his pay;
> But he who is in battle slain
> Will never see his cash again."

This being so, it is certainly highly creditable that so many British officers are in battle slain, and that so few are found to fight and run away.

But the system of purchase is threatened, and will very likely be destroyed, by Mr. Cardwell's bill; so it may be said that it is no use talking about it. But it illustrates the state of things that a system of purchase could ever have been allowed, and there are not wanting those who say that the abolition of purchase will only make room for something worse. Whether this is so I do not profess to know, though one cannot forget the fact that in the intellectual departments of the army purchase does not exist. Still, there is a much larger question. Is it worth while to spend a great sum of money to get rid of purchase, unless we do something much more? Will the bill either lessen the cost or increase the efficiency of the army? I am sorry so to speak of any measure brought forward by Mr. Gladstone's Government, but it looks very much as if it would do neither. Then it is plain that, if purchase is to be abolished, the other abuses, the jobs and sinecures, as they seem to the common understanding, are to go on. Is it worth while meddling with the matter at all, unless we meddle to some greater purpose than this?

To me indeed it seems—and I am delighted to find that several of the wisest men in England agree with me in so thinking—that, if we do no more than the bill proposes, we are simply losing the best opportunity we ever had for reforming our military system altogether. In plain words, what we want is, not to patch up this or that bit of detail, but to get rid of standing armies, and of any distinct class of soldiers altogether. I suppose all would allow that a standing army is in itself an evil. The only question is, whether it is a necessary evil? Is it not possible to find some other means of national defence? Need there, in short, be a military class?

It is hard to see any point of view in which the existence of a military class is other than an evil. The class in itself is surely not a desirable one. No doubt the army contains, especially in its scientific branches, many men of whom the country has every reason to be proud, men who would be an honour to any possible profession or walk of life. But these are hardly the men who give the tone to the army. To an outsider, the class of men, officers and privates, who seem to have nothing to do but to lounge about London or to move from one country town to another, seem hardly, on their account, to be worth keeping up at so great a cost. I venture to think that their presence is not, on the whole, found improving to the places where they sojourn. If the evil is a necessary evil, it must be borne with; but is it so?

Again, it is surely an evil to have a class which has a direct interest in war. It is indeed true that, when there is talk of war, there is a certain class of military men who are far less anxious for war than a certain class of civilians. There are always to be found, even

among men of the most peaceable callings, men who think it fine to talk in a warlike and bloodthirsty way, and to out-bluster and out-swagger any Pyrgopolinices to be found in the whole ranks of the army. And there will always be found in the army wise and humane men, who know better than other men what war is, and who will therefore be less willing than other men to run heedlessly into war. But such men as these will never give the tone to a whole army. The natural instinct of a soldier who is anything better than a mere lounger will always be on behalf of war. On the other hand, if the defence of the country were laid, not on a professional class but on the whole nation, we should get rid of the class of blustering civilians. Men would not talk quite so big about going to war with Russia or any other power as they do now, if they knew that they ran a fair chance of having to wage the war in their own persons.

And I must confess that I have great doubts as to the morality of the military calling as a profession. I am no Quaker. I hold, with the Church of England, that "it is lawful for Christian men, *at the command of the magistrate*, to wear weapons and to serve in the wars." But mark the qualification, "at the command of the magistrate." This is just what the *Landwehr*-man, who fights in obedience to the Law, does. One can hardly say the same of the professional soldier. One would think that the duty of wearing weapons, of serving in the wars, that is of killing people and doing a great deal of mischief in other ways, was a painful duty, which a man would not wish to take upon himself, unless strictly as a matter of duty. The member of a standing army like ours, formed by voluntary enlistment, volunteers of his own free choice to do the killing for his neighbours, as if he liked the job. The member of an army formed by conscription is rather unfairly driven to do the killing for his neighbours, whether he likes it or not. But the member of a national army is simply obeying the Law. A heavy and painful duty, the duty of warfare, that is the duty of killing and of all else that warfare involves, is laid on the nation; as one of the nation, he takes his share in the work. The moral state of such an army is surely far higher. Instead of the flashy sentiment of professional "honour" we get the deep and earnest conviction of patriotic duty.

Again, we have heard much of the comparative advantages of raising officers from the ranks and of choosing them in other ways. In a national army, where every man is equally bound to serve, and where birth and wealth ought to give no exemption, it would seem that the advantages of both systems might be united. The officers of such an army would of course be men who showed the needful mastery of military knowledge, as tested by whatever may be the fitting kind of examination. Every man would be bound to serve, but the man who had really studied military science would serve as an officer, not as a private. Whether some previous service in the ranks should be required before a man is set to command others is a matter of detail which need not be gone into in a discussion of principle. If such previous service was required, every officer would literally have risen from the ranks. Even if it were not, it would be no violent figure of speech to say that a man had risen from the ranks who was exempted from serving in them by his proved capacity for serving in a higher rank. Officers so chosen would be a real aristocracy of merit, not an oligarchy of birth or wealth. We should get rid of the talk about "an officer and a gentleman," and yet it is highly probable that the officers of a national army would still largely belong to the class called gentlemen. For a certain amount of leisure, and therefore of wealth, is, in ordinary cases, needful for diligent scientific study, military or otherwise. This is one of those inherent advantages of birth and wealth which no legislation can take away. But, under such a system, the poor man who had the needful natural talent and energy would be able to rise in the army, just as he can in other callings. Officers so

chosen, whatever their origin, could not be mere fashionable loungers; they must be men of intellect and knowledge. They would be men serving in obedience to the Law: we should get rid of the talk about "the Queen's Commission," and about the army standing to the sovereign in some special personal relation in which other branches of the public service do not. And, after all, such officers would not be an exclusive military class. They would simply be men whose personal merit enabled them to serve in a higher, instead of a lower, rank of a service in which all must serve in some rank.

Let our officers once be an aristocracy and not an oligarchy, and we shall hardly again see such scandals as went on during the Russian war. In military circles it may have seemed all right, but plain men were puzzled when, at a certain stage of the war, all the most noble and illustrious persons in the army found out that they had "urgent private business" and came home again. The stage, unless my memory fails me, when this remarkable rush of private business happened was just when the excitement of mere fighting, Balaklava-charging and that sort of thing, was over, and when the hard, wearing work of the trenches was beginning. Then our grandees came home again and left the hard work to smaller folk. No doubt there were good professional reasons for this also; but a plain man cannot help asking whether the "private business" of a drummer, or a corporal, or of an ensign who had risen from the ranks, would have been thought "urgent" enough to let him come home along with the high and mighty ones.

Let us then no longer potter over the kind of questions which alone seem to be raised by the debate on the bill in the House of Commons. Let us go far deeper. Let us strengthen our navy; let us arm the nation. Mr. Mill has shown that an armed nation can be every whit as effective for any legitimate military purpose as a professional army. To serve in arms when lawfully called on has been the constitutional obligation of Englishmen from the earliest times of which we have any glimmerings. Neither the comparatively modern military tenures, nor the still later establishment of armies of the modern type, have done away with the old duty of the citizen to act, when his country calls for his services, as a soldier. The particular manner in which that obligation shall be enforced is of course matter of legislation from time to time; but the eternal principle remains. It is not for me to draw out any detailed scheme; that is the business of experts, of men—and such men can doubtless be found—who possess real military knowledge without vulgar military prejudices. We are not bound slavishly to follow either the Prussian system or the Swiss system. The same general principle is implied in each, but it is carried out in very different ways. Each system of course should be carefully studied; but it does not follow that the best thing for us would be to transplant either system whole. The Prussian obligation of three years' actual service certainly seems a needlessly heavy burthen. On the other hand, the amount of military training required of every Swiss citizen is said by competent judges, including eminent Swiss officers, to be too short. We can surely devise some plan by which the general principle may be carried out without laying ourselves open to either of these charges. The one great point is that the army shall no longer be a particular class in the nation, but the nation itself. It is for experts to arrange details. A great and comprehensive measure, giving England once more a national army, would have been a worthy following up of those memorable measures of reform with which the present Government began.

The general reader will perhaps be good enough to stop at this point; to those who care to follow up a subject to the forms which it took in very early times I have still a few words to say.

The old obligation to military service

dates from the very beginning of things. But a standing army is an older thing in England than people commonly think. The Housecarls or Thingmen, the force established by Cnut, were essentially a standing army. They were a force kept regularly under arms and regularly paid. They were therefore something different alike from the old general levy of the people, from men serving by virtue of a military tenure, and from mere mercenaries, like the Brabançons and such like at a later time. They were mercenaries only as all paid soldiers are mercenaries. Now of all men, I who have told their tale would be the last to undervalue the deeds of that noble army which overthrew Macbeth and Gruffydd and Hardrada, and who died, man by man, around the standard of Harold. Yet one or two things may be profitably noticed, even with regard to this the earliest standing army that England ever saw. First, it was introduced by a foreign conqueror, the best indeed of all conquerors, the conqueror who most thoroughly identified himself with the land which he conquered, but one who still was a foreign conqueror and not a native King. The force no doubt before long became a national force; still it was not a national force in its beginning. Secondly, it was a force that could easily be abused to bad purposes. Harthacnut employed his paid soldiers as tax-gatherers, and the natural result was the riot at Worcester and the burning of the city. The saintly Eadward would have done the like at Dover, if his good genius, in the form of Godwine, had not hindered him. Thirdly, I cannot but think that the establishment of this paid force caused the older constitutional force to be neglected. It is plain that, in the great struggle of all, Harold's own Housecarls fully bore out their character of being men any one of whom was a match for any other two. But it is equally plain that some of the hurried levies of the southern shires were of a very poor kind indeed, such as we cannot think that they could have been during the great wars of Ælfred, Æthelstan, and Eadmund Ironside. I suspect that the establishment of the Housecarls led men to trust too much to them, and to neglect the general defence of the country. Harold, I suspect, commanded better troops, but also commanded worse, than those who had followed his predecessors. I think too that we see the result in the ineffectual resistance, prolonged as it was, which William met with after his great victory. In three years and a half of nearly constant fighting, there was nothing to be called a pitched battle. England was conquered bit by bit. No doubt the main reason of this was that no leader of the type of Harold or Eadmund was left, but I believe it was also partly owing to the fact that, when the royal Housecarls were once cut off, there was no trustworthy force left in the country. How soon Englishmen recovered their character under good discipline and able leaders is shown by the fact that William himself won continental victories with English troops. But the state in which he found England seems to show that, while an army had been raised which stood at the very head of armies of its own class, too much trust had been placed in that single force, and that the general military resources of the country had rather gone down. If Harold was guilty of rashness in the great battle, it was not in not waiting for further reinforcements of inferior troops, but rather in risking all his first-rate troops at once.

I say all this because I have before now been asked how I, as being in some sort the panegyrist of the Housecarls, can consistently speak against standing armies. It strikes me that the example of the Housecarls, so far as it has anything to do with the matter in hand, may supply arguments both ways.

PATTY.

CHAPTER XXV.

(*Continued.*)

ROGER scarcely knew how nearly he had hit the mark; he did not guess at all that the poor deceitful woman was more natural with him than she had been since she was a child.

She questioned him again as to how he passed his time, and he told her.

"I know a trifle about money matters, ma'am, but not enough; bless ye, not half enough to guide such money as Watty's. I go to an old friend every day, and I'm learnin' to be a good man of business."

Miss Coppock stared.

"Dear me!" she said. "I should have thought now you'd have preferred leisure after being busy all your life."

Roger gave her another searching glance.

"You're a deal too sensible to think that, ma'am, if you give it a second thought. Them as has had to earn their daily bread is just the folk which finds daily leisure a burden. I spoke to you of a friend just now; I'll name no names, and then no one can be hurt. Him and me was lads at the same school, Miss Coppock. I stayed down in the parish, he went up to town, and I heard no more on him; but he was nearly the first man I met when I comed up to London. He's got a fine thriving business here all his own, and yet he works as hard at it as he did when he began life as a porter. If our money's managed his way, it 'ull double and treble itself."

Roger had drunk a little ale in honour of Miss Coppock, and this, with the long silence he had been living in since Patty's departure, had helped his tongue to an unusual flow of speech; but he checked himself, and glanced over his shoulder hastily. It was a great risk to speak of the money at all.

Miss Coppock looked and wondered; and twenty-four hours after, when she found herself at last on her way to Patty, she wondered still.

"Whatever will the girl do with that old father?" she thought. "She may dress him up in gentlemen's clothes, but when he begins to talk, he must be found out."

If Miss Coppock had passed her life in London, she would have known better; she would have learned that, with some folks, far worse ignorance than Roger's can be gilded so as to pass current.

She was a good sailor, and the journey was a real enjoyment; it took her back years of life. She was sorry when it ended, sorry when she reached Paris, and when the cab which conveyed her from the railway stopped at a white-fronted, green-blinded house in a quiet street; a French maid opened the door, and showed the way obsequiously to the visitor of "Mees Latimer." Here for the present we must leave her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MRS. FAGG'S OPINIONS.

PAUL did not go back to Ashton till late in the afternoon. He had a good notion of locality, and so after refreshing himself and his horse at a wretched little inn, where the bread was mouldy and the ale sour, he managed to see a good deal of country before he at last found himself at the farther end of Ashton from "The Bladebone."

He had studied to avoid Carving's Wood Lane. Patty was nothing to him now, only a humiliating memory; but his mind was at peace about Nuna, and he did not want to risk the chance of the strange disturbance he had experienced that morning as he rode through the lane.

"After all, I'm no wiser than other fools," he thought; "does not all history, whether of life or fiction, tell the same tale? Love never was, never can be a comfortable or easy sensation; it must always be full of doubt and worry."

Yes, Paul Whitmore, doubt whether we are loved, fear that we are unworthy of the love we hope for—doubt, it may even be when we love really and fondly, as to whether our feelings are true or only self-deceit; for this doubt will come from the most real part of love, its humility, its unbelief in its own power of loving: but not a doubt which brings the shadow, however faint, of another between ourselves and the woman we love; not a doubt as to the prudence and wisdom with which we have acted. No, Paul, these are not the torments of true ardent love, of the blind passion which yet never strays aside from the direct line of its flight.

He felt impatient to see Nuna again—not the feverish intoxication of impatience which had doubled each minute that kept him away from Patty; there was more method and reason in his present mood, and yet he was impatient. He wanted to make matters straight, to be quite sure of Nuna, and to speak to Mr. Beaufort.

"I suppose I ought to have talked to the old gentleman before I said anything to Nuna, but then I never do as I ought; besides, I can keep a wife, so there's nothing to be said against my making it out with her first."

Mrs. Fagg had softened towards her lodger when she found that the Rector had taken him into such favour as to lend him his own horse; a favour which he owed far more to Mr. Bright's asking than his own, for Paul was bad at asking favours. Mrs. Fagg brought in his dinner, and waited upon him herself. But he was very silent; he had no questions to ask till she gave him one piece of information, and that startled him into talk.

"The Rector and Miss Nuna are going away to-morrow, sir; but you knew that, perhaps."

"Where are they going to?" Paul looked, as he felt, thoroughly vexed. Nuna had said nothing to him of this; he hated matters to go against his wishes, and he had planned out to-morrow after a fashion of his own.

"To Beanlands, sir; they always go there once a year, but only for a couple of days or so; it's Lord Lorton's place, Miss Nuna's grandpapa. Her mamma was Lady Mary Wynne, as you may have heard, sir."

No, he had not heard. This was worse and worse; he grew savage. He with his democratic notions, and his horror of "uppish" people, merely because they were "uppish"—for in his heart Paul valued breeding highly—that he should have given his love to the granddaughter of a lord! It was impossible that Mr. Beaufort could listen to his suit.

"Do you know when they are to return?"

"Well, sir, we are to send a fly up to the station the second day after to-morrow. I believe they are coming then."

Paul gave a sort of grunt, but his landlady approved his dissatisfaction: it showed that he valued the Rector's company. She went into the kitchen to tell Dennis, and found that worthy gravely instructing Bobby in the art of smoking his pipe.

"Mercy me, Dennis, how can you? The child 'ull be no better than a gun barrel or an engine funnel, all his dear little insides choked up with that filthy smoke. Bobby, did you never hear what happened to the little boy as smoked a pipe against his mother's wishes?"

Bobby's blue eyes looked like small cheese plates, he opened them so.

"The pipe stuck,"—Mrs. Fagg spoke with awful solemnity,—"stuck all day, and all night too, in the very self-same corner of that little boy's mouth, and by next morning it wasn't the little boy Bobby, as was fat and rosy and round, it was the pipe that had sucked the little boy into itself; there was nothing to be seen of him but the soles of his boots."

Bobby's lower lip had dropped with the progress of the story, and at this

tragical point he burst into such a prolonged howl that his mother caught him up in her arms, and tried to comfort him with kisses.

"There, there, Bobby, don't be such a silly, don't; run and ask Sally if there's not a bit of ginger-cake in the tin."

Bobby went off with alacrity, though he still sobbed at the dreadful doom of the smoking boy; but Dennis felt himself aggrieved.

"I call that folly now; you know such a thing couldn't have happened, Kitty, then why tell the little chap it could? It's like them foolish fairy stories Miss Nuna gived to Bob, making bears and such talk. Why the next thing 'ud have been, if I hadn't burnt the book, we should have had Bob flinging himself between the two next dogs he sees fighting, a-talking to 'em as if they was Christians."

"Bless you, Bob's not such a fool. But look you here, Dennis, I've a better opinion of our lodger than I had, and I don't object to his being here since he's took up with the Rectory. Mr. Beaufort may be a fidget and fanciful, but he's a real gentleman, and no one can get anything but good from his company. Mr. Whitmore was quite put out when he heard they were gone."

"Did you hear Miss Matthews were coming back?" said Dennis, with a look of great wisdom in his flat, complacent face.

"No, and I do hope she'll stay away; Miss Nuna's looked herself again ever since Miss Matthews went."

"She's coming, as sure as a gun. When I took the horse round just now, cook told me so herself." Mrs. Fagg could not restrain a slight elevation of the eyebrows at her husband's appetite for gossip. "Cook says Miss have been fretting about it, but master's more comfortable with Miss Matthews than without her."

"In-deed!" Mrs. Fagg laid a prodigious stress on the first syllable, and then she stopped, her breath coming in a series of short pants, as if indignation were too much for her. "Now I tell you what, Dennis; you know as well as most, that I don't give myself to talking of my neighbours, but if that Miss Matthews comes back to The Rectory, she don't leave it till she's married the Rector,—that's what she'll do."

Mrs. Fagg moved her head with a sort of sagacious wave, as if she wished to indicate that Miss Matthews' designs had been made known to her by special revelation.

Dennis had gone on smoking quietly; he took the pipe from his mouth, puffed out a long cloud of smoke, and then gave a little laugh behind his hand.

"Well, Kitty, and why not? The Rector's not much older than me."

Mrs. Fagg made an effort to suppress her feelings, but there was a strong flavour of contempt in the look she gave her husband.

"I'm not thinking of the Rector; if he chooses to make an old fool of himself, he'll only follow suit with most men as has been more lucky than usual in their wives. Bless 'em, poor simpletons, they can't let well alone; just as if it 'ud be common justice for one man to have such luck twice over."

"Well, then," Dennis felt rather nervous; he laid down the law to his wife, and would not have acknowledged her superior wits even to himself, but he had a secret awe of them, an awe which made him always endeavour to elicit her opinion before he delivered his own—"then if you're not thinking of the Rector, Kitty, who is it you are thinking of? Miss Matthews? I rather thought myself the change would have suited her."

"Miss Matthews!" Mrs. Fagg's voice had got into an unusually shrill key. "She, indeed! Why, she's the very last person to be thought of at all; a poor sort of nobody, worming and twisting herself in like a cork-screw, till she's got such a firm hold of the Rector that it's my belief she'll do as she likes with him. Talk of foxes! if ever there was a white fox standing upon two legs in a lavender gown, it's Miss Matthews!"

"Come, come, Kitty, I'm sure she spoke you very pleasant that day she comed here."

"Did she, now? There's iron that'll

look black when it's at red heat yet, and there's folks as can make believe looks which is a lie as to what's inside 'em. Miss Matthews 'ud smile through anything if she thought it 'ud serve her purpose. She's one you can't take on her own showing, Dennis, she wants a dictionary to make her out, and I rather take it Miss Nuna's sad face is her dictionary."

"Prejudice, prejudice, my dear!" said Dennis. He never gave in openly; that would have undermined the dignity on which he prided himself. "You see," he emphasized each word with his forefinger, "you women must always have an object to sharpen your wits on; it's the same with you all; it used to be poor little Patty, and now it's going to be Miss Matthews. Well, *she's* no beauty;" and Dennis went on smoking.

Mrs. Fagg had been right on one point; Miss Matthews was so eager to obey the Rector's summons, that she arrived at Ashton next day, very soon after Mr. Beaufort and Nuna had departed.

She did not seem disappointed at finding the house empty; on the contrary, she told cook that she considered it very desirable she should be there to receive Miss Nuna on her return.

Cook felt restive; but there was something so collected and self-possessed about her master's cousin, that the old servant was powerless to resist the mandates issued from time to time, as Miss Matthews set vigorously to work to tidy up the house.

The change she effected was wonderful. The study was cleared of all superfluous litter, the books were taken down and dusted, and the shelves given up to Jane to be thoroughly cleansed; stray volumes lying about in heaps, taken down for reference from time to time, and left just where they had been used, were carefully replaced in the sets to which they belonged; manuscript of all kinds was carefully collected and tied in bundles, for Miss Matthews did not exercise the delightful right of private judgment in the way of destruction assumed by some female tidiers, although, perhaps, she had a great contempt for "useless scribble."

The room looked much larger, much lighter too, by the time she had finished her labours. There was an exasperating primness about it; the table was cleared of all but the inkstand, and every chair stood back against the wall. In Nuna's bedroom Miss Matthews was less merciful; everything that "harboured" dust was odious in her sight, and long-treasured birds' nests and trophies of bulrushes and grass blossoms, and other remembrances which Nuna loved to bring from her favourite haunts, were unsparingly condemned. Miss Matthews would have liked to fling some of the dirty old casts away, and to burn many of the drawings too, simply because they "harboured" dust, but Jane's look of surprise, and her indignant "Why, Miss Nuna did all them herself," restrained Miss Matthews for the present. Elizabeth abhorred the word art and its accessories; it was useless, and it always brought litter of some kind, and litter was her *bête noire*. In one of Dickens' Christmas stories, there is a captain whose only travelling encumbrance is a comb. Miss Matthews travelled with plenty of boxes,—she considered it a mark of distinction so to do; but she strongly resembled the captain in her dislike to personal accessories.

Paul heard of her arrival, and he met her once in the village. He was puzzled at Nuna's dislike to her cousin. He took the reading of Miss Matthews which her face offered him. He thought she seemed a quiet, ordinary sort of woman, rather sweet-looking than otherwise.

He wished she had spoken to him. Ashton was so intensely dull in this leafless season, and he was determined not to go near Gray's Farm again.

His fancy for Nuna was growing faster in this separation than it would have grown if she and her father had stayed at the Rectory; and when the evening came at last on which they were expected to return, Paul found himself almost without his will on the road to the station, impatient to catch the first glimpse of her loving eyes.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NUNA'S LOVE.

NUNA had always looked forward with dread to the visit at Lord Lorton's. Till now Mary had been the favourite with her grandfather, and Nuna had been left at home when her father and sister went to Beanlands; but this year there had been no escape, and she had shrunk from the dreary prospect of two days of solemn, ceremonious dulness.

And yet she was so glad to escape from Ashton—so afraid of trusting herself again with Paul—that it was at last a relief when she found herself safe on her way.

She was not sure how much was real, how much the work of her own imagination, in that last interview. In a new scene she hoped to be able to take a calmer, more dispassionate view of her own feelings—as if calm was likely to come again in her contemplation of Paul. Nuna knew that she loved, but she had no power of estimating the strength and depth of the passion which Paul had set free from its hiding-place; she only knew it in the shrinking with which she dreaded another meeting, a dread that grew to terror when she felt how she longed for his presence. She could not believe in Paul's love; it was only a sudden interest, she thought, aroused by the love she had herself betrayed by her impulsive, unguarded confidence in him.

"It is not love at all,"—this was how the poor girl tortured herself on the first night of her visit to Beanlands,—"only pity for my desolate state. And then he may go on and mistake pity for love; no, he shall not do this when I go back to Ashton; I will die before I see him alone again. If he were to ask me that question again, my face would tell the truth, even if I kept silence."

And what would be the end? Her answer did not come as Paul's answer had come to the self-same question. Nuna had no hope of becoming Mr. Whitmore's wife; but it seemed more than ever impossible to get through life all alone, now that she had tasted even for an instant the exquisite bliss of believing that he loved her; it would have been better never to have seen him.

"No," said Nuna fervently, "life has only been life to me since I saw him; and if he changes when I go back to Ashton—if I find that he has repented his sudden words and gone away for ever—there will always be the memory of his presence at the Rectory. I can always picture him there, and that will keep my life from being lonely."

A keen, quick anguish succeeded her words, and she hid her face on her pillow and wept the passionate, scalding tears that true love is apt to produce.

For there was no sand in Nuna's heart, no mere impressionable substance over which the waters of forgetfulness, the tide of change, could flow, effacing these agonies of first love—so effacing them as to leave a smooth surface again, a surface that might seem to the unpractised eye fresh and untried. There may be, doubtless,—judging by what one sees in life,—there are different kinds of love; but such women as Nuna, women in whom love is innate rather than inspired, only love once, and then their whole being yields itself up for ever, is fused for ever into the nature which has subjugated theirs. Nuna's love might be better likened to one of the inscriptions on Eastern rocks; Paul's image lay graven indelibly on her heart, no human power could ever erase it.

Her father noticed her silence, but he fancied she was timid. Her grandfather had the gout, and was fractious—so fractious that Nuna earnestly hoped her father would never suffer from the disease, in spite of Lord Lorton's assurance that gout was quite a thing to have. She must have betrayed her democratic tendencies at some of these stereotyped remarks, for his lordship told her father that Nuna was a very pretty, graceful creature, but that she "wanted ballast." Mr. Beaufort communicated this remark when they were at last on their way back to Ashton.

"What is ballast?" said Nuna, laughing.

"Well, my dear" — Mr. Beaufort looked slightly perplexed—"I expect your grandfather means deportment—a more staid presence than you have. He likes women to keep to their proper sphere, they should move well and have pretty feminine accomplishments, they have no need to think deeply; I saw him shake his head this morning when he found you reading Carlyle. He thinks that women should be stately and dignified, but he dislikes new notions. He says women should persevere in the beaten track—he never wishes to see any change in them."

Nuna had not listened. They were in the fly now; in another half-hour they would be home again. Through the morning she had felt as if she could not wait for the time of starting; she must see Paul, and it was possible he might leave Ashton before they reached it. But now she had changed again; every minute was lessening the distance between them, and the dread that had so tormented her, the dread of seeming to claim his love against his will, came back to Nuna, and made her sicken with fear of seeing him.

Her father leaned forward when they came to a turn in the road, and waved his hand. Nuna looked. There was Paul, and at the sight of him, of the joy that shone out in his face, Nuna's heart gave a wild leap, and then she sank back in the carriage. Rest had come at last. She was tired, yet so ineffably happy. In the transient calm that descended on her poor struggling soul, she realized all that she had been suffering, the exhaustion of her sleepless nights and troubled days.

A few minutes more and she should be safe in the quiet of her own bedroom, the only confidant she had now, the storehouse of much unwitnessed emotion. Lately, indeed, during her cousin's visit, this room might have been called, in Persian fashion, the Place of Tears.

"At last!" she said, when the fly stopped at the Rectory gate. If Nuna had been less absorbed, the shock would have come less suddenly, but it was terrible; there stood Elizabeth smiling a sweet welcome to them both, as if they were visitors, and she herself the mistress of the parsonage. Nuna felt stunned, she submitted passively to her cousin's kiss, and went on silently into the house.

"There is a nice fire in the study, dear," said Miss Matthews, with a chirrup in her voice that was hateful to Nuna. "Won't you come in and warm yourself, dear?"

Nuna was hurrying to the staircase, but an exclamation from her father stopped her. She paused, and looked into the study.

The Rector was standing before the fire with both Elizabeth's hands in his.

"I don't know how to thank you," he said, warmly; "the room has not looked so home-like since I lost Mary."

Nuna had heard enough; she glided away, and when she reached her bedroom the changes there passed without notice. Storm had risen in her sorrowful soul—storm which threatened to wreck all the peace she had left. She shut the door, locked it, and then stood leaning against it; she had no power to move in that moment of passionate anger—anger in which she felt capable of leaving her father and her home for ever, a father who was so cruelly unnatural as to prefer a stranger to his own child. But the fierce swelling tempest burst into a shower of tears, great scalding drops, and the slender frame shook like a lily in summer rain.

You are perhaps thinking that Nuna weeps for her own shortcomings, and that these are tears of anguish that her forgetful, uncareful nature has made her neglectful of her father's comfort; but Mary's mistake told here against her young sister. Nuna's moral nature had not progressed with her mental powers during the years she had passed with Miss Matthews, and, except for her father's erudite but not very spiritual sermons, she had had no special outward help against herself since Mary died; and as, moreover, an indulged dislike generally brings its own sting with it, it is certain that Nuna's feelings towards her

father and her cousin were at this moment most unreasonably bitter.

She was like a traveller jogging along through a dull, uninteresting journey; there is nothing to please him, but also there is nothing to cause him serious vexation. Suddenly he takes a wrong turning, he has a slight consciousness of his error, he almost wishes to retrace his steps, but he persists in going on till, losing his track altogether, he plunges into the dangers of which he had been warned before he set out.

Instead of the rest she had hoped for, here was the beginning of daily vexation. She had no thought of coping with it; she only writhed at the prospect before her. All light had gone from her life. What had been her troubles heretofore compared to this? To see the only creature she hated set in the place of her dead sister. Even to herself she could not frame the further evil she dreaded. Filial reverence had not quite left her, and it would have seemed an insult to her father to fancy even that he could think of Elizabeth except as a cousin.

Her eyes travelled mechanically round the room, and recognized the changes effected during her absence; but these did not awaken fresh anger; Nuna's mind had no pettiness in it.

"She shall not have power to vex me," she murmured. It was sad to hear how bitterly she spoke, and to see the scorn that curved the delicate lips. "She is too contemptible to quarrel with." She stopped; her eyes had lighted on something that aroused a fresh train of thought. A small table that she had left littered with painting materials had been cleared, its encumbrances lay in neat precision on a shelf above, and on the table, in a pretty terra-cotta flower-pot, was a club-moss, the plant, Nuna's instinct told her, that Will had promised her. Will and his love, and herself as mistress of Gray's Farm, flitted like a vision across Nuna's thoughts; and with this came the feeling of refuge from Elizabeth; scarcely for an instant, and then she had almost flung the poor club-moss out of window, so intense was the disgust that succeeded.

She sank down into a chair, wearier than ever, so lonely, with such an ache at her heart, that even her tears flowed no longer from the dull weight there. Gradually there came to her timidly, as if it feared to mingle with the strife that had been raging in her breast, the memory of Paul's look of love.

"He loves me; yes, he loves me. Oh, if he leaves me, I must die!"

And as imagination, always with Nuna so much harder at work than was needful, conjured up the picture of her life alone, without the love she craved, the heart-ache culminated in a deep shuddering sob, then another, and tears came at last; no longer the proud scalding drops which had only stimulated her resentment, but softening, tender tears.

Nuna's brow was smooth, and she could look cheerful when she at last went downstairs.

Several letters lay on the tea-table, one of them in an unknown handwriting. Nuna opened this first, and then smiled at the result of her curiosity.

"I thought I had a new correspondent," she said, "and it is only a circular to say that Miss Coppock has retired from business, and that some one from Weybridge solicits the continuation of my distinguished patronage. I wonder Miss Coppock did not tell me she was going away."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PATTY THE HEIRESS.

Miss Coppock found herself ushered into a bare but exquisitely clean room; the floor, the walls, the furniture—that is, the chairs and a table, there was nothing else—were all oak or oak colour, a quiet neutral tint that would have relieved pictures or flowers or any object of art, but which had a too sober shade by itself.

Miss Coppock had scarcely time to take in the general effect when the door opened, and there was Patty—Patty, so radiant in her glowing beauty that you felt at once the room had wanted her to frame with its quiet contrast; Patty

dressed to perfection, both as to style and fashion, and yet with that sought simplicity of which so few English women understand the secret.

She put her arms round Patience, and kissed her on both cheeks.

"So glad to see you; so kind of you to come on so quickly."

Involuntarily Patience drew back; she looked at Patty, and their eyes met. In those deep blue lustrous eyes Miss Coppock read that her empire had departed; there was no effort even at the graciousness which pervaded the girl's manner; there was no effusion, but there was perfect repose. In that instant Patience saw that Patty had far more self-control than she could herself ever attain to, and she felt bitterly that if she meant to benefit by her apprentice's rise in life, it could be only by subservience to her wishes. She did not realize what had caused the change, she only felt it.

Poor Patience! this her last hope of ruling was over. If she meant to live in luxurious idleness, she must go back to her life of dependence. "So soon too," she said; "not six months, and the girl moves about as quietly as a born lady could. I didn't think she was half so clever." Still Patience was a woman, and she would not give in without one effort for rule.

In her letters Miss Coppock had proposed to take a lodging where Patty could receive her professors; but Patty had left the proposal unanswered.

"When are you to leave Madame Mineur's?" she said gravely.

"Not just yet, I think." Patty's tone was so calm and she smiled so bewitchingly that Miss Coppock felt helpless. "You had better get yourself a lodging at once, Patience. Madame Mineur has been inquiring for some suitable apartment for you. You must have a pretty room, you know, for I mean to spend my Sundays with you."

This was an opening. "It would be far better"—Patience spoke awkwardly and stiffly; she wanted to gain her point, and yet she was afraid of offending Patty—"far better if you came at once and lived with me altogether."

She looked up quickly; she expected to see Patty toss her head and pout. Instead, the lovely lips curved into a smile,—a smile that broadened, at the growing discomfiture in her friend's face into a little musical laugh.

"Do you think so? I'm sorry to disappoint you, Patience, but at present I intend to stay here. I am very comfortable, and I am making friends. We shall see plenty of each other by and by, you know, when I take you to live with me." She paused, and looked at the dressmaker. Try as she would to check it, the blood rushed at once to Patience's face, but she managed to keep silence, and Patty went on in the same smiling, deliberate way: "I think, you know, we had better begin as we mean to go on; it is quite necessary to me to make friends of all kinds; you are my friend already, so it is waste of time to shut myself up with you."

Miss Coppock could not bear it—vanity conquered policy.

"But I could teach you so many things, Patty, and I can speak French, you know, so you would not be losing that advantage."

Patty had smiled, more quietly at first; she had rehearsed this scene beforehand, while she was expecting Miss Coppock's arrival, but she had not counted on so much resistance. The worst part of such a rehearsal as Patty's is, that we don't always consider all the provocations which may assail our self-possession, and the old spirit in the girl could not resist so good a chance of taking down her friend's conceit. For the moment she forgot her calm inflexibility: she burst out laughing.

"Yes, I listened to your French just now; I heard you speak to Victorine as you came in. I know I can't speak easily yet; but I'm really afraid I shouldn't mend my French by shutting myself up with you." She laughed again, and looked as if she expected Miss Coppock to join her. The mortified face before her might have moved pity, but Patty had made the most of her heiress-ship at the school, and she was accustomed to universal wor-

ship from Madame Mineur and her satellites. Miss Coppock looked shabby and dowdy, and seemed to have grown horribly presuming. No, there was no pity for her in Patty's heart. She meant to be kind and useful to Miss Coppock, but she was determined to teach her at once her true position.

"I don't want any more help than I have in the way of speaking French," she said more gravely; "one of the teachers here, Madame de Mirancourt, devotes herself entirely to me out of class hours. Her father was a marquis or a duke, I really forget which"—Patty spoke loftily—"and she has been in regular grand society; she tells me all sorts of things, and she is forming me, she says. I pay her extra, of course. And then among the girls I have friends too. The other parlour boarders are very different to me, you know; they are only a pair of old maids. I like the school-girls better: there's a Miss Jane Deverell, whose mother is Lady Jane; and there's Elinor Dryden, whose uncle's quite a grand person; and they are both so fond of me. They will be quite sorry when I leave them."

"I dare say." Patience thought she had detected a weak spot in this boastfulness about grand people, and she made another effort. She *must* get Patty all to herself, or some of these new friends would rob her of her prize; besides, she had been Patty's absolute mistress once; she knew all the girl's secrets; surely if she tried hard enough she might re-establish her power. "But then you see, Patty, these are ladies with an assured position; just now you said yourself it was necessary for you to make friends and to be formed. Now, dear,"—Miss Coppock's voice grew coaxing,—"if we took a nice suite of rooms you might invite your friends, and they would bring others, and you would soon get a little society round you, and I could be useful to you in so many ways, Patty dear."

A faint sneer curved the full red lips.

"All in good time, Patience; we have both of us something to learn first. I wish you to take French lessons, and also to learn to dress better." She kept her eyes away from Patience's face; she wanted to say all she had to say without being turned aside by pity, or the ridicule she felt for her friend's want of tact. "I must let you see Madame de Mirancourt; she is only a poor teacher, certainly, but she always looks so nice, and she knows her place perfectly. She never volunteers an opinion unasked, and that is so nice, you know. Poor thing, she wants to get the chance you have of being my companion; but you see she is deformed, one shoulder is much higher than the other, and this has stopped her growth; she is short and insignificant; and you know, Patience"—Patty spoke quite cordially again—"you are really a striking-looking woman, and will be quite stylish when you dress better. Of course I am willing to pay all expenses. Now I'll ring and send for the address of the lodgings."

She turned away to ring the bell, and in that moment Patience's pride or else her good angel pleaded hard; told her it would be better to toil more incessantly than ever, than make herself the slave of this girl.

But even while Miss Coppock stood writhing with mortification and trying to frame a speech which should assert her independence without giving mortal offence, Patty turned round. Her lovely blue eyes were full of liquid sweetness; she was like a beautiful sunbeam. In that moment she had asked herself why she had sent for this overbearing, dull woman, so different from her gay, mocking Madame de Mirancourt, a woman she was already obliged to teach behaviour to, and the answer had come.

Patience was as clever and as useful in her way as the Frenchwoman, far more presentable, and without any dangerous power of repartee in case of a quarrel. But Patience was also industrious and self-denying, and De Mirancourt was greedy after presents; and, above all, Patience held the secret of Patty's former condition.

It seemed to the beautiful, flattered girl whose vanity had been so lavishly fed by all around her, that hardly any

one would believe the story of Patty Westropp, even if Miss Patience told it; but there was the doubt, and also there was her father with his rough country manner to give weight to such an assertion. Yes, she must have a useful friend and ally, and Patience would do for the post.

"Then I will for the future consider you my companion," she said, in the petting, caressing manner she had used at first. "Your lodging bills, living, and all that of course I shall settle; and for the present and for your own personal expenses, I thought of 200 francs a month."

Victorine came in to answer the bell. Madame Mineur had sent the address for Miss Latimer, and Patience found herself driving away in the cab again before she could get resolution to refuse Patty's offer.

Why should she refuse it? at any rate for the present.

CHAPTER XXIX.

NUNA AND HER LOVERS.

It sounds very simple to repeat a well-known fact, and yet in that part of the human drama called love, unless we keep to fact, it is much easier to be unreal than it is to be probable. The truth in question is, that however well a man may love a woman, he is always aroused to a more precipitate course of action with regard to her by the existence of a rival, whether this rival be merely the creation of his own brain or a real cause of anxiety.

The dinner-party at the Rectory had so rekindled Will's longing to make Nuna his wife, that if he had been free from the necessity of entertaining Stephen Pritchard, he must have gone down to Ashton next day, and learnt his fate. And when his mother repeated Paul's words, he would have gone off to the Rectory and have left his cousin to amuse himself, only that the good lady informed him the Beauforts were by that time on their way to Beanlands, and would not return for two days or more.

How Will fumed and raved at his men during that interval, and contradicted his mother, and behaved himself altogether in a most refractory manner to all who came within the circle of his life, is not to be here chronicled; only towards Stephen Pritchard did he maintain an outward show of decorum. Will, as has been said, had been to Harrow, and there had imbibed rather than grasped a certain fragmentary and misty notion of classics and mathematics, and it may be that during this process the amount of reverence due to talent may have in some inexplicable manner grown into his brain; for although Stephen made no display of his cleverness, he could show the proof of it in type and cheques, and this last proof is, to such a mind as Will's, irrefutable: genius in rags to such a mind is a myth and a humbug, but genius, directly it gets its name before the public—in fact, has a name and produces gold—is genius, and is to be respected accordingly; and as most people are of Will Bright's way of thinking, there is no use in preaching against it, only that genius, being a Divine gift, must be the same everywhere—living in comfort or dying in debt—adaptability being the one plank that changes its position.

In Stephen Pritchard were united the rare accidents of power and adaptability; no wonder he imposed reverence on Mr. Bright.

"I tell you what, Stephen," Will said on the morning of the third day, "I'm going down to Ashton on business; shall you object to look up your friend at 'The Bladebone' for an hour or so?"

"Not at all. I rather think, Will, between ourselves, that we shall find Whitmore gone back to London; he can't amuse himself, you know, as I can. He must be amused. I can't conceive what he does in that place: why, there's not even a shop."

"All the shops he wants, I fancy," said Will, savagely. "Dennis Fagg gets capital cigars, and the ale at 'The Bladebone' has a reputation; come, Steeve, I'm not going to have our village run down."

The dog-cart was brought round, and after some "chaff" fully returned between Mr. Pritchard and Larry, the cousins betook themselves to Ashton. Mr. Bright put up at "The Bladebone," and then, leaving Stephen to find out his friend, he went off alone to the Rectory.

It was the morning after the Rector's return from Beanlands, and he had gone to visit the poor cripple who had been ill when he left home. Nuna too had gone out to see little Lottie, a fast friend of hers since her accident.

Mr. Bright therefore found Miss Matthews alone.

"I wonder why Nuna dislikes her," Will thought; "she looks so very ladylike, and her hands are so white. I should have fancied her quite a gentle, elegant creature." The word elegant, according to Mr. Bright, covered a multitude of sins, only he was not choice in applying it.

"I hope dear Nuna will be in soon; it was so extremely kind in you to send her that curiously beautiful plant. I'm sure she values it extremely; she has it upstairs in her own room."

A warm glow of pleasure rose in his face; his fear had been that Nuna might reject the gift; he could not help building on this foundation, but he waited for Miss Matthews to speak again.

"Why don't you come and see us often?" she said. "If I weren ot afraid of vexing you, I would tell you what I used to think last autumn."

She laughed in such a conscious way, that Will began to hate her: she had made him nervous and uncomfortable.

"What did you think?"

"Oh, nothing to vex you; only I fancy, had I been a certain young lady, I might have felt myself a little neglected, especially when I gave no discouragement."

Will's heart beat with the wild tumult in which we are plunged by an unlooked-for discovery.

"Please to speak plain, Miss Matthews; you saw a good deal of Nuna then. Do you mean, that she said she took any pleasure or interest in seeing me?"

He got up and stood before her.

Miss Matthews laughed, but she looked admiringly at his handsome, honest, troubled face.

"What noble creatures you men are in your humility," she said; "so blind to your own merits, setting aside all other advantages." Much as she wanted to hasten on a marriage between her listener and Nuna, she could not resist the side hint that these other advantages might have weight in her young cousin's eyes.

"You have not answered my question." Will spoke in a downright, determined way; he was not going to let Miss Matthews make a fool of him, though he was excited.

"Well"—Miss Matthews smiled placidly down on her hands; she had not the smallest sympathy with Will's passion, she only wanted to be sure of it—"I have, of course, nothing definite to tell you; you do not expect me to repeat Nuna's secrets, do you?" Here she looked up in what she meant to be an arch, playful manner, and met such a fierce frown in the blue eyes gazing down on her, that her words came considerably faster. "I can only tell you that she always looked pleased when you came, and more than once I heard her say, 'What a time it is since Will has been here!'"

Both Will's large, shapely hands had got entangled in his tawny beard. "Are you sure of this?" he said, damaging the beard in his agitation.

"Yes, quite sure;" and then Miss Matthews' proprieties were really quite disturbed; this simple Cymon pulled his hands out of the tangle he had been making, and nearly smashed her delicate fingers in his firm clasp.

"Thank you, thank you," he said; "I can't tell you how happy you have made me."

Miss Matthews was so startled that she thought he had better be left to cool, there was no knowing how far his gratitude might carry him.

"I will go and see if Nuna has come in; she only went down the village," she said, and she got up from her chair.

Will snatched up his hat.

"I'll go and meet her, don't you trouble;" and then he thanked Miss Matthews again, and went away.

"Dear me, what a very vehement person," said the spinster; "my wrist is red still, and my knuckles quite ache. But he is quite the sort of person for Nuna."

Fate, or rather the Fates, all three sisters, must have been hard at work that morning, trying to complicate the tangle of Nuna and her lovers. The Fates thus arranged that, as Mr. Bright came in sight of the cross roads beyond Lottie's cottage, he saw Nuna coming out of the cottage, and he also saw, walking leisurely along one of the cross roads, with his eyes bent on the ground, Mr. Paul Whitmore.

Will came to a sudden halt. Nuna did not see him yet, but she was coming towards him with graceful, springing steps, each one of which took her farther from the artist, and it was possible that Mr. Whitmore might pursue his way along the cross road, unconscious of her presence. Will fancied Nuna must have seen his rival, and it cheered him that she was hurrying away from Paul.

She saw Will, and her pace slackened.

He was beside her in a moment, and then turned and walked with her towards the village.

"I hope you enjoyed your visit to Beanlands," he said.

Nuna did not know how she answered. She had seen Paul, and she had also seen that he was unconscious of her presence. Following her impulse of sudden shyness, she hastened away from all appearance of seeking him, and then, too late to turn again, saw that she had hurried forward to meet Will.

"Why am I such a weak coward?" she thought. "Why don't I leave Will and go back and meet Mr. Whitmore? How can I avoid him when my heart is dragging me back every step I take?"

But almost with the thought came the sound of footsteps behind her, and Paul passed rapidly on the farther side of the road. He raised his hat and nodded smilingly both to Bright and to Nuna. She saw he did not look vexed. Either Paul did not love her and was indifferent to her conduct, or else he trusted her fully; but neither of these solutions gave Nuna peace. She knew that if she had met Mr. Whitmore walking with another woman she could not have given the smile she had just seen in his eyes. She was utterly miserable.

"Nuna"—Will felt encouraged by her silence—"I want you to listen to me; will you listen patiently?"

"Yes." But Nuna's thoughts were following Paul to Ashton.

"Years ago"—Will cleared his throat as if he were going to tell a story—"when you were still a little girl, do you remember climbing a tree? You had sent me up first to look at a bird's nest. You always ruled in those days, Nuna, and then you tried to come up by yourself and see the young birds, and you fell and twisted your foot. Do you remember?"

Will spoke as if it were a matter of deep interest, and Nuna smiled. That past which in his memory formed a mosaic picture, each event clearly marked out, yet uniting to form a harmonious whole, was to her a half-forgotten dream. Nuna lived in the future; the past held no golden days for her, and till lately the present had been barren also. She did not try to call up this special recollection; she only thought Will very tiresome.

"I dare say you picked me up and brought me home," she smiled. "I know you used to be very kind and good to me. You have always been like a brother to me, Will."

At the words a warm flow of gratitude welled up in Nuna's heart; in that moment she was nearer doing justice to her old playfellow than she had ever been in her life. How he had loved her, and how little love or kindness she had shown in return! The sudden revulsion from the dislike with which she had seen him approach, and the weariness which had succeeded, threw her into that dangerous state for a woman with warm deep feelings, and a quick impulsive nature—a state of remorse which

prompted reparation in looks and words. So that her eyes were full of tenderness as she raised them to his, and her lips trembled.

"I, who so prize, who pine for want of love," she thought, "how often I have inflicted sufferings on poor Will."

Will's heart throbbed violently, but the word brother jarred him. "Ah, but I want you to remember this special day, Nuna. I think you could remember if you tried." Will was keeping his voice calm and steady; spite of the encouragement in her eyes, he was resolved not to be over-hasty this time. "Don't you remember your foot was painful, and so I waited a little before I took you home, and you said——Nuna, do you recollect what you said?"

A blush flitted across Nuna's face; a vague memory was stirring, but the blush increased Will's hope; he went on eagerly: "You said, 'You take care of me like a husband, Will. I will be your wife some day.' Don't laugh, Nuna; I can't bear it. Despise me if you choose, but leave those days bright and true. Ah, Nuna, in those days I was all you wanted, I was everything to you. Can't I be the same now?"

He spoke passionately. His handsome face glowed with the love he was burning to offer, and then he almost stamped on the hard road to think how completely he had let himself be carried out of the calm deliberate part he had resolved on.

They had reached the village, but Will did not care who heard him; he forgot all his customary reticence. He did not care for the blacksmith who stood at the door of his smithy, with bright eyes and brawny arms, gazing on the young pair; nor yet for Mrs. Tomkins, the laundress, peeping through the gaps in her garden hedge as she hung the clothes up to dry. Will did not care if the whole world knew that he loved Nuna. He was not ashamed of it. But Nuna shrank from these busy eyes. It seemed as if the careful, decorous man and the dreamy, unobservant girl had changed places. Nuna's nature was thoroughly roused; this must be ended once and for ever. It was sheer cruelty to give Will the slightest hope that she could return his love.

"I want you to listen to me," she said, so earnestly that he was taken by surprise. "Don't talk any more here. Come down Carving's Wood Lane; we shall be quieter."

His heart sank in his breast like a stone. He knew her so well that this told him all was over. But still he clung to hope. There was silence till they were under the leafless far-stretching oak branches, out of sight of the high road.

Then Nuna spoke fast and earnestly.

"Will, you are making a mistake. You have cared about me as a sister till you think you love me. But indeed I could never make you happy." Will stopped and took both her hands to make her stop too. "Hush, Will, dear Will: I listened to you so long, won't you listen? do let me tell you all I want. I can never love you more than I do now, and next to papa I do love you, Will. Why don't you be content, and let us be dear friends always?"

Will's heart leapt up again.

"I never said I wanted much love; if you love me next your father, I am willing and thankful to begin on that. Oh, Nuna, if you could see how I love you, how I long for the least love from you!—darling, you must take pity on me; you must be my wife."

The last word changed her feelings. As he said it, she drew her hands away.

"You are unreasonable, Will: you have known me so long that you ought to believe me. Do you think that if there was the least hope of my changing, I would not give it you? Do you think I am ungrateful for your love? No, indeed, Will; but it would be so false to give you any hope. I never, never can love you in the way you want to be loved." She tried so much to speak convincingly that her words sounded cold.

The eager light faded from Will's blue eyes. He stood there, pale, and yet with a hunger in his face that made Nuna shrink away from him.

He saw that she so shrank.

"O God, it is too hard!" he said

hoarsely. "What have I done to deserve this from you, Nuna, of all women? I am despicable then; there is something in me you loathe—impossible for you to love?" He shook with the violence of his passion.

Nuna stood looking at him with a scared white face, struck dumb by his agitation. The poor child had never seen a man so deeply moved—she was utterly terrified. She despise Will! how could he think it? Surely he might hope to win the love of some one very superior to herself; she must show him this. And then the girl's pure, generous heart came to help her; she would trust Will—it would wound him less to know that she had no love left to give, than to feel himself unworthy of being loved at all. The effort was painful, but just then pain was a relief to Nuna; it brought her into sympathy with poor Will.

"Will,"—she spoke very humbly,—"you wrong us both by saying this; how could I despise you? I said just now that next to my father I loved you. In all these years have I ever deceived you? I will give you a proof of love. I will tell you what even my father does not know—that I have no better love left to give."

Will had stood quite still; he knew every word that was coming; he seemed to have heard all this before in some far-off time: even after Nuna ceased speaking he stood silent, his eyes fixed sternly on her as if he were waiting to hear a yet fuller revelation.

He had no gratitude in that moment for her frankness; his only defined sensation was a longing to meet Paul Whitmore, and try, man to man, which had the best claim to win Nuna's love.

And Nuna was too much moved out of herself to soothe him as a wilier, colder woman would have known how to soothe.

"Let us part friends, Will,"—she put out her hand, and looked imploringly at him,—"you have been such a good friend to me."

But Will would not take her hand in his.

"Friends! I hate friendship. Do you remember what is said about asking for bread, and giving a man a stone?—that's what you have done, Nuna. I asked you for your love, and you won't give it, but I'll not have your friendship; you'll offer me next the pity of that confounded artist who has stolen your love away from me. You needn't look frightened, Nuna, I'm not going to tell your secret: though, if you take my advice, you'll not keep it secret, you'll have it all out as soon as you can." Such a look of distress came in her face, that he softened—"Good-bye, Nuna; I know I am not good enough for you, but no more is he: no one ever could be worth your love." He stopped and looked tenderly at the blushing face, blushing with the bitter humiliation of her confession: "Nuna," he said gently, "you may live to wish you had married the man who loved you, instead of the man you love yourself."

CHAPTER XXX.

PAUL'S CONFESSION.

Mrs. Fagg rarely stirred abroad unless it was to go to church. The most cogent reason for a habit being seldom that which is acknowledged, it is possible that Mrs. Fagg's pretext of only having one bonnet at a time was not the true cause of her stay-at-home habits. A Sunday bonnet, in the opinion of the mistress of "The Bladebone," was an article to be kept specially for going to church in, not to be in any way used on week-days. Perhaps she thought that secular sights and sounds had some mysterious power of lingering in the bows and quillings, and of whispering distractions amid her devotions. The bonnet was duly replaced in its tissue-paper wrappings on her second return from church, and stayed there till the next Sunday.

Still Mrs. Fagg loved air, and therefore when she was not wanted in the kitchen or to superintend the servant's housework, she was fond of standing at the entrance of "The Bladebone," usually with a duster to hem, as she took her accustomed airing. When

the Rector came back from visiting the poor cripple, Mrs. Fagg stood leaning against the door hemming a red pocket-handkerchief with white spots for the use of her darling Bobby. The needle flew in and out as deftly as if Mrs. Fagg had never anything else to do but needlework. Arachne has a way of sneering at Calliope. "Bless your heart, my dear, you'll never sew neatly; you must give all your time to needlework if you want to excel in it." Calliope only smiles, perhaps with a little contempt, but she never wastes words in answering. She knows that if the brains are cultivated, the fingers will move deftly, although the maxim may not admit of a reversed application. It might be well for Arachne's destined spouse if the fair creature so wholly bent on stitching would remember that brains were given to use just as much as fingers were, and that every woman has about the same amount of talent, of one kind or another, if she only chose to exert it, and keep it free from rust.

"Good morning, Mrs. Fagg," said the Rector; "so I find you have your artist lodger again."

"Yes, sir, we have." Mrs. Fagg spoke drily. Since her conversation about Mr. Whitmore with the Rector, more than one circumstance had combined to prove that her lodger's acquaintance with Patty had gone to what she considered "lengths." "Yes, sir, but I don't somehow think he'll be long with us; he don't sketch as he did last time, he seems altogether duller like."

"Ah, he had better go over to Gray's. I fancy Ashton must be dull for a single man."

Mrs. Fagg put her head a little on one side, and looked sharply at her pastor.

"You see, sir," she said, "there's no amusement *now* in going down Carving's Wood Lane."

The Rector shook his head.

"Ah, Mrs. Fagg, you were hard on poor Patty. I am afraid she had not many friends."

"And no wonder, sir!" The matron spoke indignantly. She had finished hemming the red handkerchief, and she folded it up in exquisite squareness, giving it an admonitory pat at each fresh folding. "There are them that'll take away a neighbour's character while they go on praising all the time; that's like stroking a cat while you make off with her kittens. That's not my way, sir, and I should not trouble to move my tongue against Patty Westropp only for something I was told yesterday."

"Well, but, Mrs. Fagg, don't you know we must never believe half we are told in the way of scandal? Why, suppose any one were to come and tell me Dennis was lazy, you wouldn't like me to believe it, would you?"

The Rector smiled, with an attempt at mischief in his quiet blue eyes.

"You couldn't, sir, you'd know better." Mrs. Fagg paused, and thought a minute before she went on. "No one could call a man lazy who works as hard at reading as Dennis does; why, it's my belief he gets through every column of the news, down to the coal advertisements, and all in one day, and to hear him talk Parliament speeches is most improving to them as can understand. A lazy man does nothing at all, sir. No, sir, everyone's got his line as plain marked out as the stripe on a donkey's back, and the folks as don't get on in life is them as takes to the wrong line; and it's my belief that girl Patty never took to the right from the beginning; she can't go straight now, sir, it ain't in reason to expect it. Do you know where she is, sir, and what she's doing with her fortune?"

"No, I wish I did." Mr. Beaufort was surprised at the landlady's excitement. Mrs. Fagg was known to have prickles on her tongue for those who deserved them; but she was not a gossip, and it was most unusual, and it seemed to the Rector most uncalled for, that she should persist in this attack on a motherless girl. "Oh, women, women, you are all alike," he thought, "if one among you happens to be prettier than the rest."—"I wish," he said, "I could find out what has become of that girl and her father."

"Well, sir, it was that made me speak. I thought you was trying to find out. I was told that you had thought of inviting Patty to stay at the Rectory, and be a friend like for Miss Nuna. No, sir, you needn't be afraid I believed it, I knew better; but I heard yesterday that Patty said to a person in Ashton before she went away, that she shouldn't have anything to say to Miss Beaufort after a bit; she meant to be a quite better sort of lady than Miss Nuna; and this did put my back up, it did. When I heard sir, as I did, that you'd been over to Guildford making inquiries, I was determined to tell you about it. To think of the notice Miss Nuna showed that girl! Why, she used to speak to Patty Westropp more than anyone else in the village. It's downright shameful! And that's not all, sir. You weren't pleased last autumn with what I said. I knew! I saw plain enough you thought me as spiteful as a toad."

"Really, Mrs. Fagg, I am not aware ——" Mr. Beaufort shrank from this personal attack.

"No, sir, no doubt you were not aware—you'll excuse me saying it—no one ever is aware of half their feelings while they last, and very often never, if something unlooked-for turns up at the time and wipes 'em out; but that girl Patty, at that very time I was talking to you, either then or the day before, or most like both, was letting herself be regularly courted by this lodger of ours"—Mr. Beaufort gave a sudden nervous look of inquiry to the upper window—"oh, it's all right, Mr. Whitmore's out walking, sir, and besides, I don't blame him half nor a quarter what I blame the girl; if Mr. Bright chose to speak, he knows all about it, for he was just at the corner of the lane when the person as told me was on the common."

Mr. Beaufort felt annoyed and irritable; his own encounter with Paul seemed to take a deeper shade under this new tale, and it was specially vexing that Will, of all people in the world, should be cognizant of Mr. Whitmore's conduct with Patty Westropp.

"Well, I must bid you good morning," he said. "You know young men will admire a pretty face; we can only say it is perhaps a good thing that no worse happened. Take my advice, and never believe half you hear, Mrs. Fagg; no, nor three-quarters; and, above all, don't repeat it."

He had relieved some of his vexation by giving this pastoral advice, but he could not shake it all off. He had been very severe on misdemeanours of this kind among his flock, and it was mortifying to have given public countenance to a stranger while he was actually carrying on this sort of acquaintance with Patty. Mr. Beaufort chose to reprove Mrs. Fagg, but he believed Paul's conduct to have been much worse than it really had been. He called to mind now his first meeting with the artist—even then he was walking with Patty; he remembered how coldly the young man had accepted his invitation to spend that first Sunday at the parsonage, and last of all his final interview with Paul outside Roger's cottage.

He could not understand how, in the face of all this, he had asked the artist again to his house—above all to meet Will Bright.

Mr. Beaufort had been struck with the visible coolness between the two young men, but Mrs. Fagg's words seemed to explain it.

"I must say Will might have told me; so strict as he is, he must have known that a man who sets public opinion at defiance in such a way as this is not the sort of person to be countenanced by a clergyman."

It was a relief to be able to blame some one besides himself, but Mr. Beaufort was still in a very perplexed state when he reached home.

It has been said that the Fates had been working at cross purposes this morning. Paul Whitmore had hurried past Nuna to put into effect a resolution—a resolution which had been quickened to immediate action by the sight of the Rector's daughter walking with Will Bright. Paul did not doubt Nuna; he had read her love for him in that brief glance

yesterday; but she must be wholly his, and he could not endure that Will should even approach her. He meant to have seen Nuna once more alone before he spoke to her father, but this meeting changed his plans, and he hurried on fast to seek Mr. Beaufort.

The Rector was not in. "He can't be long now, sir," said Jane; "Master never do take long walks."

"I want to see him on business, so I can wait, I suppose."

"Will you please walk this way, sir?"

He followed into the Rector's study. There was not much in it likely to attract Paul Whitmore—shelves of dully-bound volumes of English divinity, other shelves full of Latin and Greek and even Hebrew volumes, for Mr. Beaufort was a scholar; treatises on cows and pigs and horses, and oil-cake and farming; county maps, and histories, and peerages, and books on jurisprudence, on the laws of franchise, and, scattered among these, books of ready-made quotations and extracts; it was a library of bricks and mortar rather than one of gems. Mr. Whitmore turned impatiently from the book-shelves; if he had persevered he might probably have found something more interesting among the books, but he hated dulness, and shrank from it as the dog shrinks from his chain.

He had begun to look at the pictures on the walls, when a likeness arrested him; it was a water-colour drawing, a likeness of Mr. Bright, taken when he was some years younger, but still very like him; the colour was hard, and the drawing stiff and faulty, but there was character and life in the portrait. Mr. Whitmore bent down to examine it more closely, and he saw in the corner the initials N. B. His thoughts flew back to the little incident at the cross roads.

"If Mr. Beaufort is not in in another minute, I must go and find him." This was said very impatiently. He longed to go back and break up the meeting between Will and Nuna. Was he so very sure of her himself? and he thought of Will's handsome face and stalwart frame with something very like contempt.

"Just one of the yellow-haired giants women delight in. Ugh! carcases—when Nature is so over-liberal outside, she seldom does much in inside furnishings."

And yet Nuna had looked so true when she said she was not likely to leave the Rectory, and Mrs. Bright's confidence had shown that it must be her own fault if Nuna were not mistress of Gray's Farm. Still the torment was growing insufferable.

The Rector came in at last, less smiling than usual. Mrs. Fagg's discourse was fresh in his head, and when Jane told him who was waiting for him, he felt more than ever vexed that he had made the Rectory an open house to this Mr. Whitmore. We are never so weak for our own interests as when pleading with all our heart to a prejudiced listener. It was very unfortunate for Paul that his usual calmness had been disturbed; if his purpose had been less heartfelt, he would have been less impatient in beginning on it; but he only thought of securing Nuna to himself; he made the confession of his love in an abrupt and hurried manner—and manner was omnipotent with the Rector.

Mr. Beaufort got up from his chair, and looked at his visitor as if he thought him insane. "I trust you have said nothing of this to my daughter."

His stiff tone did not daunt Paul; he had made up his mind to opposition.

"I have not spoken out, but I think your daughter knows that I love her."

The Rector's pride was severely shocked; his prejudices had not quite enabled him to determine that Paul was a gentleman, although his instincts acknowledged him to be one; and that a person of this kind, a person who might perhaps move in a lower sphere of society, should have had both the daring and the opportunity to pay court to his daughter, took away for the time all his power of reply. Mr. Beaufort's knowledge of that which passed in the world was gathered from books and the dicta of a few country neighbours, people with

minds on a dead level, and ideas which had been sprouting on the same unchanged stock for generations without a suspicion that they had become obsolete. The only correct and safe opinion (Mr. Beaufort's creed held but one on any subject) was to be found in the newspaper cherished by his special class, and in Mr. Whitmore there was a way of thinking for himself, a something which did not bear the stamp of class at all. Mr. Whitmore said and did things in an original, out-of-the-way manner, which found no duplicate in the stereotypes of the rectorial mind. It was most outrageous that such a person should aspire to Nuna.

"Then you must excuse me,"—Mr. Beaufort looked like a poplar-tree for stiffness,—"if I tell you that you have acted in a most unheard-of and unwarrantable manner."

Paul smiled; he did not think this quiet, gentle-spoken man would have flown off in such a womanish temper.

"Unwarrantable perhaps, but not unheard of. You were young yourself once; can't you make some excuse for my over-haste?"

"I am afraid, sir, you have appealed to a most ineffectual sympathy. I can safely say that nothing could have tempted me to offend so grievously against the usages of life."

He was too angry to ask how Nuna had received Mr. Whitmore's admiration; he wanted to dismiss the subject finally, without any more detail, and he went on just as if he were driving a ploughshare over every thought and feeling that might be held in opposition to his.

"I must beg to hear no more about this, and I think you will see that it is impossible I can continue to receive your visits at my house."

While the Rector spoke Paul had felt his own superiority to the man who was thus ignoring all right and justice in his treatment of him. There was a slight flush on his dark face, but his words came with the calm weight that compels deference.

"I think I must ask you to hear rather more, or at least to give me some reason for your decision. Is your daughter to have no voice in the matter?"

"We will keep my daughter out of the question altogether, if you please." Mr. Beaufort's face flushed. "She is much too young to decide for herself, and too well brought up, I hope, to think of adopting such a course. If I had no other reason, it would be sufficient that I know far too little of you to entertain such a proposal."

"That is a reason which can be so soon got over. I will stay at Ashton as long as you please; and if you will allow me to explain my position and means of living, I have every hope that you will be satisfied."

Paul spoke temperately still, but the flush in his face had deepened.

His manner restrained the Rector, but still Mr. Beaufort felt it was useless to temporize, worse than useless for this wild young fellow to think he could have Nuna for the asking. He waved his hand.

"We need not discuss your position at all. If you had followed me, Mr. Whitmore, you would have noticed that I said if I had no other reason: unfortunately this is not the case; I have another objection, but it would be much pleasanter for us both if you would let the matter end here."

Paul bent his dark eyes searchingly on the fretful, anxious face before him.

"You don't understand me," he said, bluntly; "I love your daughter with all my heart, and you have said nothing yet to prove that I am not fit to win her love. I don't say I am worthy of her; no man ever yet was worthy of a pure, good woman's love; but unless you make me believe that it is impossible for me to win your daughter, I tell you, with all due regard for you as her father, but still I tell you frankly, I don't mean to give her up."

Paul spoke impetuously, and Mr. Beaufort waved both his white hands as if he would soothe away the outburst.

"I consider the reason I have already given, the slightness of our acquaintance, a very sufficient one, but it may perhaps

settle the matter more completely if I add, as a clergyman, that you are not quite the person I should choose for my daughter's husband."

"You have implied that before,"—Paul was pale enough now, and he spoke haughtily; "but I have a right to ask you to say plainly what you mean."

"You may have a right, but I question your wisdom in asserting it; there are things best left unexplained, still——"

Paul looked impatient, and the Rector went on faster.

"I can tell you if you wish. When you were here before I objected to your acquaintance with a young woman in a different class of life from your own."

"Really."

"Will you allow me to finish? I am aware that young men see no harm in such intimacies; they only consider their own amusement; but I believe incalculable mischief is done in this way. Such notice turns a girl's head with vanity, unfits her for association with her equals, and, I fear, where time and opportunity prolong the acquaintance, still worse harm ensues. I dare say you are surprised, but you asked me to give you a reason, and I tell you plainly that I think that if this girl Patty had still been in Ashton, it is quite possible you would have renewed this very objectionable intimacy."

At first Paul's haughty annoyance had nearly hurried him away without offering any explanation, but the Rector's earnestness prevailed.

"I should have done nothing of the kind. You have spoken out to me, Mr. Beaufort, and I will be quite frank with you. I had a foolish infatuation for Patty, but there was nothing criminal in my feelings for her." He spoke very frankly and simply.

"I dare say not." The Rector almost wrung his hands in his desire to be rid of the subject, it jarred his refinement so painfully. "I have no doubt there was no harm in your intention, but the fact remains."

"Your knowledge of it; but that is founded on a mistake. I was so madly in love with Patty that I asked her to be my wife, and she refused me."

Mr. Beaufort literally staggered back against the writing-table. Nothing perhaps masters us so completely as the recognition of some quality in another of which we feel ourselves incapable. It was marvellous to hear Mr. Whitmore say that he meant to make Patty his wife, but it was literally astounding to hear him confess that he had been rejected by this village girl.

For a few moments this grand frankness overwhelmed the Rector with astonished admiration, and then a very different feeling brought him back to self-complacency. How dared this man even look at Nuna with the notion of making her a successor to Patty Westropp?

He grew very red in the face indeed, with virtuous indignation.

"You have said quite enough, more than enough, to justify me in forbidding any attachment between you and my daughter. I could not receive a man as a son-in-law who could dream of marrying such a person as Patty. Really, Mr. Whitmore, for both our sakes, I must ask you to end this interview."

He was amazed to see Paul smile.

"I am going away," he said, "but I am not going to give up the hope of your daughter's love, Mr. Beaufort. I shall write to her: I consider myself justified in writing to explain my conduct in leaving Ashton so abruptly. I go away now in deference to your wishes, but I shall come down here again soon, and if I then have reason to think I have any hope of success, I shall ask you to reconsider your determination."

He would shake hands, ignoring altogether the Rector's stiff bow of dismissal, and then he went away.

"Really,"—the Rector threw himself back in his easy chair in a state of nervous agitation,—"that is the most extraordinary person I ever met with in all my life."

To be continued.

THE PAST AND FUTURE RELATION OF IRELAND TO GREAT BRITAIN.[1]

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THE history of Ireland, so far as it is known to most Englishmen, is essentially the history of a dependency. We are all supposed to have learned that it was conquered seven hundred years ago by King Henry II.; that it has been governed ever since by deputies or viceroys under the English Crown, long retaining, however, a separate legislature of its own; that it has rebelled again and again, especially since the Reformation; and that after the last of these rebellions which attained any formidable proportions, it was finally united with Great Britain into one kingdom with a common Parliament. Some of us, perhaps, may have been led to reflect on the causes of this inveterate disloyalty, breaking out, like a volcano, into sudden eruption at irregular intervals, and may have asked ourselves how it has come to pass that a nation which has practised more successfully than any other the art of constitutional government has so utterly failed to make the Irish race sensible of the blessings guaranteed by English law. Very few, however, among English students of Irish history, carry back their researches into that age preceding English rule in Ireland, which fills so large a space in the national traditions of Irishmen. Now, if we are to gain a really comprehensive insight into the past and future relations of Ireland to Great Britain, it is absolutely necessary that we should not altogether forget this period. Without knowing something of what Ireland was at the date of her conquest, we cannot judge, with any confidence, how far she has gained or lost by her connection with this country.

I. I confess that I have been led to a conclusion very different from that of patriotic Irish antiquaries as to the early state of Ireland. All nations have a tendency to idealize their own infancy, but, like the Egyptians and Chinese, the Irish Celts lay claim to an antiquity far beyond that of other races. They have catalogues of kings reaching back to the world before the Flood, and their uncouth chronicles, it has been said, glitter with gold and silver. We are asked to believe that Ireland, in the dark ages, was far more advanced than England or Europe in learning, arts, and civilization; that her schools were the resort of students from all nations; and that her people, divided into an incredible variety of ranks and orders, under their native chiefs, enjoyed a degree of security and comfort which they have never since recovered.

Now, I am not prepared to say that all these records are wholly fabulous, or to describe the mythical age of Ireland, like that of Greece, as "a past that was never present." I admit that in the midst of all this legendary and traditional lore two elements of truth may be distinguished. It is certain that after the epoch of St. Patrick the Irish Church exhibited a remarkable vitality, and sent forth missionaries to other parts of Europe, while Irish monks kept alive and cultivated such a love of knowledge as can be cultivated in the cold shade of a monastery. But history shows that piety is no measure of social progress, and that monastic learning may have very little effect on the life and manners of a people. There is, however, an elaborate code of laws still extant, and known under the name

[1] The following article contains the substance, and partially retains the form, of an address delivered at Rochdale in the present year. It has been, however, entirely re-written, with a view to its publication in this magazine.

of the Brehon Laws, which is supposed to attest a highly organized state of society among the Irish tribes before the Conquest. Undoubtedly this code is a remarkable monument of antiquity, but its date, or rather the several dates of its various parts, are at present very uncertain, nor is its Levitical minuteness by any means a proof of advanced civilization at the period to which it may belong. On the contrary, it is a well-established rule that a fantastic multiplicity of legal forms and customs is not only consistent with, but characteristic of, barbarism. The patriarchal judgments delivered from benches of turf, in the open air, by the private judges, called Brehons, who seem to have been entirely dependent on the chiefs, may, indeed, have been effectual in checking violence and rapine, but they represented the rudest stage in the development of law.

Against the presumptions derived from these two facts, we have to set a solid body of evidence. We have positive information that, at the time of the Conquest, there were no towns in Ireland except those founded by the Danes. There were no houses or civil buildings of hewn stone, and the first regular castle is said to have been erected just before the invasion. The people of all classes seem to have lived in wattled huts or mud cabins; they practised very little agriculture, chiefly leading a nomad pastoral life; their manufacturing industry was confined to articles of the simplest kind, and ornaments, sometimes exhibiting a high degree of taste; their only commerce was carried on by the Danes, who held the principal seaports. In all visible signs of national wealth and prosperity they were far behind the rest of Western Europe, but, above all, they had no political cohesion, and nothing approaching to national unity. Their peculiar law of descent was the parent of constant wars of succession, and it is a notable circumstance, indicating the anarchy and disorder thus produced, that very few of their numerous kings are recorded to have died a natural death. Once the military strength of the nation was rallied against the Danes by the great Brian at Clontarf, but even there Irishmen were ranged on the side of the enemy. The fragments soon fell apart again, and intestine divisions were the direct cause of Strongbow's invasion. The success of that invasion completes the refutation of the view to which I have referred. Those who believe in the glory and prosperity of Ireland in the dark ages, and date all her misery from the Conquest, are bound to explain how she came to have no king or national government capable of withstanding a handful of Norman knights, and how she could have degenerated from the golden age on which they dwell so fondly, to the helpless and wretched plight in which Henry II. found her.

II. Let me here at once disclaim any disposition to justify the Conquest in itself. Like all conquests of which mere territorial aggrandizement is the motive, it stands condemned by the morality of our own age, nor can it be excused on the same grounds as Edward I.'s conquest of Wales, and attempt to conquer Scotland. But it must not be forgotten that it was a venial, if not a laudable, enterprise, if judged by the morality of the age in which it was carried out; and, moreover, that it had been expressly sanctioned by the Pope, then supreme arbiter of Christendom, who even invested it with the character of a crusade. Nor was it an English conquest of Ireland after all. It was essentially a Norman conquest, a conquest made by the same nation which had conquered England a century earlier, but had by no means succeeded as yet in combining the conquering and the conquered race into one people.

It was, indeed, the misfortune of Ireland during the period which elapsed between the reign of Henry II. and that of Henry VIII.—a period covering one-half of Anglo-Irish history—that her dependence on England was little more than nominal. Her unsettled and lawless condition throughout this period was not due to the Conquest, but to the

fact that the conquest had never been completed; it was the fruit, not of over-government or misgovernment by England, but, for the most part, of government under native rulers, with little interference on the part of English sovereigns. Those were days in which the presence of a king in person was of far greater importance than at present, and nothing but a Royal army sufficed to put down a turbulent and powerful baron. Yet, after the visit of John, no English king, except Richard II., set foot in Ireland for nearly five centuries. The only English armies worthy of the name, that landed in Ireland between the reign of Henry II. and the accession of Henry VIII., were those brought over by Richard II., and the formidable invasion of Edward Bruce was finally repulsed at Dundalk by the Anglo-Norman nobles and their retainers, without aid from England. For some little time after the Conquest, an effort was made to extend the new system of judicial assizes over the whole island, and the Great Charter was proclaimed there as promptly as if it had already formed part of a United Kingdom. But English kings soon tired of reclaiming the political waste of Ireland, and found enough to do, both at home and abroad, without consolidating their Irish dominions. Rebellions of English barons in the reigns of John and Henry III., Welsh and Scotch wars in the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II., French wars in the reigns of Edward III., Henry V., and Henry VI., the great Civil Wars of the Roses in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., not to speak of such popular insurrections as those of Wat Tyler and Jack Cade, engrossed and exhausted the military energies of the English monarchy. The result was, that instead of Ireland becoming assimilated to England, and gradually civilized by the influence of the Anglo-Norman colony planted in Leinster, the domain of English law and English government was gradually contracted till it embraced no more than four counties; and even within this English "Pale," as it was called, Irish manners and institutions had encroached more and more upon English manners and institutions.

In the State papers of the Plantagenet and Lancastrian period, the inhabitants of the Pale alone are designated as "the King's Irish subjects;" all beyond it were "the King's Irish rebels," or "the King's Irish enemies:" the former consisting mainly of border chieftains, both Irish and Anglo-Norman, with their retainers; the latter, of the independent native tribes occupying by far the greater part of Ireland. Had these native tribes produced any great leader, such as Robert Bruce, they would assuredly have expelled the English altogether; as it was, they held a position not unlike that of the Maories in New Zealand, receiving no protection from the English crown, and yielding it no real allegiance. In fact, Ireland was inhabited by two nations, living side by side, and intermarrying freely, in spite of prohibitory statutes, but essentially distinct from each other, as well as from the English nation in England. The English Parliament never thought of legislating directly for Ireland; the so-called Irish Parliament legislated for the Anglo-Irish colony alone, while the "mere Irish" were equally beyond the reach of either. There is abundant evidence of the exactions practised on the mass of the common people under old Irish customs, modified and aggravated by those of feudalism. But the misery thus inflicted was not the product of English government; it resulted from the inability of English sovereigns to control Irish and Anglo-Irish chiefs. Nor does there appear to have been anything like a democratic rising against the prevailing oppression; on the contrary, as Spenser remarks, all the risings in Ireland during the Middle Ages were stirred up and headed by nobles. At last, the Royal authority over the Pale, and the influence of the Pale over the country, reached their lowest point together, after the Wars of the Roses. The old Irish families recovered many of their confiscated possessions;

the Anglo-Irish aristocracy, weakened as it was, could only be restrained from open revolt by playing off the rival factions of the Butlers and the Geraldines against each other. It was the head of the Geraldines, the Earl of Kildare, who, being called to account for setting fire to Cashel Cathedral, pleaded that he thought the Archbishop was in it. Yet he was made Lord Deputy by Henry VII., and when his enemies raised the objection, "All Ireland cannot govern this man," the King is said to have replied, "Then this man shall govern all Ireland."

III. We now enter upon a very different period—the darkest and most eventful in the whole history of Ireland—extending over most of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is, truly, a melancholy reflection that one of the most auspicious ages that ever dawned upon mankind—an age which brought new life to Europe, and to England above all other European countries—should have ushered in a still darker night of suffering and humiliation for Ireland. Yet so it was, and it is from this period that we must date the origin of all Irish wrongs, so far as England is responsible for them.

How did this come to pass? Certainly not from any want of goodwill, or even of earnest and intelligent study, on the part of the Englishmen mainly concerned with Irish affairs. Ireland fills a very large space in the State papers of the Tudor period; we have reports on her condition from Royal Commissions, a voluminous correspondence between Irish Lord Deputies and English Councillors, with numerous treatises and schemes of reform by private authors. All these breathe, for the most part, the same just and humane spirit which characterises the most eloquent of them, the famous dialogue of Edmund Spenser, himself a settler in Munster, on the "Present State of Ireland." It would, indeed, be difficult to express the anxieties and misgivings which still oppress the most hopeful minds in legislating for Ireland, after the lapse of three hundred years, in language more pathetic or appropriate than is put by Spenser into the mouth of "Irenæus" in the opening of this discourse.

> "Marry, so there have been divers good plots devised, and wise counsels cast already about reformation of that realm; but they say it is the fatal destiny of that land, that no purposes, whatsoever are meant for her good, will prosper or take good effect; which, whether it proceed from the very genius of the soil, or influence of the stars, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that He reserveth her in this unquiet state still for some secret scourge which shall by her come into England, it is hard to be known, but yet much to be feared."

Such were the feelings of English statesmen towards Ireland in that great age, when statesmanlike ability was not scarce in England, and when the best statesmanlike ability in England was brought to bear upon Irish government. Some of the ablest sovereigns in our history, Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and William III., grappled vigorously with the Irish question during the period now under review. They were aided by such counsellors as Burleigh and Bacon, Sir John Davies and Sir William Petty; they were represented in Ireland by such governors as Surrey, and Perrot, and Mountjoy, and Ormond. Even Cromwell, ruthlessly as he avenged the massacre of 1641, was not the cruel oppressor that Irish historians would have us believe, and the administration of his son Henry was long remembered with gratitude in Ireland. Even Strafford, "that star of exceeding brightness, but sinister influence," as Hallam calls him, mingled beneficent measures with his dark and arbitrary counsels, and left Ireland more prosperous than he found her. The general object of English rule in Ireland under the Tudors and Stuarts, as in subsequent times, was one of which there is no reason to be ashamed. It was to unite the Irish and English people into one nation; and, with this end in view, many excellent plans for civilizing Ireland were set on foot, including more than one for establishing a thorough system of national education. If all these plans

failed—if Ireland at the Revolution was hardly more advanced and far more discontented than Ireland at the Reformation—the cause must be sought in the Jesuitical statecraft, typical of that period, which scrupled not to compass Utopian ruins by violent means, and was incapable of appreciating the rights, still more the sentiments and traditions, of a subject race.

In this spirit, four lines of Irish policy were marked out and carried into effect during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which completely altered the relation of Ireland to Great Britain.

1. The first of these was the complete subjection of Ireland to the English monarchy and legislature. Before Henry VIII., the sovereign of England was "Lord of Ireland." After the formal submission of the Irish chiefs in that reign, he became "King of Ireland" by Act of Parliament, and the change of title was followed, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., by a complete establishment of the royal authority, judicial and administrative, throughout Ireland. The whole island was now reduced to "shire-land;" judges made their circuits regularly through every part of it; the King's writ "ran," if it was not obeyed, everywhere; and the old Irish land-tenures were abolished by the English Common Law. In the meantime, the famous statutes known as Poyning's Laws, passed in the reign of Henry VII., had made all legislation by the Irish Parliament dependent on the English Privy Council. This measure was probably designed for the protection of the native Irish, as well as for the maintenance of Imperial interests, against the oligarchy of the Pale. In effect, however, it became a powerful instrument of legislative oppression, especially after the Irish representation had been packed, in favour of the Protestants, under James I.

2. The second branch of the new Irish policy was the introduction and establishment of Protestantism by law. The earlier relations of Ireland with England were embittered by no difference of religion. In the reign of Henry VIII., the English liturgy was ordered to be used by Royal proclamation, and in that of Elizabeth the doctrines and discipline of the Reformed Church were imposed upon Ireland. Many of the Bishops conformed readily; the chief resistance was made by the inferior priests; as for the people, no account was taken of them, and no attempt made to convert them. The Scriptures were not translated into Irish, and it was enacted that where the congregations did not understand English,—that is, in almost every Irish parish,—the prayers might be read in Latin. On the other hand, there was little active persecution, and the condition of Irish Catholics, as Macaulay has shown, contrasted very favourably with that of English Catholics, in respect of civil liberty, until after the Great Rebellion of 1641. That execrable code of Penal Laws which is the shame and reproach of our Protestantism, was the consequence of that event, and of the civil wars that continued with little intermission up to the subjugation of Ireland by William III. It is, happily, needless to dwell on its iniquity, or on its profound influence in estranging the Irish people from their rulers. But I am not sure that its less obvious effects in stunting Irish education and disorganizing Irish society have been yet appreciated, while they are certainly not yet exhausted.

3. Yet even greater and more irreparable mischief was wrought by a third line of policy, relentlessly pursued during the same period—the policy of confiscation and settlement. This is too vast a subject to be treated here in detail, but it is right to be on our guard against the idea, too prevalent in Ireland, that English Governments seized and appropriated Irish land simply to gratify the rapacity of English adventurers. On the contrary, I believe the chief motive of those who originated the plantation of forfeited Irish estates by English colonists was to civilize and benefit the country. This, indeed, clearly appears from contemporary documents, though it cannot be doubted that afterwards territorial avarice, on the part of English kings as

well as of English settlers, had much to do with Irish "settlements." Among these, we may distinguish four, as the most sweeping and important, each following on the suppression of a great rebellion,—the settlement of Munster in the reign of Elizabeth, the settlement of Ulster in the reign of James I., the Cromwellian settlement confirmed to a great extent under Charles II., and the settlement of William III. The joint result of these settlements was that by far the largest part of Irish soil, estimated by some at nine-tenths, was transferred into Protestant hands. Whatever may be said in defence of them, I do not hesitate to recognize in them, and their direct fruits, the main origin of the instinctive Irish mistrust of English government and English law.

4. Still less venial, and only less disastrous, was the suppression of the Irish woollen trade, which dates from the viceroyalty of Strafford, and the restrictions afterwards placed on the Irish cattle trade. These cruel measures were only too successful, and they were justified solely by the supposed commercial advantage of England. It was in reply to an address from the English House of Commons, that William III. said, "I shall do all that is in me to discourage the woollen-manufacture of Ireland." When "the trade of Ireland" was proposed, as a toast, in Swift's presence, he replied, "Sir, I drink no memories." The constitutional right of England to regulate the commerce of Ireland, as she might have regulated that of a West Indian colony, might perhaps be plausibly vindicated. But constitutional right is not moral right; and Berkeley, who benevolently advised the Irish to direct their industry to permitted branches of trade, would have done still better to lift up his voice against the selfish Protectionist spirit in England which arrested the natural process whereby Ireland might have gradually recovered from the devastation of war.

IV. During the first half of the eighteenth century, the state of Ireland, as described by Swift, Berkeley, and Boulter, was one of utter and complete prostration. Neither in 1715, nor in 1745, was there any rebellious movement; and Lord Chesterfield, who was Lord-Lieutenant in the latter year, was even able to send troops over to Scotland. At this period, indeed, most of the leading spirits among the Irish Catholics were serving under the King of France. The statement, often repeated, that 450,000 Irishmen died in that service between the Boyne and Fontenoy, is barely credible, but the number was certainly enormous, and Berkeley, writing in 1735, speaks of "the major part" of Irish patriots as being "in the French interest." Four years later, Ireland was visited by a potato-famine, second only in horror to that of 1846, but arising wholly from a severe frost, against which, strange to say, the people had not the skill to protect their store of potatoes. It was not, however, until 1760, that any serious manifestation of discontent took place. Then broke out the famous Whiteboy rising, the origin and type of all subsequent agrarian disturbances, provoked by arbitrary encroachments on the right of pasturage, and prosecuted with all the ferocity of a servile war. Absenteeism had now come to figure prominently among Irish grievances, and directly produced the system of middlemen. The middleman, in fact, was a resident yeoman or farmer, who stood in the place of the modern land agent, and developed on his ill-gotten profits into the squireen whom Arthur Young has rendered for ever infamous.

Yet there was a growing spirit of independence even during the reigns of George I. and George II. which prepared the way for the peaceful Revolution of 1782. This spirit made itself felt, not among the Irish masses, but among the Anglo-Irish oligarchy, which now had a monopoly of Irish legislation. The right of England to prohibit the export of Irish goods from Irish ports was challenged, the appellate jurisdiction of the English House of Lords was disputed, the legislative supremacy of the English Parliament over

Ireland was resisted. At last the American Revolution fired the train. The armed volunteers of 1779 first extorted the concession of Free Trade, which had been promised by Charles I., and three years later achieved, under Grattan, the legislative independence of Ireland.

Full justice, and more than justice, has been done by historians to the short-lived Irish Parliament thus launched into existence in 1782. That it showed vigour and patriotism in its early measures, is beyond question; but it is no less certain that it very soon betrayed all the weakness that might have been expected from an assembly so constituted, aspiring to co-ordinate power with the British Legislature. Exclusively composed of Protestants, mainly composed of placemen and nominees for pocket boroughs, and divided within itself by the double influence of corruption and mutual distrust, the "independent Irish Parliament" was hardly more competent to represent all Ireland than the new convention of the Protestant Episcopalian Church. It produced some great orators, it is true, but "they lived for the most part in a society which was a whirl of reckless gaiety and conviviality, alternating with barbarous duels and ghastly suicides;" and, for want of true statesmanship to guide its councils, its meteoric career was marked by as many blunders as could well have been made within a period of eighteen years. Forgetful of its own democratic origin, though it extended the franchise to Catholics in 1792, it refused Catholic Emancipation, and deliberately rejected Parliamentary Reform. Out of mere jealousy, it demurred to the restrictions embodied in the English Regency Bill, and stickled for the hereditary rights of the most worthless prince that ever filled the position of heir-apparent to our throne. Finally, and above all, it entirely failed to anticipate or arrest the great rebellion of the United Irishmen, of which the first impulse was undoubtedly given by the French Revolution, but which did not break out till that revolution had expended its force in France itself. It is needless to dwell on the horrors of 1798; it is enough to say that, after that year, the fate of the Irish Parliament was sealed, and the Union became inevitable.

V. It is well known that wholesale bribery was employed to buy up the interests opposed to the Union. It is not so well known, that the Union was preceded by a most exhaustive discussion of the relation between Great Britain and Ireland, still accessible in a voluminous collection of pamphlets, which may compare favourably with more recent controversies on the same topic. This great experiment has now been tried for above seventy years. If it has not yet realized all the sanguine expectations of its promoters, it has assuredly not proved a failure, so far as it can be tested by tangible results. At this moment, Ireland supports a population somewhat larger than she contained at the Union, in far greater comfort, and in a far higher stage of civilization. The Irish peasant of 1871 is infinitely better fed, housed, and clothed, than his grandfather, and this improvement in his lot has not been purchased at the expense of other classes. The farmers, in particular, have deposits in the banks which seventy years ago would have seemed fabulous, and pay wages twice as high with much less effort, in spite of a progressive increase of rents. The landlords are not only wealthier, but spend a greater proportion of their wealth in Ireland, the causes of absenteeism having been diminished under the Union, though Dublin has ceased to be a seat of government. If manufacturing industry has not been developed proportionably, it has certainly not been the fault of Imperial legislation. For instance, it should not be forgotten that above eleven millions and a half sterling have been advanced from the Exchequer for Public Works under the management of the Public Works Commission, besides more than seven millions advanced for other Public Works, and that of the former sum fully one-half has been remitted. Still Ireland is among the poorest countries in Europe, and this relative

poverty cannot be adequately explained by physical causes, for, even in respect of coal supply, her eastern coasts are at no disadvantage compared with many thriving parts of England. It is, in fact, mainly due to a want of energy and steady industry in Irish national character, which cannot be wholly the result of English misgovernment, inasmuch as it was noticed as the great obstacle to improvement in Ireland when she was, practically, self-governed. No doubt, still more could have been done, and ought to have been done, by the United Parliament during the early part of this century to repair the ruin wrought in the evil days which preceded it, but, for more than forty years past, remedial measures have followed each other in rapid succession. Of the four lines of Irish policy carried out during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, two were reversed before the Union, by the abolition of all commercial restrictions and the concession of legislative equality. The worst of the Penal Laws had been repealed still earlier, but the Protestant Church retained its ascendancy, mitigated, however, by the Tithe Commutation Act, till it was finally disestablished in 1869. The policy of confiscation and settlement did not admit of being thus annulled, but its real victims have long been cold in their graves, and its secondary effects on the mass of occupiers have been greatly mitigated by the concession of tenant-right. But two generations have elapsed since the Union, yet not a single practical Irish grievance remains unredressed. Catholic Emancipation, the National System of Education, the Poor Law, the Encumbered Estates Act, the Church Act, the Land Act, and the present extended suffrage, are monuments, not of Irish, but of Imperial legislation, which has also produced a long series of solid administrative reforms. There is nothing to warrant the assumption that a greater number of beneficent measures would have been carried by a native Parliament within a like period, and it is at least as probable that some of these would have been defeated by the mutual animosities of Irish parties. As for the numerous Coercion Bills, which are sometimes adduced as proofs of Imperial tyranny, it is enough to say, that a vigorous repression of lawless outrages would have been equally the duty of a native Parliament. Nor can it be replied, with truth, that Irish outrages, either agrarian or political, are provoked by "foreign rule;" on the contrary, they were never more rife than while the "independent Irish Parliament" was sitting in College Green.

The political tranquillity of Ireland for nearly a generation after the Union was, on the whole, remarkable. It was broken at last by the famous Clare election, the immediate precursor of Catholic Emancipation. The wonderful personal influence which O'Connell acquired by the part which he played in that great triumph, was employed by him ten years later in organizing the agitation for Repeal. This agitation, formidable as it was, had well-nigh died away, before it was extinguished by the famine of 1846, and the secession of the Young Ireland party. The abortive rebellion of 1848, headed by the Young Ireland party, was the last insurrectionary movement in Ireland which has commanded any degree of support from the educated or wealthier classes. Like that of 1798, it was the after-clap of far greater convulsions on the Continent; like that, moreover, it was set in motion by Protestants, but, unlike that, it entirely failed to revive the old national spirit of Irish disaffection. What the aims of its leaders may have been, whether they had any common or definite aims, and whether, if successful, they would have proclaimed a republic, or offered the crown of Ireland to Smith O'Brien, it would now be idle to inquire. The Young Ireland party, as such, has now ceased to exist, and Fenianism is the only living expression of that malignant and vengeful enmity against Great Britain as a nation, which, rooted in antipathies of race, intensified by antipathies of religion, and almost justified in past times by a real sense of oppression, is now mainly kept alive by the efforts of an anti-British propaganda on the other side of the Atlantic.

Fenianism, therefore, is the connecting link between the past and future relation of Ireland to Great Britain.

VI. The future relation of Ireland to Great Britain may be founded on one of three principles. Of these, one is broadly represented by the Fenian policy; another by the policy of O'Connell, hardly disguised in the new project of "Federalism;" and a third by the policy of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Gladstone, and all other British statesmen who have earnestly grappled with the Irish question.

1. In speaking of a "Fenian policy," I may perhaps be censured for treating Fenianism too seriously and too respectfully. I can only reply that, in my judgment, no cause which is capable of rallying great masses of men, and for which many have been found willing deliberately to brave death or imprisonment, can wisely be treated as contemptible. At the same time, I admit that we can only distinguish the vaguest outlines of a policy in the Fenian documents which have fallen into the hands of the Irish Government, and in the manifestoes issued by the Fenian organization in America. From these it would appear that no definite plan has yet been put forward beyond the establishment of an Irish Republic on the American model. It is implied, rather than expressed, that this Irish Republic would be altogether independent of Great Britain, while its constitutional form remains to be foreshadowed, nor is there anything to indicate how it would deal with such fundamental institutions as religion and property.

Such is the Fenian ideal—the ideal of an Irish Republic existing by virtue of an undying hostility to Great Britain, without any other *raison d'être* or aspiration. Yet Fenianism is the political creed professed by millions, and, whatever its strength or weakness in Ireland, governs the balance of parties in the United States. Let us, then, put aside all question of military feasibility, and, looking at it from a purely Irish point of view, consider what chances Fenianism has of success, and what prospect there would be of regenerating Ireland by the adoption of a Fenian policy.

Now, the first thing to be observed is, that Fenianism is not a native product of Ireland at all. It is essentially of American growth, and the very first article of the only regular scheme for its organization which has come to light provides that its head-quarters shall be in the United States. Ireland is to be recognized by American Fenians, but how they are to divide the spoils with their Irish brethren, and how Ireland is to support them all, even after the expulsion of Saxon landowners, does not seem to have been settled. So long as Fenianism is purely negative and destructive, such difficulties can be ignored; if it should ever assume a positive and constructive aspect, there will be no escape from them.

But, again, Irish nationality in a republican form has no historical basis. All the national traditions of Ireland are monarchical and aristocratic. There were many elements of self-government in Anglo-Saxon England, and the whole subsequent course of English history has been one long training in self-government. Ireland, on the contrary, was then governed on a tribal or patriarchal system; that system was replaced by a disorderly and lawless feudalism; and whatever ideas of self-government Irishmen may since have acquired have been imported from England or America. Accordingly, the republican spirit of Fenianism, so different from that which animated the earlier Irish rebellions, has never, so far as we know, taken hold of the really powerful classes in the country, the old Irish gentry, the priests, the farmers, or even the well-to-do shopkeepers. The priests, especially, dread its irreligious and levelling tendencies; and however the more timid of them may shrink from denouncing it, they will assuredly do their best to check its progress.

After all, however, the main question is whether a Fenian Republic, if it could be established, would be in harmony with the existing national character of the Irish people. I maintain that it would not, and that, unless that character should be profoundly changed, an Irish Republic would, in all

human probability, turn out a disastrous failure. Republics of the American type must derive their life from a democratic sentiment, from a deep conviction of human equality. Now, Mr. Butt, who is a competent witness on this point, declares that "there is no people on earth less disposed to democracy than the Irish." The Irishman's notion of equality is proverbial. While in Great Britain every gentleman of sense and education feels the intrinsic hollowness of social distinctions, the veriest Irish beggar aspires to be a gentleman, gives himself the airs of a proprietor in the mud-cabin which he shares with the pigs, and cherishes the family pride characteristic of his race. There is something to admire in this temper, but it certainly is not the democratic temper, and without the democratic temper republican institutions could have no stability. But this is not all. Republican institutions must rest on republican virtues, and republican virtues are, unhappily, just what Ireland most wants. It may or may not be the result of misgovernment, it may or may not be remediable, but the fact is patent that in the Irish national character, as we see it, there is a great lack of moral independence, of self-respect, of mutual reliance, of political courage, and, above all, of truthfulness. With some virtues of the head and heart it is more richly endowed than our own, but in the public virtues it is sadly deficient; and no one who knows Ireland will deny that Irish political morality is far below the standard of England and Scotland, if not of France and Italy. If we look at the conduct of Irish elections, if we look at the gross jobbery which prevails in municipal and county business, if we look at the shameful venality and shameless mendacity which succeed in imposing on Irish popular opinion, we may well be tempted to despair of developing a healthy public spirit in a community so tolerant of political dishonesty, and the words may perhaps rise before us—"The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so, and what will ye do in the end thereof?"

This weakness of principle in public men, this bitter and unscrupulous partisanship, is notoriously among the greatest difficulties of Irish government under a united monarchy; it would be fatal to Irish government under a Fenian republic. Such a republic, we may safely predict, could not last ten years; it would end in bloodshed and anarchy, probably to be followed by a clamorous demand for a restoration of the Union, or for annexation to some foreign state. What is more doubtful, but not unworthy of reflection, is whether either of these demands would then be granted by those to whom they might be addressed.

2. The policy of O'Connell and the Federalists is open, though in a less degree, to some of the objections already urged against a Fenian Republic. Whether Ireland retained or forfeited her representation in the Imperial Parliament, the experiment of an Irish Parliament for Irish affairs must depend for its success on the independence of Irish constituencies, the personal integrity of Irish statesmen, and the habit of loyal co-operation between Irishmen of different classes and creeds. Yet these are the very conditions which, as we have seen, are still wanting, and the absence of which paralysed the Irish Parliament before the Union.

Those who recognize this, and who also hold that Ireland has gained in every respect by the Union, will, of course, need no further argument against Repeal. But even those who dispute both of these views would do well to consider how far the favourite precedent of Hungary is relevant, and what the practical relation of Ireland would be to Great Britain, in days like these, if they were under the same Crown, but with separate Parliaments. Federalism would not, and could not, be an equal alliance, but, at best, a "dog-collar Union," in which the two countries would very soon pull in opposite directions, and, unless the coupling broke, the stronger must usually have the advantage. When British and Irish

members come together at Westminster, there is a great deal of "give and take," and Irish ideas sensibly modify British ideas, though not always for the better. If the one body met at Westminster, and the other at Dublin, there would be an inevitable conflict on home legislation, and a still more inevitable conflict on the conduct of foreign affairs. No constitutional reservation of foreign affairs to the control of the Federal Legislature would prevent resolutions of sympathy being passed, and promises of support being given, by an Irish Parliament, which must be repudiated on the part of the Empire. All the elements of discord would thus be quickened; it would be impossible to carry on the partnership, and Repeal would end in Secession.

There is another consideration which has been strangely ignored by the advocates of Federalism. They profess to contemplate no radical alteration in the constitution, and propose to revive the Irish House of Lords as well as the Irish House of Commons. It may be presumed that, in reconstituting the Irish House of Commons, a very democratic suffrage would be adopted as its natural basis. Let us, however, waive this presumption, and suppose the existing franchise to be maintained;—what prospect would there even then be of harmonious concert between the two Houses, the one representing Celtic and Catholic peasant farmers or tradesmen under priestly influence, the other composed of Saxon and Protestant landowners? The question is one which reveals the hollowness of Federalism, and it is difficult to believe that it can have been overlooked by the real promoters of the Federalist movement, as distinct from its ostensible leaders. For the Federalist movement bears all the signs of a political imposture, in which the real promoters and the ostensible leaders have very different ends in view. The latter are chiefly actuated by passionate resentment against the English authors of the Church Bill and the Land Bill, by the desire of gratifying their own self-importance, or by the nobler ambition of rescuing Ireland from the humiliation of which they are conscious, without discerning its true cause. The former have no motive but enmity to Great Britain, and no aim but separation from Great Britain, at any price—even at a price of which their well-meaning dupes have little thought or conception.

3. I fall back, then, on the policy of Pitt and Gladstone, as the best and only true Irish policy for British statesmen, and upon Union as the happiest relation of Ireland to Great Britain in the past, in the present, and, still more surely, in the future. Not that I would adhere slavishly to the letter of the Act of Union, or that it may not be desirable to give Ireland a larger share of local self-government than she now possesses. On the contrary, in common with all English Liberals, I heartily approved of the Church Bill, which annulled a fundamental article of the Union, and I believe that much of the Irish business now transacted at Westminster might be transacted with advantage in Ireland itself. The fact is, that Parliament is quite overweighted with the duty of legislating about matters of detail, which might be far better managed by town-boards or county-boards, or even provincial boards. This applies to England and Scotland, but it applies specially to Ireland, and I share the opinion entertained by many, that in Ireland some reasonable discontent might be avoided by throwing more into the hands of such bodies as these, if not of the Lord-Lieutenant in Council.

Beyond this I am not prepared to go in the direction of what is called "home-rule" in Ireland. My policy would be the very opposite. I would apply to Ireland, with due regard to her circumstances, every just and wise principle adopted in English legislation. I would promote by all means greater intercourse, commercial, social, and political, between Great Britain and Ireland. I would bridge over, so far as possible, the narrow belt of sea which separates their coasts, and bring Ireland within those influences which have made Scotland, with half her population, an example to England herself, and to all Europe.

I maintain that Scotland furnishes a complete answer to most of the fallacies current about Ireland. If anyone tells me that Celts and Saxons cannot live together in harmony, I point to Scotland. If anyone tells me that you cannot have an equal union between a weaker nation and a stronger nation, I point to Scotland. If anyone tells me that national pride and patriotism cannot be sustained without a separate national government, I point to Scotland. And, speaking as an Englishman, I tell Irishmen that if Scotland, with a far more genuine and illustrious national history, with a far stronger national character, and with far more recent experience of national independence, has never repented of sacrificing that independence to bear a foremost part in an empire which encircles the globe, there can be no degradation to Ireland in accepting the same destiny.

What, then, are the arguments against a cordial union between Ireland and Great Britain? I know of one only. It is that the Irish people have too deep-rooted an antipathy to England to endure an intimate connection with her, however favourable to their own interests. Surely, to state such an argument is to refute it. Surely, to represent the Irish nation as actuated by a motive so pitiful and so unreasonable, is the worst libel that has yet been uttered against them. Surely it is time for us to have done with fanciful and allegorical pictures of Ireland, as a forlorn maiden, brooding helplessly over her bygone wrongs, pointing to the wounds that are now finally healed, and clanking the chains that have been struck off for ever.

I deny, for it is grossly false, that England—if by England is meant the great mass of the English people—ever conspired to exterminate the Irish race, even in the evil days of which we have been speaking. The very worst that can be said is that English kings and viceroys carried out an oppressive policy, often dictated by good intentions, with the aid of servile Irish Parliaments, and that English Parliaments did not interfere to prevent it. But in those days nine out of ten English householders had nothing to do with Irish government, having no representation in their own legislature, much less any share in the administration of dependencies. Let it be granted, however, that all Englishmen who lived during the period of Irish oppression were morally, as they were constitutionally, responsible for all that was done. Is that a sound reason, is it even a decent pretext for vowing immortal hatred against Englishmen now living, and visiting the sins of our ancestors in the reign of William III. or James I., upon ourselves in the seventh or tenth generation?

Nor is this all; far from it. Not only has Ireland received no injury from Englishmen for many a long day, but history will bear witness that she has reaped her full share of blessings from the beneficent legislation of the present century, and notably that in the last two years she has engrossed the most earnest attention of the Imperial Parliament, while the interests of England and Scotland have been for the time put aside.

I have already said that, in my opinion, there are many local Irish matters which may well be left to local bodies in Ireland. But, having said this, I must express my firm conviction that an Imperial Parliament is more competent to legislate wisely for Ireland on greater matters than an Irish Parliament would be; and moreover, that it would be a grievous breach of national duty for us to leave Ireland, in so early a stage of her political education, to legislate for herself. If she were fit to legislate wisely for herself, if she had the materials out of which a strong national parliament could be made, if she were capable of realizing the Hungarian ideal which has been set before her, why does she not return a set of members equal in calibre and weight of character to the representatives of Great Britain, and able to command their due proportion of seats in the Cabinet? Yet no one can say of Ireland as of the United States, that her ablest men are unwilling to come forward as parliamentary candidates.

And here I must protest against governing Ireland, as the saying is, according to Irish ideas, whether from Westminster or from Dublin. What are these Irish ideas? They are the ideas of a peasantry whose minds have been dwarfed, while their feelings have been hardened, by the effect of the penal laws, and the denial, up to a recent period, of national education. They are the ideas—not of a middle class, for in Ireland there is no real middle class—but of half a million farmers, with no more than a child's knowledge of politics or political economy, and of struggling tradesmen dependent on the custom of these very farmers. They are the ideas of a Protestant clergy, which has been demoralized by unjust patronage, and of a Catholic priesthood which has been demoralized by unjust neglect, on the part of the State. They are the ideas of a landed aristocracy, which, as a body, does not possess the confidence of the people, and is not, like our own, united with the people by the sympathies and charities of country life, though some members of it, smarting under the Church Bill and the Land Bill, affect a conversion to Nationalistic doctrines. They are the ideas of a press whose most popular organs stand alone in Europe for mendacious scurrility, and whose most respectable organs seldom dare to speak forth the words of truth and soberness.

If this be so—and who can deny it?—I submit that England has no right, whatever self-interest might dictate, to shake off connection with Ireland, leaving her to drift helplessly athwart the current of modern civilization, and plunging her again, as I verily believe, into the horrors of civil war. The example of Derry is enough to show us how fierce, how implacable, Irish party-feuds still are; and I, for one, am not prepared to see the scenes characteristic of Derry enacted all over Ireland.

No, it must not be. Having laid our hands to a noble undertaking, let us not draw back from it. What some of the most powerful English kings failed to achieve by arms, what some of the wisest English ministers failed to achieve by a despotic statecraft, what all the rebel chiefs and agitators that have arisen in Ireland could never have achieved by violence, it has been reserved for our own age to accomplish by constitutional legislation. One more labour remains, for we have yet to determine whether State influence or Church influence shall control Irish education, and then let Ireland have the rest which she needs so much.

We read in Scripture of a glorious temple raised, without noise, from materials ready hewn and moulded, "wherein neither hammer nor axe nor any tool was heard while it was building." Thus have been reared all the most durable monuments of human statesmanship, and thus it must be with the new Ireland of which the foundations, let us hope, are now firmly laid. Agitation has done its work, legislative redress has well-nigh done its work; the rest must and will be effected by the slow and noiseless processes of national growth. Every fresh advance made by Irish schools and universities, every improvement in Irish agriculture, every development of Irish manufactures, every new bond of social union between Irishmen of different creeds, parties, and classes; all these, I say, are so many instruments for overcoming evil with good, and, though we may not live to see the full result, are even now silently working out the regeneration of Ireland. Let us await the operation of these healing agencies at least for one generation. Then, and not till then, it will be for Irishmen to choose between the isolation and weakness of Irish nationality, and a perpetual share in that noble inheritance which Great Britain has earned for them, not less than for Englishmen and Scotchmen, among the great races of mankind.

DARWINISM AND RELIGION.

At last Mr. Darwin's long-promised work on "Man" is given to the world, and there is no longer any question as to the views which he entertains concerning the lineal descent of our race from the lower animals. To some who have always "hoped against hope," from the previous silence maintained on this subject in successive editions of the "Origin of Species," this may come as a startling blow: but to the majority it will be nothing more than a direct statement of a conclusion which followed necessarily from the Darwinian theory. If the evolution hypothesis is to be received at all as regards the organic creation, there is no possibility of stopping short when we come to man, at least so far as his bodily structure is concerned. Professor Huxley, as long ago as 1863, pointed out that "man, in all parts of his organization, differs less from the higher apes than these do from the lower members of the same group;" and the mass of overwhelming evidence brought forward in the present work to prove our intimate connection with the lower animals does but strengthen a conviction, slowly and reluctantly yielded to by all who accept any phase, whether Darwinian or otherwise, of the theory of evolution.

If Mr. Darwin, therefore, had confined his speculations to the bodily structure of man, his new work, though strengthening his previous theory by many new facts and arguments, would not have enunciated any novel or startling principle. But he had already hinted at another subject of inquiry, when in the last edition of the "Origin" (p. 577) he said, "In the distant future I see open fields for far more important researches. Psychology will be based on a new foundation, that of the necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation."

Into these fields of speculation he enters boldly in the present work, and arrives at the conclusion that the mental powers of man, though so different in *degree* to those of the higher animals, are yet the same in *kind;* while in the social instincts existing so strongly in many animals, he finds a basis for the moral sense or conscience of the human race. "The following proposition," he says, "seems to me in a high degree probable—namely, that any animal whatever, endowed with well-marked social instincts, would inevitably acquire a moral sense or conscience, as soon as its intellectual powers had become as well developed, or nearly as well developed, as in man." For, firstly, the social instincts lead an animal to take pleasure in the society of its fellows, to feel a certain amount of sympathy with them, and to perform various services for them. But these feelings and services are by no means extended to all individuals of the same species, only to those of the same association. Secondly,—As soon as the mental faculties had become highly developed, images of all past actions and motives would be incessantly passing through the brain of each individual, and that feeling of dissatisfaction which invariably results from any unsatisfied instinct would arise as often as it was perceived that the ever-present social instinct had yielded to some other instinct at the time stronger, such as hunger, or the desire of vengeance, but less enduring in its nature, and not leaving behind a very vivid impression. Thirdly,—After the power of language had been acquired, and the wishes of any small community could be distinctly expressed, the impulse to act for the good of the community would be strengthened and directed by public opinion, the power of which rests on

instinctive sympathy. Lastly, habit in each individual would strengthen the social instincts and impulses, as it does all other instincts. The social instincts themselves Mr. Darwin considers as probably an extension of the parental and filial affections, and on the origin of these last he says it "is hopeless to speculate, though we may infer that they have been to a large extent gained through natural selection."

This short summary, though extremely inadequate to express even the leading features of the theory as traced out by Mr. Darwin, suffices to show that he derives not only our bodily but also our mental and moral nature by development from the lower animals. The difference, he acknowledges, between us and them "is enormous;" nor is there the slightest tendency in any part of his work to detract from all that is noble in our nature. He takes for his text the soul-stirring words of Kant, and elevates the unselfish virtues to the highest rank to which moralists have ever assigned them. Yet many who would concede without hesitation the evolutionary origin of their bodily frame, shrink with great pain from such a derivation of their mental and moral nature. They fear that if the noble gift of conscience can be traced back in all its gradations to the humbler instincts, the human race will become the victims of a gross Materialism, and that all communion with God and all hope of immortality will be blotted out of our existence.

I believe that this fear, if it be founded upon the theory of the moral sense, as set forth in the "Descent of Man," is a groundless one; and the object of the present essay is to attempt to show—

Firstly: That the nobility of our conscience as a gift from God, and our power of communion with Him, are in no way impugned by this theory.

Secondly: That our hope of immortality stands on precisely the same basis on the hypothesis of evolution as on that of separate creation.

Lastly: That Mr. Darwin, if his theory be even approximately true, has given a new impulse to the Utilitarian philosophy, in enunciating a proposition by which, as he says, "the reproach of laying the foundation of the most noble part of our nature in the base principle of selfishness is removed."

The fear that our conscience, if proved to have been developed by natural laws, will cease to be to us the voice of God, arises, I believe, either from our thinking too meanly of the laws involved, or from our endeavouring to separate them from their one great Source, and so to remove the necessity of an overruling Creator from the theory of the universe. Yet the truth is that those laws which we have to call to our aid for the supposed evolution of the moral sense, are the very highest which our capacities enable us to discern. The foundation of our conscience is made to rest upon the purest of instincts—that of parental and filial affection; while the powers through which it has been developed—intelligence, reason, memory (and the consequent power of reflection), language, imagination, and self-consciousness—all arise out of a network of laws so infinite in their complexity, so immeasurable in their grandeur, that, after all the utmost efforts of science, we still stand like the ignorant savage in presence of the thunderstorm, as he bows his head and exclaims, "It is the voice of a mighty God."

No one can appreciate our present incapacity as regards these points more fully than Mr. Darwin himself. He not only acknowledged from the first that the dawn of life was entirely beyond the scope of his speculations, and that "our ignorance of the laws of variation is profound;" but in the present work he recognizes at every step the narrow limits of our knowledge. "In what manner," he says, "the mental powers were first developed in the lower organisms, is as hopeless an inquiry as how life first originated. These are problems for the distant future, if they are ever to be solved by man. . . . On the origin of the parental and filial

affections," he also says, "it is hopeless to speculate." And again—"We cannot decide at what age the new-born infant becomes self-conscious, or capable of reflecting on its own existence, neither can we decide this question in regard to the ascending organic scale." These and numberless other passages which might be quoted, serve to show how, in a true spirit of philosophy, he affirms constantly the still hidden and higher laws of our being.

But even supposing for a moment that these sentences might bear the interpretation that the higher laws are only *as yet* unknown to us; even if the more advanced intelligence of man should one day discover the laws of mind, and we should at last arrive at an "equivalent of consciousness"[1]—shall we, therefore, drive out God, or make our conscience less a gift from Him? If Paley's man, who found the imaginary self-reproducing watch, could by inductive research have traced back the mode of its formation until he was enabled to make its counterpart, he would still need the hypothesis of a designing mind behind the point he had reached: for he would need a creator of those Laws by obeying which alone he could produce the mechanism. There is a fallacy, I believe, involved in the supposition that "evolution by law," whether organic or inorganic, can dispense with the necessity of a present overruling Creator. The watch, when it leaves the hand of the man who made it, is indeed separated from its immediate cause—*i.e.* the man working through laws; but it still remains governed by its more general cause—*i.e.* the laws by means of which its formation was rendered possible; which laws exist independently of the man. But when we speak of the laws which govern our universe we cannot regard them as separate entities independent of God, as watch-laws are of ourselves; for then they would depend upon some first cause other than God. We must look upon them as emanating from Him, and non-existent without Him. Here we find ourselves face to face with a deep mystery. "The consciousness of an Inscrutable Power," says Mr. H. Spencer, "manifested to us through all phenomena, has been growing ever clearer, and must eventually be freed from its imperfections. The certainty that on the one hand such a power exists, while on the other its nature transcends intuition and is beyond imagination, is the certainty towards which intelligence has from the first been progressing."[1] On no hypothesis founded on the facts of nature can we shut out the ever-present action of the Infinite and All-perfect First Cause, nor shake the belief that, whether through a process of creation or the apparently less direct one of evolution, "in Him we live, and move, and have our being."

"But how," the intuitionist inquires, "can my mind and conscience, if a mere development of the instincts of unconscious animals, hold communion, real personal communion, with this Inscrutable Power, whom you place at an infinite distance from intuition and even imagination?" If the theory rendered such communion impossible or inconceivable, then indeed it must either be false, or cause the destruction of our highest and noblest aspirations. But surely this difficulty arises, not out of the theory itself, but from our want of power to adapt our previous conceptions to the new form in which the natural facts are presented to us. If we grant the evolution of animal forms at all, we must allow that vast powers of perception and sympathy have been produced in the dog which do not exist in the jelly-fish. Yet we do not consider these powers as a special spiritual gift to the higher animal. So also with the power of communion. If a medusa be taken from the sea-shore and placed in a room inhabited by man, what will it comprehend of his movements, his actions, or his motives? How far will it be conscious of his presence? except when he touches it, or casts a shadow upon it, when it will shrink as it would from contact with any inanimate body. We feel at once that it would be absurd

[1] Huxley on Descartes' Lay Sermons, p. 372.

[1] First Principles, p. 108.

to say that the jelly-fish was conscious of the man as a man. But as we rise in the scale of life we can see that powers of perception begin to be developed, so that a toad or a fish is not only instantly conscious of the presence of man, but will acquire an instinctive perception of the cruelty or kindness which it may expect at his hand. In the dog this is far more fully developed. For who will say that a dog does not share the uneasiness or expressed joy of his master—does not look for benefits at his hand, fly at any one who attacks him, feel fear when he has disobeyed him, remain faithful to him often for long years, watch by his sick-bed, and in many instances pine away and refuse to be comforted when separated from him by death? Surely, in so far as the powers of a dog correspond and attain to those of a human being, he does hold intercommunion with him. Why then should we find any difficulty in the fact that man—whose powers so infinitely transcend those of the dog, whom we know to have acquired the faculty of forming abstract ideas, so that he can conceive of space, time, and infinity; possessing also the highly-developed moral ideas of truth, self-sacrifice, and duty—should be able to hold communion with that Intelligence who, among all His infinite and often inscrutable attributes, must possess those from which originated the laws of our being?

It matters not how our higher faculties have been acquired—whether the germs of them exist in the lower animals, or whether the higher laws producing them only began to act at a later stage of development. So surely as we believe that our conception of the Deity, and our capability of discerning Him, though but faint and weak, yet infinitely transcend any like powers in a poor ignorant savage, so may we hold fast without wavering to that power, even though we could prove that it has been gradually developed from the instincts of the brute creation. And as we can make a dog understand our wishes, just so far as his capacity extends, there is nothing in the theory of evolution to cause us to doubt that the *higher* and *nobler* minds amongst us do, through the working of natural laws, receive more knowledge of a higher Power than the mass of mankind. This we call "Revelation," receiving it through poet, philosopher, or prophet, just so far as their mental and moral nature surpasses our own.

The bearing of the theory of evolution upon a future individual existence is more difficult to discuss, because the hope of immortality is acknowledged by all to be more a conviction than a certainty. "I do not mean to affirm," says Bishop Butler, "that there is the same degree of conviction that our living powers will continue after death, as there is that our substances will." Those views of the present moral government of the world which lead us not only to long and to hope, but even to feel assured, that our life's history does not end in the grave, are far too comprehensive and complicated to be dealt with here. My object is merely to attempt to show that these hopes are no less consistent with the theory of evolution than with that of creation.

We have seen that the derivation of our higher faculties from animals is not necessarily any bar to revelation,[1] and therefore those who have always built their faith in immortality upon this foundation have no need to fear that it will be taken away from them. No one ever contended that the revelation of God to man was complete, but only such as his mental powers can receive; therefore, in so far as we can have communion with God, there is nothing in this theory to prevent our receiving from Him our knowledge and hope of eternity. But they who, deriving their arguments from purely natural religion, base their hope of immortality upon the supposed essential difference between man and animals, feel as though the very ground of their faith were destroyed by the theory of a common origin. Yet, as Mr. Darwin truly says,

[1] By revelation I do not mean any special scheme of theology, but, as just explained, the communion of God with man.

"few people feel any anxiety from the impossibility of determining at what precise period in the development of the individual, from the first trace of the minute germinal vesicle to the child, either before or after birth, man becomes an immortal being; and there is no greater cause for anxiety, because the period in the gradually ascending scale cannot possibly be determined."[1]

They must indeed limit the power of an omnipotent Creator who do not believe it to be just as possible for Him to create a soul through gradual development from the capacities of the lower animals, as to create a body, with all its wondrous mechanism, from a germ-cell which does not possess a trace of organization. Indeed, so far as analogy can be trusted, this mode of development would seem to be most consistent with the general working of the laws known to us.

But I think we may go even farther than this; and though I am fully aware of the solemnity and magnitude of the problem to be solved, and the danger there is of erring through extreme ignorance, yet I cannot resist offering a reflection suggested by Bishop Butler's pregnant essay upon a future life. His argument is founded upon the apparent indestructibility of life; that as we know not at all upon what the existence of our living powers depends, neither can we urge with any probability that death, or the mere disintegration of the body, can be their destruction. Now, in spite of all the advances of science since the days of Butler, our ignorance as to the origin of life remains as complete as ever. Even if spontaneous generation could one day be established, we should then merely discover "the conditions under which matter assumes the properties which we call vital,"[2]—the source of those properties would still remain unknown. And further, since life is acknowleged to be the cause and not the consequence of organization, the changes in, and development of, an organism would seem to be the consequence of various internal and external conditions acting upon that vitality by which alone the organism exists. Though these actions may be infinitely complex and reflex, and we may not be able to trace how far the organization and vitality mutally act and re-act upon each other, yet I conceive (and I cannot discover from writers on physiology and psychology that I am mistaken) that, in order to produce a change or development in the organism, the conditions acting upon it must produce some kind of change in the vitality which animates it.

Professor Tyndall, after enumerating all the physical phenomena which we can ever hope to discover connected with states of consciousness, adds, that if we were acquainted with all these, "we are as far as ever from the solution of the problem—How far are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?" (Brit. Assoc. 1868). If, then, no amount of purely physical action can account for the production of consciousness, and since we have no reason to suppose that life in its lowest forms has this consciousness, does it not follow that the internal vitality itself has been developed in ourselves into something higher, and susceptible to the action of more subtle influences, than it is in the jelly-fish? With this conclusion in our minds, let us now fall back upon the fact that this vitality, whatever its nature and origin, being the *cause* and not the consequence of organization, cannot be dependent upon the physical organism for its existence; and have we not then an intimation that the mere destruction of the bodily powers cannot destroy the attributes which have been developed in that which we call spirit? Nor does this inference seem to be incompatible with the fact that the suspension of the bodily powers, by sleep or by mental disease, temporarily destroys consciousness; for this merely indicates that the supposed development effected in the internal life can find expression only through the means of organization; and we are so entirely ignorant of the conditions under which the vitality will be placed after separation from the body, that if we could prove the capa-

[1] Descent of Man, Vol. II. p. 395.
[2] Huxley, British Association Address, Liverpool, 1870.

bility of consciousness, and the many faculties connected with it, to be latent in the spirit, the mere difficulty of expression would be a trivial objection.

This suggestion, which is so speculative as not to deserve the name of an argument, I offer with much hesitation, as showing that the most strictly materialistic view of life, being obliged to start with an unknown force, cannot *disprove* a future individual existence; and if the idea thus roughly stated could in any way be confirmed by those who are competent to judge, our highest aspirations would gain much probability, from our being able to assign a limit to the powers of mere material organization.

Be this as it may, the difficulties which have always surrounded this subject are neither increased nor diminished by the theory of evolution. It is true that if our spirit be one of gradual development, and if we can trace the germs of so many of our faculties to the higher forms of the lower animals, they may be supposed to share with us the probabilities of immortality. But neither is this the outcome of evolution. Bishop Butler, holding the theory of creation, acknowledges that his arguments for the indestructibility of life are also applicable to the brute; "and it is thought," he says, "an insuperable difficulty that they should be immortal, and by consequence capable of everlasting happiness." But he treats this objection as both invidious and weak, since we do not know: firstly, how far they may be capable of improvement in a future existence; nor secondly, whether animals in various stages of development may not be required by the economy of the universe. In fact, he concludes, "all difficulties as to the manner they are disposed of, are so apparently and wholly founded on our ignorance, that it is wonderful they should be insisted upon by any but such as are weak enough to think they are acquainted with the whole system of things."

Having now endeavoured to remove any feelings of pain and distrust awakened by a hasty consideration of Mr. Darwin's theory of the evolution of the moral sense, it only remains to point out in what way I believe it to be an immense advance beyond the former theories of morals. In the first place, by approaching the subject from the side of natural history, it gives us the means of testing metaphysical arguments by the touchstone of physical facts; and in doing this Mr. Darwin seems to me to unite in a remarkable degree the rival claims of intuitive and utilitarian moralists.

The intuitive school have always insisted that the highest moral virtues could never be derived from mere utility, or from the principle of the "greatest happiness." Duty, they say, has a value of its own which could never have arisen from seeking our own happiness, or even the happiness of others merely as re-acting upon ourselves. Hence the intuitional theory pre-supposes a feeling, a sense of right and wrong, in our nature, "antecedent to and independent of, experiences of utility." The derivative or utilitarian school, on the contrary, have maintained that we have no proof of such an intuitional sense; that actions are right in proportion as they tend to promote happiness, wrong as they tend to produce the reverse of happiness. But since they have never assigned any other reason for the desire to produce general happiness than this—that it first of all produces the happiness of the individual—they have never been able, in spite of the endeavours of their noblest advocates (especially Mr. John Stuart Mill), to purge entirely from their theory the spirit of calculation, the base dross of selfishness, which they yet disclaim at every step.

Among the low and almost unconscious forms of animal life Mr. Darwin finds for them their true foundation-stone. The parental and filial instinct which in its highest forms presents us with the most noble, pure, and unselfish love, cannot even in its very lowest stage be said to have any trace of selfishness. Whether we call this instinct by the name of an

intuition or not is clearly of no moment. If, as Mr. Darwin supposes, it has been gained (*i.e.* selected and intensified) by natural selection, it is because that community among which its faint germ first appeared flourished best in consequence of this unselfish impulse; and it thus became farther developed for the good, that is, the welfare or increased power of thriving, of that community. Here we have a reason for development, distinct on the one side from mere happiness or pleasure, and on the other from the base feeling of selfishness. It is a principle of utility in the strictest sense, but of utility founded upon an instinct of unknown origin as pure and devoid of self-seeking as the intuitionist can desire. Nor need we be uneasy because Mr. Darwin has shown that the opposite feeling of hatred, or the destruction of others, may also be developed under certain conditions, as in the worker-bees which kill their brother drones, and queen-bees which kill their daughter-queens; for if we have traced back duty to the necessary obedience of the instincts governed by natural laws, an action may become a sacred duty to the community in the case of the hive-bee which we know from fact not to be the law of our being.

But Mr. Darwin does more for the Utilitarian theory than merely removing from it the reproach of selfishness. He also affords a suggestive explanation of the sense of the terms "higher" and "lower" as applied to moral rules. This has been a great stumbling-block in the way of the derivative theory; since, if a man worked for the happiness of others only in order to increase his own, how could he rise to such a sense of what was due to others as to consider self-sacrifice, courage, and other social virtues—which in many cases never do produce his own individual happiness, at any rate in this life—as higher virtues than prudence, self-preservation, and the like? But by Mr. Darwin's theory, the higher virtues are those which are founded on the social instincts, and relate to the welfare of others; and these are considered higher because they have tended to the welfare of the community, and have thus been developed largely by natural selection, and afterwards by reason, public opinion, and sympathy. The lower relate chiefly to self, and have, though developed for the good of the individual, been checked by the social instincts; till, as reason and experience increased, and their indirect influence upon the community became perceived, they would be increased by public opinion so far as they were beneficial to all.

Thus the good of the community becomes at last the end and aim of our moral nature. A man who has no sympathy, whose inordinate desires are strong, and his social instincts weak, is essentially a bad man; yet another may also act with bad results, because, though his social instincts are strong, they are guided by a weak intellect. The cultivation of the intellect becomes therefore a supreme duty, while the development of love and sympathy are equally imperative. By the cultivation of the first, we render vivid the memory of past actions; by the exercise of the second, we render the memory of bad and selfish actions intolerable: and this is conscience, by which ultimately man becomes freed from the influence of the mere praise and blame of others, for his convictions become his guide and rule.

I have endeavoured in this short essay to keep strictly and logically to facts, allowing but little scope to heart and imagination, that no preconceived prejudice might creep in. But if, calmly reasoning upon the evolution theory, we can establish that it neither shuts out God, degrades our conscience, checks our belief in the power of communion with the Divine mind as far as our faculties will permit, nor diminishes our hope of immortality, may we not then even while allowing the theory as probable, give rein to the glorious conceptions and inspirations which flash upon us in happy moments of thought, and feel that all things are possible to us—that we have a never-ending future, and a hope of drawing nearer and nearer to the Almighty Being from whom we derive all and hope for all. A. B.

INGRES.

THE greatest among French painters, when he was travelling in Italy, came upon a picture whose seductive beauty imposed for the moment upon his balanced mind and seldom erring judgment. Ingres went back to it next morning, and looked again. It had many charms for all. "Yes," said he to his companion, "there is something in it, certainly. But remember, I am a Greek, *let us go.*"

It was always thus with him, whether he was regarding his own work or the work of another. Joubert-like, "*Il s'inquiétait de perfection bien plus que de gloire.*" He would have sacrificed everything rather than the principles of his art; yet it must be noted that he did claim honour too—less for himself than for the doctrines he represented. He lived in Art, he gave himself to it, and in its service forgot all personal interests. It was quite chivalrous devotion. For he believed utterly in the virtue of his mode of work, and in the ideal which, during weary years, he strove to attain. His triumph seemed to him not so much individual as general. It was Art that triumphed. He valued his own advancement far less than the recognition of the truth of his school.

Yet this was a tone which if he had preserved always he would have seemed scarcely human, and there came from time to time moments in which it was lowered. Long after there had been showered upon him the honours which he had coveted as tokens of appreciation, a particular work of which he thought very well was coldly received. Was this faint praise to be the only fruit of his long efforts? Had he educated the public to no better purpose than this? Undiscriminating now, must they be undiscriminating for ever? Apparently so. At all events, Ingres had no patience left. He exclaimed, with the petulance which would be only childish, were it not also so intensely artist-like, "Now I have done with Paris! Henceforth I am a painter for myself alone!"

Jean-Dominique Ingres, who was born at Toulouse on the 29th of August, 1780, had one advantage shared by not many of those who excel in his craft, though by many of those who practise it,—he was born into a family already strongly artistic. Jean-Joseph Ingres, his father, had been nurtured at Toulouse, but while yet young he had settled at Montauban, as sculptor, architect, musician, and painter. Rivalling the great men of the *Renaissance des Arts* in the variety of his accomplishments, Jean-Joseph could not rival any one of them in the power with which he performed any single sort of artistic work. But the music he loved so well, and the decorations still to be seen in many a *château* of that countryside, were enough to give his son some worthy aim in life. The elder Ingres desired Jean-Dominique to be a musician, and apparently not without reason. In very early years the boy showed a capacity for study, and a pleasure in execution. When he was thirteen, there was given in the theatre of Toulouse a festival in happy celebration of the death of Louis XVI., and there from his place in the orchestra the boy played a *concerto* of Viotti's for the violin. Soon afterwards he cried with joy, while performing something of Gluck's. But, despite his father's hopes and his own ability, music was not to be his vocation. Instead of that, it remained his continual delight. So lately as one winter night of 1866—with a name famous over Europe as a painter of all that is highest and most difficult, with a name honoured the most by those who themselves are honoured—Ingres sat in the opera-house in Paris listening to the strains of Gluck's

Alceste, with an enthusiasm more passionate than any which had possessed him seventy years before.

The first things that turned his thoughts to what is generally understood by "Art," were some studies from Rafael, and some fragments of antique sculpture. When he saw them they delighted him, and, to use his own expression, he ran to them with the eagerness of "a cat chasing her prey." Afraid to draw in public, lest his father, who had known the ill-effect of dispersion of effort, should forbid him to practise two arts at once, young Ingres drew secretly for a time, and then, when his capacity for drawing was recognised, plainly avowed his preference for design over music. He was allowed to take lessons, and there were made of him in due course the false predictions without which a person destined to be illustrious can scarcely reach manhood. His first master was unable to instruct him at all, his second —the Professor of the Toulouse academy —was not fit to instruct him long, and his third gave a proof of discrimination by declaring that Ingres might one day be a very tolerable landscape-painter. At last this phase was over, and it was decided that the young man should go to Paris. To whom but David should Ingres instinctively turn?

David, at the last century's end, held almost undisputed sway. His principles were clearly defined and easily understood. It was not so easy to practise them successfully, for it required long and arduous study, and the submission of personal desire and opinion to the dictates of the master, to make even a very gifted man a proficient in the school of which David was the chief. It was possible for a young painter to break down early under the sternness of this stress. Or, against extermination, he might seize the alternative of revolt. But on the whole, whatever were the faults of David's school, its strictness of discipline was good for those who were too strong to be copyists for long and serfs always. Of these, Ingres was one. The very enthusiasm of his nature led him to embrace at first with vehemence all the dicta of David. He copied passionately. We have seen, in the École des Beaux Arts, the composition by Ingres which won for him in 1801 "le grand prix de Rome." It represents the Embassy to the tent of Achilles, and while drawn with obvious power and grace—which Flaxman was among the first to praise—its entire treatment is conventional. It is not so because Ingres ever lacked individuality, but because the manner that was conventional when this was painted seemed to him also the only manner that was great. In after years he changed, and one has lately read that this change was brought about by the influence of "romanticists." It is an error to say so; no contemporary influence was ever as strong upon Ingres as that of his own master. Indeed, no other was potent at all. It is true that in time he abandoned some of the old ways, but he did not seek bondage under the new. He enrolled himself under no novel banner. He worked in maturity and in advanced age after his own fashion. The change was emancipation.[1]

It is remarkable that while there are some who, failing, as we think, to do justice to the sterner merits of the school of David, applaud Ingres for that which they consider a departure from its tradition; there are others of the same mind as to the advisability of such departure, who yet deny that it was ever made; and others again who, totally at issue with the rest upon the qualities of David's school, blame Ingres for this thing only, that he was not constant to its principles. We hold the truth to be that he was always constant to the principles which gave it health and vigour: that he was

[1] It was hinted in the notice of the French Artists' Exhibition which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that the influence of Delacroix—immensely extensive—is perceptible even in the work of Ingres. In many journals this mistake would seem quite natural, but not in the *Pall Mall*, and least of all in the contributions of an art-critic who appears to unite a wide and scholarly knowledge with a delightful enthusiasm.

inconstant only to its forms. Did he ever swerve from its sobriety? Did he ever so far abandon it as to think more of colour than of correctness of outline? —he who said that even the smoke must have outline, and that he would write upon his doors "School of *Drawing*"! Did he ever in his work seek immediate effect in preference to the strength of "ideal beauty?"—he who said that "*chefs-d'œuvres* were never made to dazzle," and who knew that their merit lay oftenest in their gracious calm! Nor, while faithful in his adherence to all of good in David's teaching, was he wanting in personal gratitude. Sixty years after the early lessons, he spoke with tears in his eyes of "the great David and his great school." He wrote, "David established his teaching on the surest and purest principles." He exclaimed, with the emphasis which those who knew him declare to have been so characteristic of him, "David was the only master in our epoch!"

On the other hand, as years passed on, Ingres bound himself less and less by the strict rules of David's practice. His choice of subjects widened. He was not wholly classic, not even wholly classic and religious. Mediæval stories, popular poems, and French history were illustrated by his hand. "Raphaël et la Fornarina" was blamed by some and praised by others for approaching the "romantic." The truth is that Ingres took from the Classical all the good that could be taken; and from the Romantic all the good that he was capable of taking. He became independent. He was always in some sense a pupil of David; but a wider genius was in many ways his only master. He respected the painter of "Les Sabines": he almost knelt before the painter of the "Madonna di San Sisto."

When Ingres obtained the *grand prix de Rome*, the substantial boon which gives that prize its name—a five years' residence in the Italian capital at the expense of the French Government—was for the time withheld. Political difficulties obliged the State to be less generous in its encouragement of Art, and, during exactly the period which would otherwise have been spent in Rome, young Ingres had to remain in Paris, getting his bread as best he could, but allowed lodging, along with a few others similarly circumstanced, in the deserted convent of the Capuchins. In company with Bergeret, and Bartolini, the Florentine sculptor, Ingres studied the works of the Italian artists of the Renaissance. M. Delécluze wrote of the brethren at that time:—

"A eux trois il formaient une espèce d'Académie à part, dans les Capucines. Personne n'était admis chez eux; et l'on n'avait qu'une idée vague de ce qu'ils faisaient dans le mystère de leurs ateliers."[1]

A portrait of the First Consul, commissioned during this period, as some recompense for the delay in the matter of Rome—and now in the Museum at Liége—compares very favourably with a picture of that personage produced at the same time by Greuze. It has not Greuze's softness; but it has a fidelity to which the elder artist was a stranger. Ingres observed closely, and did not fear to paint correctly, the olive complexion of Bonaparte.

It was in 1806 that the greatest of David's pupils, destined soon to surpass his teacher, was enabled to go to Rome and to study under the generous shelter of the Villa Medicis; the rest-house of the young men sent from France. In the Italian capital he had the amplest opportunity of profiting by the example of the master whose glorious works must have been in his thoughts when he said, long afterwards, "The materials of Art are at Florence; the results are at Rome."[2] There also he studied day by day the antique sculpture which taught him so much, and there was

[1] The convent where these artists studied together (much as, in later days, Overbeck and Cornelius studied in a convent at Rome) occupied with its garden the ground now bounded by the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, the Rue de la Paix, and the Boulevard called, in memory of the place, "des Capucines."

[2] Apart from all early Florentine work to which he here refers, the admiration of Ingres for "the faultless painter"—Andrea del Sarto—was most pronounced. The frescoes of

confirmed the opinion which subsequently found expression in the remark to his own pupils, "We are not sculptors, it is true, but our painting must be sculptural."

Ingres remained in the Eternal City nine years after the end of his sojourn at the Villa Medicis. There is in his life no more eventful period than this of his first residence in Rome. He returned in 1834, under circumstances totally different; but this first stay of fourteen years was the time of his struggle and of his most conspicuous advance. His wife, a young French lady, shared with him the material difficulties which beset him from the moment at which he ceased to be *pensionnaire* of the Academy. Often he was compelled to seek the sort of work which could not ultimately strengthen him. He lost his days in painting slight portraits of many who were poor subjects for his pencil. Presently, an Englishman who had seen some drawings, and had admired them, came to him with a proposal that for two years he should place his services at the disposition of a stranger, receiving for this term a fixed salary. There is no reason to think that the offer was badly meant, and some men would have accepted it with satisfaction. Not so Ingres. At one time, indeed, he was inclined to yield; but his wife urged upon him the necessity of independence, for the full execution of that which rightly enough she believed to be his artistic mission; and the offer was declined. At that moment most of the great works which had occupied the previous years were standing unsold in his studio. They were not only unsold: they were for the most part unrecognised. It reminds us of the "Pictor Ignotus" in Mr. Browning's poem, who toiled persistently at aisle and cloister, with one great solace —though he saw with gloom the mouldering of "the damp wall's travertine"—

"At least no merchant trafficks in my heart."

To judge of the progress made by Ingres during those fourteen years, it is perhaps scarcely needful to do more than compare "Œdipus and the Sphinx"—the first picture sent by him from Rome to Paris—with that glorious canvas, "Christ giving the Keys to S. Peter," with which he fitly ended the labours of his first residence in the States of the Church.[1] Between these two he executed many a work of value and high interest, of which the most noteworthy—"Virgile lisant l'Enéide" and "Roger délivrant Angelique"—will, when brought into consideration, help us the better to perceive how great was his advance and how wide at the last became his range. He painted the "Œdipus" before his emancipation from the manner of David. The "Virgil" is far less coldly academic. It has, we think, none but negative faults, and its positive merits are very many. Here, perhaps for the first time, the painter introduced into a subject, drawn indirectly from classical history, a dramatic interest which is imaginative. The next in order, that which represents the deliverance of Angelica, in the famous story of the weird horrors of the Bréton coast, marks another transition, or rather an additional scope; for Ingres did not abandon one class of theme to pursue another, but endeavoured, while gaining mastery over the new, to retain his command over the old. In "Angelica"[2] he added to the early power of accurate drawing, and to the more recently acquired accomplishment of noble and original grouping, the intensity of expression which David never could have taught him, but of which the work of Rafael, seen constantly at that time, afforded to him examples both abundant and inspiring. In colour, too, this admirable masterpiece leaves nothing to be desired. It is solidly and perfectly done. We are not saying that Ingres possessed, we are not saying that he ever acquired, the capacity to colour gorgeously and richly. He envied while, amidst other endeavours, he possibly

Andrea del Sarto, at Florence, he considered the most complete and perfect things produced by any hand other than Rafael's.

[1] The first of these is in a private collection: the second, in the Luxembourg.

[2] At the Luxembourg.

hardly strove to rival, this one among the other inestimable qualities of Titian and Giorgione. But whatever glow and magnificence of colour he lacked—and he did lack much—nothing of this deficiency is apparent in the "Roger délivrant Angélique." The dark clouds and troublous sea, and the savage rock, to which is chained incarnate Beauty, made upon his palette no demands which it could not satisfy. And Angelica, who lights up the picture with her white body, strained and writhing, buffeted by rude winds and in an agony of terror, can have no resemblance, and can suffer from no comparison, with those figures of Giorgione that "move among the trees like fiery pillars, and lie upon the grass like flakes of sunshine." Why should we describe at any length in our own words the scene that is enacted?—why even quote the memoranda of Ingres which served him as text, when it is upon this masterpiece that a living painter and poet has written one of the most moving of his sonnets?

"A remote sky, prolonged to the sea's brim:
One rock point standing buffeted alone,
Vexed at its base with a foul beast unknown,
Hell-birth of geomaunt and teraphim:
A knight, and a winged creature bearing him,
Reared at the rock: a woman fettered there,
Leaning into the hollow with loose hair
And throat let back, and heart-sick trail of limb.

"The sky is harsh, and the sea shrewd and salt:
Under his lord the griffin-horse ramps blind
With rigid wings and tail. The spear's lithe stem
Thrills in the roaring of those jaws: behind,
That evil length of body chafes at fault,
She doth not hear nor see—she knows of them."

In turning to the canvas upon which is represented the investiture of St. Peter with the Church's keys, one may seek an answer to the question, Had Ingres in any high degree the religious sentiment without which no man, however gifted, has been able to use his powers to the full, and to which Fra Angelico and John van Eyck owe three-fourths of the influence they have exercised? No sentiment that was required seems to be lacking to this picture. The face and figure of Christ are not those of an ascetic, but the face is gentle, and *nobly* gentle, and the gesture is expressive of a command which will find willing obedience among those to whom it is given. It is a high ideal, and it is Rafael's rather than Murillo's. Refinement, sympathy, the suffering that has ennobled, the dignity which is as great in the performance of the "meanest shares" as in exalted places—they are all perceptible in this face of Christ; calm in its earnestness, solemn in its courage. The figure of St. Peter, the second person of the scene, is observed to be in strong yet harmonious contrast: the wise great Master, entrusting his rough disciple with the task; and the impetuous servant, all confidence, reverence, and eagerness. It is this group of two in which is centred the interest of the picture. Manlier and more healthy work has not, it seems to us, been done or attempted in our time; and, looking at it, one can no longer aver that the painter wanted that religious feeling without which, however great it might have been in many ways, it must inevitably have fallen short of that which it is. We have no cause to believe that Ingres was often penetrated by this sentiment. But whenever his work exhibits it, it exhibits no affectation. The mood was genuine.

In 1820 the painter moved from Rome to Florence. The Tuscan city contained many a treasure which he longed to see, and the absence of material success furnished no reason for him to deny himself the pleasure of change and the privilege of new and fruitful study. But in Florence he found the conditions of life even more difficult than in Rome. There were few sight-seers whom he might gratify by painting their portraits. Madame Ingres was obliged to watch with even closer attention than of old the details of the weekly expenditure. Did her husband's clothes need mending she must mend them herself, for very

often he had not money enough to pay a tailor. Nor as far as regards society had Ingres bettered his position. His arrival in Florence among a group of artists stirred the smouldering fire of disagreement into a fierce flame. Bartolini, his friend and fellow student, made his advent the occasion for joining issue with the many who worked in obedience to far other rules than his, and in the contest of conversation the many prevailed, though, in the contest of work, time declared itself on the side of the few. Before that declaration came there were more weary years. Ingres was at Florence from 1820 to 1824.

Why it was that in 1824 the tide suddenly turned we cannot tell. For a dozen years before that epoch Ingres had been painting masterpieces, and critics and the public had been neglecting them. He had submitted to inspection his "Virgil," his "Odalisque," his "Angelica," his "Christ and St. Peter." Nothing like them had been done in contemporary art. In our century no power so great and various had been manifested. Why the public that had passed them by, and the critics who had condemned them, did not continue in the same mind—why tardy reparation came at all—it is very difficult to say. Enough to know that the thing happened; that popular opinion, variable as the wind, veered round at length in favour of that great and unyielding genius; and that "The Vow of Louis XIII"—neither nobler in conception nor more scholarly in execution than the rest, but simply like the rest, his work, and therefore admirable—brought to the painter in his middle age both the well-paid employment and the high reputation which he had hitherto desired in vain. It is a strange story of artistic France. The English middle class could scarcely have been much slower.

M. Délécluze, his constant friend, had persuaded the artist to accompany his picture to Paris; and, taking with him only a trunk and the canvas on which he had bestowed nearly three years' work, Ingres departed from Florence; leaving there his wife and the contents of the dearly-loved studio. He said that he would soon return. But that prediction was not to be verified. All Paris pressed round the kneeling figure of the king, who, draped in a dark embroidered mantle, offers his crown and sceptre to a vision of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Child, begirt with an angelic company. It was urged that to the artist who had wrought this work some reward must be given, some favour accorded; and before the closing of the Exhibition they had decorated Ingres with the Legion of Honour. There was now no talk of returning to Italy. His wife joined him in the capital. And next year the long-closed doors of the Institute were opened to the painter of "Le Vœu de Louis Treize."[1]

Eighteen hundred and twenty-six saw the commencement, and 1827 the completion, of a work which is entirely unique, and which exhibited in a high degree all the good qualities which Ingres possessed above his fellows: qualities too exceptional to be fully appreciated by the large public. Mozart declared that he composed "Don Juan" "for himself and two friends." If the "Apotheosis of Homer" was painted for a somewhat wider circle, it was certainly never expected that it would please very many. The Government commissioned Ingres to execute it for the ceiling of a new hall in the Louvre. It was subsequently placed in the Luxembourg, that it might be the better seen and studied, and its place on the Louvre ceiling is supplied by a copy which we owe to the reverent and successful labour of Messieurs Balze and Michel Dumas. The "Apotheosis of Homer" was suddenly conceived, and rapidly, even impetuously, executed. Long afterwards, Ingres was sorry both that the Government had demanded the picture to be finished in one year and that he had himself offered no opposition to this requirement. He did not do so because, as we have already

[1] This is at Montauban.

hinted, he had become strongly possessed with the idea of the work, and could not rest until that idea was completely embodied. The faults he saw in it, in after years, were faults of detail. He knew this, and knew that only to such a man as himself could points like these be a matter of serious regret. They could not gravely trouble any one who would be satisfied with less than perfection. As a fact, the "Apotheosis" remains one of the very greatest and most exalted of his works. If its swift conception and hurried progress leave it not all that it might have been, they give to it a unity which under other circumstances it might have lacked. It has been already implied that the entire scene, as we see it to-day upon the walls of the Luxembourg, presented itself to the mind of Ingres from the first moment that he thought of it at all. Not to Athene, in the brain of Zeus, was there given more spontaneous birth. It is interesting to read the memoranda which the painter pencilled on one of his note-books when this picture was first thought about, and to see how exactly the female figures that symbolise the Iliad and the Odyssey in his immortal work answer to that which from the beginning he intended them to be :—

"Aux pieds d'Homère," wrote Ingres, "l'Iliade, l'air fier, martial, tenant ses deux genoux serrés dans ses deux mains. Son vêtement, sa chevelure un peu en désordre, rappellent à la fois Achille caché sous l'habit des filles de Lycomède et Achille irrité, retiré sous sa tente. L'Odyssée, entièrement enveloppée d'une draperie vert-d'eau, une rame crisée à ses côtés, souvenir des périlleux voyages, observe et médite; c'est Ulysse."

Above these figures is old Homer, crowned by Victory, and round him cluster men of genius of all nations and times. In front of the temple dedicated to him they pay their grateful homage. At the right hand of Homer, Herodotus burns incense, and near him stand Sophocles, Æschylus, Euripides—the last with bowed and melancholy head, "as the most tearful of the three." In middle distance, Demosthenes—moved by admiration; Apelles, who presents Rafael; Horace, and Virgil leading into this august presence the grave sad Dante. Towards the bottom of the picture, on the same side as these, are Shakespeare, Tasso, Corneille, La Fontaine, Mozart, and Poussin—the painter holding (is it not to the horror of Mr. Ruskin?) the portfolio which contains his studies, and indicating with a gesture serious and sure the Ancients as our only models. On Homer's left, Pindar, in white, lifts his lyre, and Æsop touches the altar. In the second rank Anacreon has place; so has Socrates, with the philosopher of the "Republic;" so has Pericles; while near them are Phidias, with the signs of his craft, and the heavy-browed Buonarotti. Below these latter are more moderns found worthy of such company: Gluck and Haydn, Fenelon, Racine and Molière, and the tender Camoëns—in all a goodly fellowship of the prophets of Humanity.

In this single work may be discerned the mind of Ingres as it was habitually. To his religious pictures one may turn to catch the sentiment of hours that were exceptional; but here is indicated that delight in formal Beauty—in its majesty and in its grace—which lifted him throughout all days of his life above the pursuit of any success short of the highest, which gave long patience to his impulsive, passionate nature, and stamped upon his labour the signs of abiding worth. In this picture, with all its classic inspiration, Ingres never verged upon the conventional. Goethe declared the representation of the individual to be the very life of Art. Here, in the "Apotheosis of Homer," it is the representation of the individual which is successfully attempted, above all that is symbolical and all that is traditional. This work is instinct with vitality; and it is so in part because Ingres threw into his figures all the realism that was worth having—the realism of character: truth to that which is permanent in the men he drew, and not to that which was accidental. He did not vaguely evolve

out of his mind this imperial company. He remembered of his favourite Ancients this one fact, forgotten by too many of their copyists: "they did not *make*, they did not *create;* they *recognised.*" But the figures of the Iliad and the Odyssey are ideal: in conception, noble and gracious; in execution, not to be surpassed. One cannot praise or prize enough the flow of the pure outline, nor the suave harmony of colour, nor the contrast—strong and sufficient, yet without harshness or violence—between the one of Homer's daughters, finely defiant, and the other, subtly contemplative. Ingres knew too much to make parade of power. He had learnt from the highest Art its more essential lesson—moderation.

The proof of mastery afforded by the "Apotheosis of Homer" caused several young painters to seek the direction of Ingres. He did not refuse it. From 1827 to 1834 his school was open, and during these seven years he gave to his pupils the most fortifying help and counsel. They had always the example of some worthy work upon which he was himself engaged. He bestowed on their own attempts close examination and stimulating encouragement. He talked to them from hour to hour, in his forcible way, now satirical, now homely, now epigrammatic. There reigned in the place an intellectual atmosphere which was bracing and clear. His pupils saw the power of his worth, esteemed his method, and treasured up the savoury fragments of his talk. Two, if not more of them, kept note-books, and so pondered at leisure over what seemed to them the wisest of his sayings. He was always in the studio. He lived in art so thoroughly, that during those years of Paris work he never made a holiday, and never accorded one regularly to the young occupants of his *atelier*. But the service which he claimed for his art was a willing service, and the pupils took holidays on their own account when they wanted the air of the country or a sight of their friends. About this matter, one of them wrote thus to his parents at Lyons, soon after he had entered the studio of the master:—"At M. Ingres' there are no regular vacations. Those who wish to do so take them at the beginning, the middle, or the end of the year; and in coming back, at whatever time it may be, they are sure to find the studio open, and M. Ingres ready to give his sublime counsel."

What might have been the effect upon the art of France, had the teaching of the greatest artists of our century been given—as well it might have been—for thirty years instead of for seven, no one can with certainty say; but we can say this at all events, that it would have been glorious and remarkable. Had the influence of Ingres been that which it is often represented, rigid, pedantic, and uncompromising, it could have been very little over all but a very limited class. But the mind of the painter, though essentially classic, could reflect itself under new forms in the mind of the pupil. Hippolyte Flandrin, the most illustrious of his followers, was great and sweet in simple portraiture; greatest and sweetest in work that is religious. It has been said of him, and he has merited the phrase, that he gave "to Greek art Christian baptism." Who was it that taught him to throw warmth and sympathy into classic conceptions? Ingres. And it was Ingres still more surely who taught him to express the Christian sentiment with a severe simplicity, with calmness, nobility, power. It was Ingres who taught him to be masculine.

With this example of the way in which the genius and the process of the master appeared changed, yet the same, in at least one of his pupils, are we to be told that they could have wrought no influence upon minds formed originally in a different mould? It is a far other thing that we believe. Exerting his power over the minds of men in whom was plain much will and some capacity for representing scenes of our day—the meeting of princes, the council board, the clash of battle, the halt by the stream, the city love scene, the sortie from the school, the play of sunlight on

fair faces among the alleys of the Bois—he could have taught these painters dignity; he could have saved them alike from weak pomposity and vulgar pettiness. In strengthening the pure and delicate spirit of Hippolyte Handrin, Ingres did much to give to France a Fra Angelico. Had but some gifted, pleasure-loving painter been guided by his rule—one to whom warmth of colour seemed as natural as quietness and clear contour to Flandrin—he could have sent into the sunny places of Parisian life a man who would have recorded for all time their perished light and loveliness and laughter, and have been for the city of the Seine something of what Giorgione was for Venice.

But it is not because the good effected by the doctrines of Ingres might have been greater, had the period during which he instructed been more prolonged, that we are to deny the boon which his seven years' teaching did undoubtedly bestow upon French art. Within that time he formed one painter who was a man of chaste and delicate genius, and many a painter who lives still, and worthily upholds the principles and practice which dignify an artist and a people. The names of Mottez, of Romain-Cazes, of Balze, of Cornu, are those of men who have given to France some fruits of various industry.[1] Nor with a list of names like these can we fairly close any narrative of the sway of Ingres. A great contemporary, Delaroche, admitted his power, and though in general their works differ widely, it is more than possible that the monumental labours of Ingres were not without influence on his illustrious brother, when Delaroche was painting the famous "Hémicycle," at the École des Beaux Arts. Greatest among the works of Delaroche, this decorative labour lacks the high dignity of the "Apotheosis of Homer," but it has something of Ingres's purity of outline, and something of his grace. The most popular, too, of Delaroche's pupils, M. Gérôme, has learned, or we are much mistaken, something from the practice of Ingres. The English public are accustomed to admire in the living painter of "Louis Quatorze and Molière" the caustic humour that is his own, and the polished execution of his lightest task; but worthy of remark, among the many qualities which would require a separate essay to do them justice, is the power of clear drawing, the unfaltering mastery over line, which lifts above a crowd of weaker imitators, the painter of "Phryne," and of "Cæsar Dead." In England, our most capable, most serious artists owe much to French influence. How much, precisely, it would be idle to conjecture, nor will we declare that Calderon, Watts, Leighton, Armitage, and Albert Moore, amongst the living, or Maclise, amongst the dead, were ever directly or consciously the students of Ingres. We say instead, that on behalf of elevated art, Ingres made a manful and persistent stand, and that by this stand and this example, all recent painters with high aims and worthy work—save only landscapists—have profited. This too is true, beyond a doubt, that had the genius to whom we owe "Angelica" and the "Apotheosis" but lived to see the "Quartett" of Mr. Moore, he would have felt in presence of that work—so nobly sculptural, so exquisitely tender—that which he expressed with vehement rejoicing before one picture by his favourite pupil, "The art of painting is *not* lost! and I—I have not been useless!"

The thought that he *had* been useless, that all his effort had resulted in comparative failure, pressed upon Ingres sometimes, even in the midst of what

[1] Wise English critics say, that the school of Ingres is dead; yet in the Salon of 1869 the very artists we have mentioned gave abundant proof of its vitality. M. Cornu's "Sainte Blandine," M. Mottez's "Vierge," and M. Romain-Cazes's "Printemps," held prominent places there; and, in addition to these pictures, one might cite the tasks in church and palace undertaken by pupils of a master who always held that monumental work afforded to artists the widest and richest field. He said so not without truth; but he said so, one must remember, in a country which cherishes the foolish superstition that taste and knowledge are essential qualities in a man who is made Minister of Public Works.

others call success. A single reproach, if people listened to it, seemed to him for the moment to outweigh all praise. It is trite to say that he was sensitive. The truth is, he was not sensitive as weak men are; but he scented opposition in the very air, and it enraged him. He was not born for a Republic of Arts: he was Cæsar, ruling absolutely, for the good of all. And when, against the principles he taught, or the work he had individually done, there was raised the barrier of a cold indifference—when the many would not trust to the wisdom of the few—he was fain to leave "this foolish people," and to live only for himself, apart. He did so, in some sense, in 1834, when the "Martyre de Saint Symphorien," just then finished,—and now to be seen at Autun—was not received with the enthusiasm which personal friends and devoted pupils had anticipated for it. He went to Rome, to take the place of Horace Vernet as head of the French Academy. His studio was closed, and his scholars dispersed. It was a step which many regretted, and earnest and frequent were the attempts made to induce him to retrace it. His friend, M. Gatteaux, wrote to him that it would diminish his influence. That friend begged him to return, and it was thus that Ingres answered the appeal:—

"You speak to me of my example, and of what I ought to do—take once more in Paris the place that belongs to me. Have I, then, lost that place? The works, which are the man, are not lost; and the position that I have suffices for me. I wish for nothing more; I ask for nothing more. The day that I left Paris I broke for ever with all that gave the public any right to reproach me, or to meddle with me."

He stayed in Rome for seven years, and there produced three pictures which rank among his most famous. First, there was the portrait of that "stern Florentine," Cherubini, whom Schumann likened to Dante, and to whom Ingres himself has been not unjustly compared, because while both were great and graceful, and devoted to form, and absolute masters of the technicality of their arts, neither was very genial; and neither seemed to have a trace of the pleasant humour without which, even as an artist, it is not easy to be strictly popular. Then came the "Odalisque," painted for M. Marcotte: one among many variations on the same theme, for during thirty years Ingres painted Odalisques. Now it was a "grande," now a "petite," now "couchée," now "vue de dos." Of some of them it has been well remarked, by M. Antony Guyard, that with all their grace of line, they are "plutôt femelles que femmes." Last came the "Stratonice," which the painter valued the most, and which is thought to combine with the beauty of form attained by the perpetual study of Greek sculpture, the spontaneity of feeling not always nor even very often apparent in the work of Ingres.[1]

In 1841 the artist returned to Paris, to spend there the many years of his old age. He was now honoured by all, and he took his share of work and pleasure—the labour of the studio, the talk of friends, and "that good classical music" which he loved so strongly. But there were bitter moments. His wife died in the summer of 1849, and for a while Ingres seemed overpowered. Next year he set out on a lonely journey to the Channel Islands and the West of France. He did not visit London, as was proposed, and afterwards he regretted that he had not done so. We are indebted to M. Delaborde for the opportunity of transcribing some extracts from a letter most illustrative of the character and temperament of the master.

"Though every one declares that Jersey is a charming place at which to stay, I found myself very lonely there. In truth, it was my own fault, for a family expected me, and had arranged a room for me four days before I presented myself, which I did only on the eve of quitting finally my wretched inn. They drove me about all day, and I really saw a very pretty district; but as for me, you know I require something besides an English town, with shops and customers. Thence I returned to Grandville, not sorry to see France again. . .

[1] "Here it is very plainly apparent," says M. Delaborde, in his recent biography of the master. And we, who have not seen this picture—owned by the Duc d'Aumale—accept in faith the report of a critic so competent.

At Caen I admired the churches, especially outside, for there is nothing within. I saw the Museum, which is not bad, and I tired myself with strolling up and down, with my pockets full of cherries—eating in the street, and careless of everything. To tell the truth, there is nothing to see but people who vegetate and live, like cabbages, without the Fine Arts. I had, happily, brought a priceless book with me, the *Greek Authors* in a single volume. So having finished my cherries, I came in again to my room in the hotel, and read *Pindar* there, with a certain pleasure."

Two or three years afterwards he married again, and the remainder of his life was undisturbed, save by the death, in 1865, of a dear friend, the most illustrious of his pupils. He was often engaged upon new work; he retouched old sketches; he delighted in the society of the capital. He saw with infinite satisfaction the growth of that fame which the labour of an earlier period had justified. Up to the very last the favourite occupations were calmly and regularly followed. On the New Year's Eve of 1867 he was at the opera, listening to Gluck's *Alceste*. Next morning the complimentary calls of many admirers did not quite prevent him from working at a portrait of his god-daughter, Mlle. Cecile Flandrin. A few days after that he had a musical party, and listened, with "the heart that hears," to some quartetts of Beethoven's and Mozart's. But he caught a chill that evening, and on the 14th of January he was gone.

During the later years of his life his work had been of very various merit. In 1854 he painted his "Jeanne d'Arc," which is so lacking in really noble expression, so crude and poor in colour that one cannot wonder if it is sometimes urged that his great old powers had by that time deserted him. But if they had left him at that period, they had left him only to return, for in 1856 he finished the work by which here in England he is probably best known, and known, one must allow, not unworthily, though of course very imperfectly—we mean "La Source." It is classed among his allegorical pictures; yet, if allegory there be, it is of the plainest kind. The girl whose pitcher droops lazily above her head, the water plashing in a straight, thin, broken stream to the rock on which her feet are planted, is but the type of woman as life's source. What is there in modern art more simply lovely than this languid head, a stranger to all thought and toil, with the pure, calm, wide-open eyes, and lips just parted in passive careless beauty? What is there that shows a mastery more complete over line and modelling than the suave contour and dimpled softness of this unstrained figure? It is all rest. She does not move; she grows. And he best understands the subject and the artist who feels that this so perfect frame is only stirred, if stirred at all, by *une âme végétale*. It is thus that Ingres could treat the nude; it is thus that he could conceive of beauty.

The painter of "La Source" never complained of want of themes; nor had he, like some living men, to seek the strange the horrible, or the impure, before finding fitting employment for a pencil used diligently during sixty years of manhood. In his note-books there were discovered almost numberless suggestions for pictures which he was never able to execute. The death of Du Guesclin, the life and death of Petrarch, the life of Rafael, the loves of Paolo and Francesca—these and a score of others are subjects he would willingly have worked upon. Looking in old age at the list of these many themes, his thought must have been Hamlet's, "Had I but time!" But he had done enough for his own glory; enough perhaps even for the ultimate good of his school. He had worked hard, with patience, energy, self-sacrifice, and with a noble aim. The very Present, which he had never sought to please unworthily, had accorded him more honour than at one time he had expected. And he looked confidently to a future public, more instructed, more critical, but less capricious than that of his own day. *C'est à ce lendemain sévère que tout artiste sérieux doit songer.*

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

AN AGE OF LEAD.

"Here pleased behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead."

SOME fifty years ago the following description of what a morning paper was and ought to be appeared in one of the leading reviews:—

"It is full but not crowded; and we have breathing spaces and openings left to pause upon each subject. We have plenty and variety. The reader of a morning paper ought not to be crammed to satiety. He ought to rise from the perusal light and refreshed. Attention is paid to every topic, but none is overdone. There is a liberality and decorum. Every class of readers is accommodated with its favourite articles, served up with taste, and without sparing for the sharpest sauces. A copy of verses is supplied by one of the popular poets of the day: a prose essay appears in another page, which, had it been written two hundred years ago, might still have been read with admiration; a correction of a disputed reading in a classical author is contributed by a learned correspondent. The politician may look profound over a grave dissertation on a point of constitutional history. A lady may smile at a rebus or charade. Here Pitt and Fox, Burke and Sheridan, maintained their nightly combats over again; here Porson criticised and Jekyll punned. An appearance of conscious dignity is kept up even in the advertisements where a principle of proportion and separate grouping is observed. The announcement of a new work is kept distinct from the hiring of a servant of all work or the sailing of a steam yacht."

It is no special source of self-congratulation to reflect that of all the points above enumerated, the only one in which we have improved upon our grandfathers is the arrangement of advertisements. For certainly it would be considered no special mark of "dignity" in a newspaper of the present day that it keeps the announcement of Mr. Elwin's Pope separate from the appeals of respectable young women, aged twenty-four, who want places as lady's-maids or bar-maids. But in every other respect, we must deny the evidence of our senses if we deny that the best type of journalism in 1871 is inferior to the best type of journalism in 1823. We have all the grave part, but what has become of all the gay? Journalism however is, *par excellence*, the mirror of the age. And we suppose it is not without reason that puns and poems, classical disquisitions and lively charades, have given way to the heavy artillery of parliamentary debates, money articles, commercial meetings, and foreign correspondence. We need not, however, go so far back as the reign of George the Fourth for a contrast between newspapers as they now are, and newspapers as they once were under a different and less ponderous system. It is not many years since the *Times*, for instance, even during the busiest session, always found room for a larger mass of miscellaneous news than it ever supplies us with now, even out of the session. There used, not so very long ago, to be a fair hour's amusement over one's morning tea to be got out of the same journal which we now exhaust in twenty minutes. The Foreign Correspondents have a good deal to answer for. Interesting as they are at times, they inevitably, and by no fault of their own, degenerate into bores in the long run. What most people really care to know about foreign politics can be told in a few words. And we certainly cannot see the necessity of giving up seven or eight columns every day to the same subject, even in the case of revolutions, when the first flush of excitement has worn off. As for commercial reports and money articles, those of course are indispensable in the *Times*, and we suppose no journal now-a-days could venture on any serious abridgment of them. But, oh, that some enterprising editor would try his knife on the parliamentary debates!

The appalling spectacle which greets us every morning as we unfold our *Times* or

our *Standard*, of those black and solid columns stretching like a sea of lead from side to side and from top to bottom, and forcing up into holes and crannies every scrap of news of a more general or more piquant character; or perhaps so completely monopolising the whole inside sheet that the most notable stranger in the shape of a correspondent or a critic has to be accommodated with a bed out in the supplement; the sensation of disgust and disappointment with which after mustering up courage to investigate these reports and finding them loaded with nothing but the genteel insipidity of Mr. Humdrum on one side of the House, and the blatant crudities of Mr. Heehaw on the other, over and over again in as many different forms as there are types of the archetype: this spectacle and this sensation must be quite sufficiently familiar to quite a sufficient number of readers to justify the tone of these remarks. Can nothing be done? It seems to be quite unnecessary to make even a show of reporting in full every speech that is delivered by every would-be orator of the Jawkins and Gregsbury stamp. Mercy is due only to the merciful. And these gentlemen have no bowels themselves. It is really astonishing how they get up night after night, and, assuring the House that they will detain it only a few minutes, proceed to deliver a carefully prepared speech which lasts two hours by the clock. It is astonishing likewise with what courtesy the House endures them. But then the House has its compensations. To listen to these speeches has a very soporific tendency; and there is always a chance of something lively turning up. The House is eminently thankful for small mercies, and when Mr. O'Patter makes a bull or Mr. Clip the new member for Costerbury drops an *h*, it is refreshing to listen to the good-natured laugh which bubbles up from both sides of the House. But these same orations reproduced in the columns of the *Times* are like a waking nightmare.

And here no doubt it may be said, Yes, to *you*, to the inhabitants of London and large cities, to the men of clubs and dinner parties, who are sure to hear all that they require to know without the trouble of reading; this may be as you say. But there are thousands of people whose only sources of political information are the Parliamentary reports of the newspapers, and who conscientiously read through every word of them. This is their political education, and you ought not to rob them of it, if you could. To this plea there are two answers to be made. In the first place, granting for the sake of argument that the fact is as stated —that there are, that is, people who employ the debates as a medium of political education—and likewise that to know the opinions of every member of Parliament who thinks it worth while to address the House is a necessary part of that political education; still it doesn't follow that we require to know more than their opinions; that there is any necessity to have their language reproduced or their logical processes laid bare. In the second place, supposing there is such a necessity, the present system of reporting fails to meet it; it disguises both language and argument. To call the reports of any speaker, except those of some half-dozen leading men, *verbatim* reports is a farce. But, not being *verbatim* reports, it would be much better if they did not pretend to be so. Nobody can have listened to a speech from Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone without feeling how totally inadequate to convey any just impression of it was the newspaper report next morning. How much more so is this the case with inferior members of the House! Even in the case of those gentlemen on whose lips the reporters hang, vying with each other in recording every syllable with exactness, the result as we say is unsatisfactory; and a moment's reflection is enough to show us that it must be so. In a printed report there can be little or no perspective; for oratorical perspective consists, in great part, of the tone, the gesture, the glance of the eye, the curl of the lip, by which the speaker indicates to his audience the exact position in his argument which every topic is to occupy. What report can ever do justice to the effect produced when Mr. Disraeli, laying down his cars and looking wickedly out of his large dark eyes like a vicious thoroughbred, prepares to administer a

playful kick to some one who has ventured to take liberties with him; or when Mr. Gladstone, drawing a heavy cheque upon that ἠθικὴ πίστις with which he is so largely endowed, comes down upon some miserable political heretic with all the severity of a grand inquisitor. Yet it is all this which is the life—the flesh, blood and muscle of Parliamentary eloquence; and a printed report reproduces none of it. Still, enough *can* be given in the case of these great masters of debate to be both profitable and amusing. The arrangement of their arguments can be made out, their logical method can be developed. This, however, can only be done, even in their case, by a *full* report. It couldn't be done by a condensed one. Imagine, then, how the crowd of mediocrities must fare! Yet the gentlemen who belong to this rather numerous division often speak very good sense; and we believe they would be gainers rather than losers by a different system of reporting. If each of them was treated to a few lines a little longer than the *Times* Summary (the most masterly thing of its kind in the London Press), expressing in the reporter's own words instead of the speaker's the general impression made upon an impartial listener, such gentlemen would, in our opinion, be much more intelligible, and consequently much more instructive. So far, however, we have dealt only with the newspapers. When we look to the interests of public business, we have to remember that nothing of the kind here recommended would curtail the verbosity of members who speak not to the *Times* or *Daily News*, but to the *Thuleytown Mercury* or the *Land's End Gazette;* or those who speak against time when it is necessary to prevent a debate from prematurely collapsing. We will walk into the House of Commons for an evening, and listen to some of these gentlemen.

The debate let us suppose is on some subject of great public interest—a great question of foreign policy, or some unusually grave Irish difficulty. The Minister has finished his statement, or the "independent member" appointed by Providence for such purposes has made his motion, condemnatory or laudatory, as the case may be: and you are on the look-out for some of the stars of debate. But no. A stout gentleman in black slowly upheaves himself from one of the back benches, and premising, in the usual formula, that he will not detain the House more than a few moments, floats himself heavily into the mid-stream of a speech which he has been studying for a week beforehand. This is Mr. Pumpkin, the new member for Spinnington. He begins by assuring her Majesty's Ministers that they need not be afraid; he has not withdrawn his confidence from them; he will not desert them if they continue to merit his support; there is nothink in their general policy to which he objects, with other consoling asseverations of the like nature: but he must say, though it causes him great anguish to do so, that on this particular occasion, &c. &c., they have behaved like villains and traitors. Nothing is more common than this style of speaking; Ministers first being told that they deserve the confidence and respect of all good men, and immediately afterwards that they have committed crimes for which ordinary hanging would be a lenient punishment. Well, on goes Pumpkin much to his own satisfaction, repeating to the House in his own choice diction what he has been reading in the newspapers for the last three weeks, sprinkled with assertions evolved from his own inner consciousness regarding the designs of Bismarck, Gortschakoff, Thiers, Archbishop Cullen, or Pius IX., which scarcely receive the attention due to their undoubted originality. But what cares Pumpkin? He never pauses at the end of a period, like some speakers do, as if he was expecting a cheer. The House is "nothink"—as he would say,—to him. He cares not for coughs or sneezes, or the choking gurgling notes of irony which proceed from gentlemen who have dined. He cares not for the rebuke of Mr. Gladstone, or the sarcasm of Mr. Disraeli. His hide is too thick for the one and his allegiance too feeble for the other. To make a speech of such length that the report of it *must* occupy a certain space in the London papers, and fill two pages of his own, is his sole object. Satire and sense may do their worst upon him

afterwards. He knows that more than half the effect of sarcasm evaporates in print, and that few people read the speeches for their arguments. So he feels perfectly secure, and plods on through his accumulation of platitudes till the time he had prescribed to himself is exhausted, and then slowly running down, thanks the House for the attention with which they have heard him, drops into his seat, presses his hat down upon his head, folds his arms, and looks every inch the senator. Doesn't he wish that his constituents could see him at that moment and in that attitude!

Now then, at least, you hope for something a little more animating. Sold again! A tall, thin, sour-looking member, with the self-righteous air and nasal twang of a true Puritan, rises to address the House. This is Mr. Prunello, the member for Leathermouth. He scorns to apologise, and seems to think that Ministers ought to be very much obliged to him for the sermon he is about to preach. And away *he* goes, like a barrel-organ grinding a penitential hymn, till you are nearly distracted with the harsh and creaking monotony, sustained without pausing for an hour. However, his time comes at last; and then you do get something different. A very gentlemanly person, apparently about fifty years of age, has caught the Speaker's eye. This is Lord De Bellows, who from the bottom of his chest fetches up a series of observations which possess no particular value, but at the same time, to do him justice, are devoid of all that is offensive. He is put up to speak against time, the meaning of which is that the leaders don't want to speak till the House gets fuller, or that they don't want to divide that night, or that they want to feel the pulse of the House a little longer, and see whether it is worth while to make a great speech at all. His Lordship goes gasping on with great success till his humble duty is fulfilled. He is great upon the honour of England, and dismally impressive as he prophesies the speedy loss of it. His speech is just as much waste of time as Pumpkin's and Prunello's; but he gets cheered, partly because the House has a habit of cheering such sentiments, partly because the Conservatives to whom he belongs are the "more cheering" party of the two, and make up in noise for what they want in numbers. However, he blows off his steam at the proper signal; and now the Treasury Bench begins to show signs of life. Mr. Seesaw is on his legs; an able man, but a proser of portentous capacity. He replies to the "Independents;" and as he goes on you feel instinctively that he is doing his work well, but that he is consuming about double the time in doing it that is really necessary. The "Now, Sir, I come-to-what-was-stated-by-the-hon.-member-for so and so,"—each word slowly and distinctly articulated—with which he commences every fresh division of his subject, is repeated over and over again till it gives you the fidgets; and he tells the House so often that he has only one thing more to say, that you feel inclined to throw your hat at him, reckless of your instantaneous committal to the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms, and eternal separation from your wife and children.

Now here we have portrayed four Parliamentary bores of different descriptions, who all contribute their share towards making the papers what they are. If Seesaw would be more concise; if matters were so managed that speaking against time could be dispensed with; and if Pumpkin and Prunello would consider their duty to their neighbour, the columns of the *Times* might be lightened of half their lead. But we have by no means exhausted the subject, or all the sources of the boredom which, rising in the House of Commons, empties itself into the newspapers. There is Luther, who has been in Parliament twenty-eight years without learning anything, and expects to hear of a barrel of gunpowder being found under the floor of the House at the commencement of every session. There is Larum, haunted by perpetual dread of a conspiracy between the two front benches to stifle freedom of discussion, and warranted to go off whenever the House seems forgetful of it. There is Windmill Stout, who has a monopoly of honesty, and whose contortions are frightful to look upon when he sniffs a

mare's nest or a mystery. There is Tussel, who has a monopoly of law, and begins all his speeches with Justinian. There is Dips, who bored his Town Council so terribly that they returned him to Parliament to get rid of him: and Grimes, who bored every Government in turn till he bored his way into the Ministry. There are Scotch bores and Irish bores: temperance bores and chastity bores. So numerous are they, that they threaten ere long to obtain complete predominance, and to extinguish for ever the eloquence, the taste, and the scholarship for which the British senate was once famous.

"Before them Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away;
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops and in a flash expires."

We have now, however, said enough to prove our point, which is this, that owing to a variety of causes, among which the multiplication of provincial papers is a very potent one, the speaking in the House of Commons is becoming every session more and more an impediment to the despatch of public business, and more and more a wet blanket on the morning papers. To devise any practical remedy would be extremely difficult, nor did we sit down to this article with any intention of suggesting one. Private members of the Larum and Luther stamp are extremely jealous of their rights. Mr. Gladstone has already been charged with trying to reduce the debates to a duel between the rival chiefs. That, no doubt, is going too far in the opposite direction. But really it must be admitted that there is a terrible dearth of oratorical ability in the House just at present: and though real eloquence may often be pressed into the service of commonplace ideas, still that is the accident of the position, and a natural orator can hardly be expected to sit quiet in a popular assembly. But, compared with former years, there are very few of these in the House of Commons. And what possible good can be effected by the long wearisome harangues of men who have neither eloquence, nor wit, nor understanding above their fellows, we are at a loss to comprehend. Men like Pumpkin and Prunello, though they would scorn the suggestion, might really learn something from the country gentlemen opposite. These seldom or never speak, unless they have something special to say; and then they say it with the businesslike brevity of men who wish to discharge their duty to their constituents effectively, but do not think it the be-all and end-all of existence to be members of the House of Commons. Their importance is not so very much enhanced by it. For this simple reason, benighted as the Conservatives may be, they are far less chargeable with the particular sin of boredom than their more loquacious opponents, whose heads seem turned sometimes by finding themselves in Parliament. There is another reason too for the same distinction, not complimentary to the Conservatives perhaps—though that is as people take it. We mean that the painfully "earnest" type of man who abounds below the Liberal gangway has no counterpart on the other side. We should be the first to say that the difference was disgraceful to the Tories, if we were perfectly certain that it was more than a difference in manner. But an English gentleman prides himself above everything on his *insouciance*. He is essentially and inflexibly undemonstrative. To show what he feels, if he feels deeply, is to lower himself in his own eyes for ever. This is perhaps a weakness if carried to excess, but it is the more respectable excess of the two. And the reserve which an English gentleman practises in private life, he carries into public. But we know what he *does*. And we cannot therefore as a matter of course set down the apparently greater earnestness of men who make more noise about it, to any inherently nobler nature: though it may be that in some cases we should be right in doing so. Meantime, the one bores us and the other doesn't; and that is all that we are concerned with it on the present occasion.

As far as the newspapers are concerned, the remedy is in their own hands. But we doubt the power of the House of Commons by itself to abate this nuisance.

Committees may report and report, but the bores will beat them. Bores always do beat every one. In fighting them we are like a man in a cambric shirt fighting a man in a steel shirt. They are impenetrable. Our only hope is in the constituencies. The time must surely come when the British Nation, which generally speaking has a strong sense of humour, will grow tired of the prosy dullards who treat a Senate like a public meeting: who are gentlemen because they are in Parliament, not in Parliament because they are gentlemen: whose knowledge of political history and of polite literature is about the same: and whose self-importance and self-conceit often keep better men silent, make business impossible, and weary to death those who are responsible for its management. Should that happy day ever come, we may again return to our morning paper with the keen expectation of former years; when the *Times*, purified of its lead like the Thames from its sewage, shall reproduce recreation and diversion for thousands whom it now poisons. Let all good men therefore aid in this good work to the extent of their ability. Let us have a new crusade against the Dunces; not of Grub Street, but of Westminster. If our wit halts, a righteous cause will help it out. Let the bachelor think of his breakfast, and the married man of his slippered repose after dinner. And, oh! reader, let us stop this habit before ladies are admitted to Parliament; for, bless their hearts, it will never be stopped afterwards. However, their speeches will be much better worth reading than Pumpkin's, and much better worth hearing than Seesaw's. So if the thing is not to be stopped at all, the sooner they come in the better.

SOUVENIRS OF THE CAMPAIGN OF THE LOIRE.

BY GABRIEL MONOD,

Of the 11th ambulance (bis) of the Paris "Société Internationale de secours aux blessés."

I.

THE tableland which divides the valleys of the Loire, the Loir, the Eure, and the Seine, and lies between Etampes, Orleans, Blois, Vendôme, Chateaudun, and Chartres, had, until last year, been remarkable only for its fertility; but the terrible war, which during the past winter reddened its fields with blood, has conferred on the Beauce henceforward a different kind of celebrity. Its vast and melancholy plains, where the eye often wanders far and wide without encountering so much as a single tree, were the scene of the great battles in which the army of the Loire made a last vain effort to resist the might of its foreign foe. Here and there, few and far between, a small village, a farm, or a windmill alone breaks the monotonous line of the horizon. On these plains the immovable and well-trained battalions of the Prussian army, and the inexperienced, undisciplined, eager masses which sprang into existence at the voice of the fiery Gambetta, met one another face to face. Who could be found to believe that the peaceful people of the Beauce would ever witness or take part in such scenes? They lived the quiet, selfish, monotonous life of a thoroughly rural district; anxious to get the highest price obtainable for their corn, but careless about everything else. Partisans of each established Government in turn, they troubled themselves neither about religion, nor liberty, nor the condition of their country, until the arrival of that terrible day on which their hearths were for the first time invaded by a foreign enemy. Of this invasion I propose to relate what I myself saw, during the time spent in the Beauce by the ambulance to which I was attached. My observations on both German and French armies, as well as on the inhabitants of the country, shall be given with equal sincerity and truth; and if I pass any judgment or express any opinions, they must be considered as applying only to my own personal experiences; I trust, therefore, that none of my readers will attach to them a wider significance. I desire to bring my evidence, weak though it may be, to the aid of the great inquest which is now taking place everywhere into the events of the war.[1]

The momentary hope which we entertained after the fall of Sédan that an honourable treaty of peace would put an end to a contest fatal alike to both nations, had been quickly dispelled. Germany was intoxicated with the newborn consciousness of her prodigious vigour. How then demand of her magnanimity and moderation? Or how ask France—proud France, so accustomed to victory—to own herself vanquished? Thus the war had to continue until the strength of one of the combatants should be completely exhausted. To every attentive and impartial observer the issue was but too obvious; and it was indeed painful for a Frenchman to take part in a struggle which could only end in the ruin of France.

Thus it was that in October, 1870, with a feeling of bitter and sad resignation, we left the Ardennes—where we

[1] I must add, that we owed the means which enabled us to follow the campaign of the Loire to the generosity of England, through the National Society and the Protestant Auxiliary Committee, by whom we were furnished with funds and material.

had been nursing the wounded of Beaumont and Sédan—for the district of the Loire, where fresh battles were daily expected. Here, between Vendôme and the forest, and south of the Loire in Sologne, the future "army of the Loire" was being mustered and organized. The condition of affairs at Tours was not such as to revive drooping courage or restore waning hopes. As each day's despatches arrived, the Government passed from blind confidence to the deepest despondency. Gambetta, it is true, had recently arrived from Paris, and appeared well fitted, by his energy and devotion, for the post he occupied; but the Empire had bequeathed its system of lying to the Republic, and Gambetta lied to the nation as the Empire had done before him. The journalists considered that they were serving their country best by loading its enemies with calumnies, and professing their belief in the existence of a widespread enthusiasm, which in reality filled but few hearts. In the midst of all, the public behaved as usual—walked, talked, and laughed, thinking the situation rather novel and piquant, and having apparently no perception of its tragic reality.

The most motley figures jostled one another in the streets of the town; Francs-tireurs in all kinds of uniforms, officers equipped in every conceivable style, Garibaldians and Pontifical Zouaves, and Mobiles brought together from all the departments; while ambulance costumes were so numerous as to give rise to the rather malicious suggestion that doctors and *infirmiers* were more plentiful than soldiers.

I recognized in the crowd many faces which I had seen before the battle of Sédan—not a few, I grieve to say, officers who had sworn not to take up arms again, but were now prepared to break their parole, encouraged by a Government that had lost not only its regard for truth but all sense of honour.

Never had I been so painfully conscious of the incorrigible levity of our national character, or of the strength of those illusions by which so many minds are prevented from grasping the reality in all its deformity; or of that wilful blindness which not only makes the French unable to see the truth and unwilling to speak it, but makes them even detest to hear it.

Sometimes, I own, they do perform acts of great heroism, and show that they know how to sacrifice both life and fortune without hesitation; and such is their elasticity of spirit, that they are gay and lively in the midst of misfortune, and always ready to laugh at their greatest reverses. But these qualities have no value if they are not combined with the power of serious reflection, earnestness of purpose, and strong convictions.

I was delighted to quit the noise, and I might almost say gaiety, of the town, for the Beauce itself, and to find myself in the camp among those who were prepared to fight and suffer and die for their country.

By the 25th of October we had established two ambulance stations at Oucques and St. Léonard, near the advanced posts of the army behind the Forest of Marchenoir; and we at once began our care of the sick, who were suffering chiefly from rheumatism, fever, and small-pox.

The district of the Orleanais seemed destined to be the principal battlefield of the two armies. On the one hand, the Germans had it in their power, without advancing too far from their base of operations at Paris, to attack at once our provisional capital, Tours, our great arsenal, Bourges, and our principal strategic position, Le Mans; while we, on the other hand, were equally able to protect those three points, and at the same time to threaten the army around Paris at its most vulnerable point.

The first encounter appeared likely to take place between the wood of Mont-Pipau, which was occupied by the Bavarians, and the forest of Marchenoir, which covered the line of our advanced guard. The ambulance was posted on the outskirts of the latter, and there we remained, anxiously awaiting the sound

of the cannon. The position of affairs was serious. Paris was completely invested, Metz had just surrendered, and the hopes of France were centered on d'Aurelles de Paladine, who had recently been made commander-in-chief of the new army—if indeed such a rabble could be dignified with that name. The few cavalry it possessed were badly mounted; the guns were weak, and served by very poor horses; the troops of the line were dirty and badly disciplined, and consisted of men either too old or too young; the few Mobiles among them were badly clothed, and armed only with wretched muzzle-loaders, which they did not know how to handle; while the commissariat was both insufficient and irregular—all which things were little calculated to inspire confidence. And yet, in a fortnight, by the exercise of a severity long unknown in the French army, d'Aurelles effected a complete transformation in this rabble, and in the end succeeded in re-establishing discipline. Officers now slept in the camp like common soldiers, and were present at daily parade and inspection. The men had a better style about them, and a more confident and soldier-like air. The regiments marched in good order, with their baggage and provisions behind them, and without that crowd of followers which had been the disgrace of our army during the whole of the campaign. It made one's heart bleed to see the hard measures by which such strict discipline had to be enforced. Nearly every morning one or two unfortunate wretches convicted of theft or insubordination were led out of the stables of the ambulance, which acted as the guard-room, and shot. One, a quartermaster in the artillery, the father of a family, and a great favourite among his comrades, was condemned to be shot for calling his captain a "blanc-bec" (greenhorn). Another, a lad of eighteen, had enlisted in a moment of enthusiasm, but had soon tried to desert, in disgust at the fatigue and hardships of camp-life. A third had stolen a chicken, a fourth a turkey, and so on—transgressions too common in an army which was almost entirely neglected by its commissariat department. But severe as these measures may seem, they were justified by the results; and on the 7th of November, when our advanced posts at St. Laurent des Bois were attacked by 2,000 Bavarians, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, they met with a vigorous repulse. It was a short engagement, attended with but little bloodshed,—not more than fifty wounded, all of which were at once taken in charge by our ambulance. The troops were elated with their success, and d'Aurelles, taking advantage of this, on the 9th of November attacked the Bavarians along their whole line. He had carefully studied the situation, and, what is more, a curious chance had furnished him with the most reliable and precise information. A paper, torn up into the smallest pieces, was found lying on a table in the château which had been the head-quarters of General von der Thann. It proved to be the rough draft of his orders to his officers, with a plan for the disposition of the troops. The pieces were taken to a man in Orleans, who spent the whole day in putting them together. He pasted them on transparent paper, and sent a translation of the whole, made by a friend who understood German, to the Minister of War at Tours. This transcription of a paper containing the exact number of troops to be engaged, the most precise instructions as to their disposition, and even the place of each gun, was made with fear and trembling, in a house actually filled with Bavarians; it proved of incalculable use to our troops, who, as the Germans owned, had never been so well directed as at the battle of Coulmiers.[1]

The members of the ambulance joined the troops on the eve of the battle in peasant-carts of every size and description. For the first, and alas! also for the last time, we had the satisfaction of advancing with a victorious army. Even the wounded

[1] This is no *on dit*, but an actual fact. I myself can vouch for its truth, and could if necessary supply the names of those concerned.

were elated for the moment, and remarked as we moved slowly along the high road—"Cela va bien."

The road was so obstructed with artillery that our progress was somewhat difficult, and we arrived in the evening, only just in time to hear the last of the firing at Coulmiers, round which, as the most hotly disputed point, the battle had centred.

A grand and terrible spectacle met our eyes as we came up to the scene of action. Before us, lit up by eight blazing fires, lay the immense plain, over which dark masses of our troops were moving in apparent confusion as they made for their several encampments. The park of Mons. de Villebonne had been the scene of the hottest fighting; and his château was crowded with wounded, Bavarians and French in numbers lying stretched side by side on the floor. I still see an unfortunate Mobile sitting in a chair, with the blood streaming from a ghastly open wound in his forehead, and waiting in a kind of stupor for the inevitable end of his sufferings. Many refused to be moved, begging only to be allowed to die in peace.

At length, with our help, the army-surgeons dressed their wounds, and then we carried them, a hundred and ten in number, on the ambulance-waggons to Ouzouer-le-Marché, in the rear of the army. The snow and sleet were falling fast, and but few of our waggons were provided with awnings; the road was thronged with artillery and trains of provisions and ammunition, so that to the poor wounded fellows the way seemed terribly long and tedious. They shivered with cold and suffered cruelly from the incessant jolting. At last, but not till one in the morning, Ouzouer was reached; and there we established an ambulance-station, which took the place of that at St. Léonard, and formed our head-quarters until the middle of February.

For the next three weeks we lived in daily expectation of a battle. Our army had taken up its position on the further side of the forest of Orleans; it consisted originally of the 15th and 16th Corps, but had been reinforced after the action at Coulmiers by the 17th and 18th. The men were in good training and excellent spirits, and seemed at last to understand the object of the fighting—which was not to kill all the Prussians possible, so much as to deliver their whole country, and especially two of its finest provinces, from the dominion of a foreign invader.

But in the mean time Prince Frederick Charles had arrived at Pithiviers with the army of Metz; and against such tried soldiers, experienced leaders, and formidable artillery, what chance had raw recruits and ignorant officers like ours? However, they did their utmost, and maintained a good fight at Patay, until, after four days, Orleans was retaken and they were defeated. We visited the battle-field on the 2nd of December, and brought away a hundred and thirty wounded, after which for two days we remained in complete ignorance of the progress of events. On the 5th, however, the firing ceased, and on the following day an Uhlan rode up to the ambulance station and inquired if there were any Francs-tireurs in the place. He spoke to me in French, and when I replied in German that I belonged to an international ambulance and could give no information on military affairs, he began to abuse me in the coarsest language, and threatened to shoot me. I went on quietly smoking without paying the least attention, till suddenly changing his tone he said, in the most courteous manner, "Please, may I trouble you for a light?"

On the 7th, at no great distance from us, was fought the battle of Cravaut-Beaugency. Here Chanzy succeeded in rallying his flying forces and holding out for four days, though repulsed in the end. The manner in which he conducted his retreat, without leaving any prisoners in the hands of the enemy, reflects great credit on him, and was testified to by a staff-officer of the Duke of Mecklenburg's corps, which played a chief part in the events of those glorious days, as

follows: "The army of the Loire can never be spoken of but in terms of the greatest respect."

But what was the state of that army? The Mobiles were so badly shod that they constantly left their shoes sticking in the mud, while their clothes were so ragged that they had actually for decency's sake to tie their blankets round their waists. The battalion of the Eure-et-Loire was known and spoken of as the "Bataillon des Sans Culottes." Nor was the victualling better than the equipment, for I saw many who subsisted for a fortnight on nothing but biscuit.

After the battle of Cravaut the tide of war drifted away from us to Fréteval, Vendôme, and finally to Mans, where the campaign was destined to end.

We were thus left on Prussian territory, and there we remained, entirely occupied with the care of the wounded. The three months which followed gave me ample opportunity for studying at leisure the character of the German and French soldier, as well as the conduct and manners of both invaders and invaded. I found everywhere good mingled with bad, and noble qualities combined with hideous defects; and am convinced that it is as unjust as it is impossible to exalt one nation at the expense of the other.

The cold-blooded cruelty with which the Prussians conducted the invasion was most atrocious; but without it I doubt whether it would have been possible to achieve the occupation of so extensive a territory.

Without dwelling on special facts, I cannot but express my unqualified disapprobation of that lust of conquest which led the Germans to carry on the war after Sédan, and insist on the cession of territory. Of that unjust determination everything else was but the fatal consequence. Acts of wanton cruelty were of rare occurrence, at least in the provinces where I was. I witnessed the burning of Bazeilles, and collected all the information I could as to the circumstances connected with it, and it appeared to me to be nothing more than one of the terrible but inevitable consequences of war. The greater part of the village was first destroyed by shells during the engagement, then some houses were set on fire to dislodge a party of marines, and the rest were burnt because the inhabitants, from their hiding-places in the cellars, fired on the rear of the Bavarians as they were leaving the town. Some unoffending people were doubtless suffocated in the cellars, either then or during the battle; but it is not true that they were pushed back into the flames at the point of the bayonet.

I afterwards saw Civry and Varise completely destroyed by fire; but though not able personally to verify the truth of the story, I have it on the authority of a French peasant, who was an eye-witness, that his countrymen were the first to begin by firing on an ambulance, and killing one doctor and several *infirmiers*, which naturally provoked the Prussians to retaliate. At Chateaudun the ruthless cruelty of their system of conquest was pushed to its extreme. The inhabitants, assisted by the Francs-tireurs, fought in mere self-defence, and the Bavarians, in order to deter the people of other towns from following their example, set fire to more than a hundred houses, one of which, I was assured on good authority, contained a paralytic old man who might easily have been rescued. In one house the officers set fire to the curtains of the room in which they had just breakfasted. And though it is true that some of the soldiers showed regret and unwillingness in obeying the orders given them to burn and destroy, yet there were others who took a horrible pleasure in it. The officers calmly asserted, that, but for such severe measures, the personal hatred, assassinations, poisonings, and reprisals, would have been endless, and the war must have become one of bitter extermination. They shot on principle all the Francs-tireurs taken in ambuscade, as well as every peasant who in any way molested them. Their reasoning was, I believe, sound, but the system

was none the less iniquitous; and a war entailing such terrible necessities should on no account have been continued.

The drain on all the resources of the country caused by the influx of such vast numbers of men, and the individual acts of brutality committed, formed a grievous addition to the sufferings already mentioned. The large requisitions soon exhausted every province visited by the armies, although the cantonments were carefully selected, and the number of men quartered in each place was always in approximate proportion to its size and resources. The wonderful organization of the German Commissariat, and the regularity with which supplies were forwarded, averted the famine which would otherwise have been inevitable. Yet none but an eyewitness can understand what a scourge the presence of the immense armies of our day is to a country.

The people of Marchenoir, St. Léonard, and Oucques, and those living on the road between Beaugency and Vendôme, may be truly said not to have had a moment's repose from the 10th to the 31st of December. The whole night through they were on the *qui vive*, being not unfrequently obliged to turn out of their beds in order to make room for the enemy, and set out in the snow and rain in search of shelter in some shed or stable. Their houses were overrun day and night by soldiers, who passed their days in eating, drinking, and making a noise, and often ended by ransacking every hole and corner, and carrying off whatever they could lay hands on. I saw women and old men who during this time had been driven mad through sheer fright, and I know that others died from the hardships they had had to endure. At the commencement of the campaign plundering was comparatively a rare offence, and was even punished with some severity, but latterly it became quite habitual, and the officers did not venture to attempt to stop it. The men used to sell their spoils to the sutlers who followed the army, and the possibility of always realizing a little sum in this way accounts for the curious articles they occasionally took. A metronome for instance, which had been stolen at Orleans, was left behind at Ouzouer by a soldier.

Peasants who attempted to protect their property from depredation generally met with ill-usage, for the Germans are rough by nature, and even women and children did not always escape blows at their hands; but it would be false to say that violence and theft were the rule. A hundred thousand pillagers among a million of men are enough to account for the greatest outrages. The behaviour of the Germans differed very widely, according to the district they came from, and depended also a good deal on the example set them by their officers. For while the 3rd Army Corps imitated the savage violence of Prince Frederick Charles and his staff, and while the Mecklenburgers and the Pomeranians stole plate and even women's clothing from the houses of Oucques, and stopped men in the street to take the very shoes from their feet, the 9th Army Corps imitated the gentleness, courtesy, and dignity of General von Manstein's staff, and fifty thousand Rhinelanders, Hanoverians, and Saxons passed through Ouzouer-le-Marché without doing more devastation than our own army would have done.[1] The Pomeranians, Poles, Silesians, East Prussians, and Bavarians were the most cruel, and any one falling into their hands, particularly those of the Bavarians, was almost certain to be roughly treated. I speak from experience, for I saw some of their doings at Raucourt in the Ardennes. Many who were originally good and gentle became coarse and rapacious by the force of sheer ignorance. They seemed to take a sort of stupid pleasure in destroying and breaking, and were so undisciplined that their officers, who are more humane than the Prussians, possessed little authority over them.

[1] Of the conduct of the Baden and Wurtemberg regiments I saw nothing, and therefore cannot speak.

On the other hand, I willingly testify to the consideration with which the soldiers of Brandenburg, Saxony, Hanover, and the Rhenish provinces behaved to the people. The Saxons especially were remarkable for their humanity. I was told by some wounded Frenchmen after the battle of Privat, that the Saxons with whom they had just been fighting, on seeing them fall, ran up and raised them from the ground, and embraced them with tears in their eyes; and there were Saxons wounded at the battle of Sédan who said to me, "At last we are disabled, and shall be sent back to Germany without seeing more of these horrors. Thank God, we have not fired a single shot; yet we have not intentionally shunned danger, though we have not to reproach ourselves with any fellow-creature's death."

If such vices as cruelty, gluttony, and rapacity were widely prevalent in the German army, it must be acknowledged that certain virtues, such as hatred of war, respect for women and love of children, were no less so. "When will peace be made?" was the burden of every conversation. Detestation of the French was often enough expressed by the chaplains, and sometimes by the officers, but never by the common soldiers. I was told that letters found on some of the Pomeranian soldiers were full of animosity and desire to see Paris destroyed; but hundreds of letters to German patients in the ambulance from their relatives at home have passed through my hands and been read by me, and in not one did I ever meet with one word of hatred, whilst expressions of horror at the war, and of intense longing for peace, recurred again and again.

Of Bismarck they invariably spoke in angry terms. "Bismarck pas bon" was the judgment often pronounced on him, whereas on the king, whose policy they believed to be pacific, they bestowed nothing but praise.

The most remarkable feature of the campaign was the respect paid by the Germans to women; and this is a national virtue, and one to which in a great measure the Germanic race owes its power. Individual outrages may have been perpetrated, but not one came under my notice in the long course of my seven months' experience, neither did I hear one testified to as a positive fact. Everywhere, on the contrary, I saw women treated with true respect in a manner that astonished the French soldiers, who on several occasions remarked to me, "We should have behaved rather differently if we had been in their place." As for the children, from the first day they were fast friends with the Germans. If there was nothing to eat in a house, and complaints were made "à cause des enfants," the whole family was sure to be supplied with food. The soldiers played with the children, went about with them, and got them to give them lessons in French; and more than once the presence of children in a house was sufficient to convert the enemies into friends. They would begin to talk of their own children, showing on their fingers how they had "one, two, three," and "so big," showing with their hand how tall each was. Religious feeling and patriotism often went hand in hand with this family-love. On the banks of the Loire they still fought in imagination "für Deutschland's Vertheidigung," and almost every man bore the motto "Mit Gott, für König und Vaterland" in his heart as well as on his helmet. On the other hand there was a good deal of superstition mingled with their religion. A great many of them, for instance, carried about a strange uncouth prayer, which they believed to have fallen from heaven in the seventeenth century, and which was considered a protection against both the enemies' balls and the bite of mad dogs. It must be owned that there were not a few who contrived to reconcile violence and pillage with their devotion; but I met numbers whose piety, *naïve* as it seemed, was nevertheless truly noble and sincere. On one occasion the Roman Catholic chaplain of the ambulance gave a consecrated

medal to a wounded German. When he left, the man said to the surgeon, "Your chaplain is very kind, but the medal is not of much use to me; I had two already, and they did not prevent me from getting my leg broken; but," he added, holding up a New Testament I had given him the day before, "this has helped me to pass some happy hours." There was not one that entered our ambulance but asked for a Testament, and read it devoutly every morning. I was well aware of the high level to which instruction had reached in Germany, but I had no notion before this campaign to what an extraordinary extent the national intelligence had been developed by the universal spread of instruction. For instance, almost all the soldiers had pocket-books, in which they made notes on the campaign. They could not only read, but were fond of reading, and every one could write. The clearness and vigour of their understanding were a continual source of surprise, and made it a real pleasure to talk to them; while the fulness and accuracy which characterized any information that they gave me showed in the most convincing manner how deep down in the social strata the critical spirit which is the glory of German science has penetrated. In describing a battle they would always draw a clear distinction between what they knew from their own personal experience, or on reliable authority, and what they had gathered from mere hearsay. They were just in their appreciation of the French, and always ready to recognize any real superiority either in their tactics or method of fighting, and in their courage. All which convinces me that in many respects it is not too much to say that, comparing the two sides, the Germans were like men fighting with children. In the ambulance their opposite qualities showed themselves in the strongest light. Vices which were developed on the battle-field disappeared on the bed of suffering, and the noble side of human nature came to view. Above all, we were struck by the warm gratitude the Germans expressed for the care they received, and the unfailing patience with which they endured suffering. The only two Uhlans whom we nursed were the best fellows in the world. Whether previous depredations had left them no unsatisfied wants, I do not know; but I do know that they would accept no money from us at parting, and even insisted on returning the slippers which I had lent them from the ambulance stores. Our wounded all ended by becoming our true friends, and hardly a man left us without shedding tears. The energy and resignation displayed by our patients, with very rare exceptions, were quite remarkable, and greatly facilitated the task of nursing them. An instance or two of this I cannot forbear relating.

At Coulmiers I found a young lieutenant of the Bavarian artillery with his thigh-bone fractured by a ball. He was lying on the ground, when I found him, quite still and motionless, with his head resting on his arm, and without uttering a sound. "Are you in pain?" I asked. "Yes, very great." "Would you like to be moved?" "Do as you will, I am in your power; it is for you to decide." I moved him with some difficulty, and placed him on a carriage. A French colonel, with the most perfect courtesy, handed him his sword, which he had forgotten; the lieutenant raised himself, and thanked him with a smile. Throughout the whole of that tedious and trying journey he endured terrible agony; but not a word escaped his lips, and during the three months he remained under my care I never heard him utter a single complaint. We had a Bavarian soldier who was even more seriously wounded, his right leg having been shattered, and the left thigh-bone completely fractured close to the hip—both injuries apparently mortal. After the bones had been set, and the wounds dressed for the first time, he shook us cordially by the hand, and said, "Try to save me, for I am an only son." This brave fellow passed a whole month without sleep, and bore inconceivable sufferings

without ever complaining. Though originally a big robust man, his sufferings reduced him to a mere skeleton; in the end, however, his brave spirit gained the victory, and he recovered.

And yet this man of iron constitution had within him an almost feminine sensibility and tenderness; he could never speak of his country or his family without tears, nor see one of us go away without similar emotion. On Christmas Eve he said to me, "What day of the month is it?" "The 24th." "How many there are who will not spend Christmas at home," he replied, the great tears running down his cheeks. One of our surgeons witnessed another striking instance of the same power of resignation.

On the evening of the battle of Coulmiers he said to a young wounded officer whom he found lying in one of the rooms, "Where are you wounded?" "It's useless to ask; my wound is mortal; it is here," he added, pointing to his stomach. The surgeon examined and dressed it, trying at the same time to reassure him, though his condition was quite hopeless. A priest who was present asked the young man if he were a Roman Catholic? "No." Our surgeon then found a Protestant chaplain, and brought him to his side. "I told you I was not a Roman Catholic," said the young officer, "but I am not a Protestant either; I have lived till now without religion, and so I shall die;" and he turned to the wall without betraying in a single muscle of his face the horrible moral and physical sufferings he must have been enduring. He said, if I remember right, that he was the son of a Bavarian ambassador in Paris.

When we told any of our wounded Germans that an operation was necessary, they submitted without a murmur, and with deliberate resignation. One of them, on hearing that his leg was to be amputated from the thigh, asked, "Is it necessary?" "Yes." "Then give me a day to get up my courage and resolution." When we went our evening rounds, he said, "Now I am ready, but put me to sleep on my bed, that I may suffer less."

Thus far I have spoken chiefly of the common soldiers; and the fact is, that there exists nowhere such a widely-marked difference between soldier and officer as in Germany. I look upon the intermediate class of non-commissioned officers as the honour and glory of the German army. They belong generally to the middle ranks of the people, or the smaller citizen class, and rise by steady work and merit; they possess in an eminent degree the good qualities of the soldier, with a more cultivated understanding, and are without that arrogance and hardness which so often characterize the superior officer.

About the German officers the most opposite judgments have been, and may with reason be formed. Some of them are patterns of politeness, of *bon ton*, and even of humanity, and many possess those essentially German qualities we have been alluding to as existing among the common soldiers; but, on the other hand, there were numbers who degraded themselves by acts of brutality unworthy of educated men. I refer not only to the violent treatment often inflicted on their soldiers, who submitted to it with servile docility, but I have seen women struck and children ill-used by these men, who did not think it beneath their dignity to heap the coarsest abuse on any one who failed to show them what they considered the proper degree of respect. They were rarely wanting in that conventional politeness which consists in saluting people with three consecutive bows, clicking the heels together, and making a right angle of the body; but in that true delicacy of feeling which should have kept them from joking at the expense of their victims, and from giving vent in their presence to feelings of brutal animosity, unworthy of any noble mind, they were too often sadly deficient. Their doctors, for instance, would come into our hospitals and say, "Vous plus maître ici, moi maître." One of our surgeons was an Alsatian, and any officer who discovered it was pretty sure

to taunt him with some such remark as "Ha, ein neuer Preuss!" But this was not all. Such vulgar vices as drunkenness and theft were not wanting among the officers, even among those who seemed well educated, refined, and like gentlemen. They not only stole wholesale, as they did round Paris, where they appeared to regard every deserted house as their lawful property, but were not ashamed to commit the most mean and petty thefts, even to pocketing the silver fork and spoon they had just been using, or any trinket they might have found in the room where they slept. At Talcy, an old castle, the property of a friend of ours, the Duke of Mecklenburg's staff-officers, men of the highest rank, and bearing the titles of count and baron, stole an ivory paper-knife, a case of mathematical instruments, and five francs out of a box in the drawing-room, to which they alone were admitted. Others who came after them pocketed a series of small German almanacks. The inspector of a German ambulance, a true patriot, to whose testimony I attach great importance, once said to me, "The thefts committed by our officers are a blot upon our national honour, and it makes me blush to think of all that I have heard and seen."

It would be unjust, however, to make all the officers responsible for these offences, though *esprit de corps* and a regard for honour ought to make such things impossible among them; but this was not the case, for I often heard the best of them seeking to excuse acts which, in their consciences, they could not but blame. Yet on the whole, except when the severity of the system of invasion rendered the commission of acts of brutality a duty, the conduct of the officers was that of well-educated and benevolent men. Towards our ambulance we always found them not merely polite, but remarkably considerate and kind—Prince Frederick Charles's staff, I am sorry to say, excepted; for they made it their duty to be as insolent as their chief, and at Doncourt, near Metz, treated us with a rudeness which was really ludicrous. At Ouzouer, on the contrary, the staff of the 9th Corps behaved towards us with the greatest consideration; allowing us every facility in their power for obtaining supplies for the ambulance, and going themselves to the *café* and dining at the little tables there, rather than turn us out of the large dining-room in the hotel where we had been in the habit of taking our meals. We saw some amusing proofs of the respect entertained in the Prussian army for ambulances in general. One day a man came and told our surgeon that four Uhlans were busy ransacking our dining-room. He ran there, and, finding four great fellows poking about into every corner of the room, called out "This room belongs to the ambulance; you have no business here." They looked at each other for a moment, and then one of them said, "He's right, we have no business here." The surgeon left them, and they went into the kitchen, and, pulling out four bottles of wine and two of brandy from under their cloaks, they put them down, saying "Those belong to the ambulance, and the doctor said we were not to take them." At Oucques an ambulance-flag had been left flying over an empty house. A serjeant-major, a Mecklenburger, wanted to quarter some officers in it, and was marking the door with chalk, when a Prussian came up and collared him, calling out "It's all very well for you Mecklenburgers not to respect the convention; can't you see that flag? We Prussians know what the convention is, and, what's more, we'll have it respected!"

We stood on a very pleasant footing with the German ambulances, and found among their members many learned and high-minded men, devoted to their profession and their patients, and always willing to be of service to us. The German ambulances and their admirable organization would furnish matter for a special article, if the subject were to be treated as it deserves.

But I once saw an act committed by one of them which was not in accordance

with their usual behaviour. It was at Raucourt, in the Ardennes, where the 6th Bavarian ambulance, attached to the 3rd regiment of infantry, had been temporarily occupying quarters previously fitted up by us. On leaving they carried off every blanket in the place, even those which actually covered the wounded, whom they left behind in a dying condition, to the number of sixteen. But, on the other hand, I visited I cannot say how many ambulances, in which the greatest care and attention were bestowed on the wounded of both nations, often under the direction of celebrated and devoted medical men, such as Drs. Loeffler, Volkmann of Halle, Müller, Langenbeck, and Boehm, with such inspectors as the Knights of St. John, the Count of Alversleben, the Prince of Taxis, and the Prince of Wyd. Truly, it is to the ambulances we must turn for some consolation amid all the sad scenes of this war.

Admitting the remarkable intellectual and moral culture of nearly all the German officers, and even the high-minded integrity of many of them, it is still the fact that they, together with the great political leaders, and learned members of the universities, are responsible for much with which we have to reproach the German nation in the war.

The politicians and professors aroused the national hatred against France by advocating the war as a retaliation for Jena, and instilling into the minds of the German people the idea that they were ordained to diffuse German civilization and German morality throughout the world. And the officers in the higher ranks of the army devised and carried out the barbarous system by which France has been crushed. These two enlightened classes upheld the justice of the war and the right of conquest, first on the plea of securing the safety of Germany, and next on the ground of historical principles and theories of nationality. I met with many private soldiers who thought it decidedly wrong to sacrifice men's lives, in forcing others, against their will, into a foreign subjection; but I never met any officers who were not resolved to fight to the death for the conquest of Alsace and Lorraine. "You would have taken the Rhine had you been the conquerors," said these worshippers of brute force: "we are the conquerors, and we take Alsace." Or if they did not use such cynical arguments as these, after exhausting all the arguments they could adduce from history, they would conclude by saying, "We have at our head a man of such genius that we can only say 'whatever he wills must be.'" (Wenn er es will, so muss es sein.) Yes, this nation of idealists has become the slave of "le fait accompli," and worships might as its idol.

In no class does this evil tendency show itself more strikingly than among the religious men, and especially the army chaplains,—the "Feld-prediger."

The officers—students of the universities—imbued with the materialism and fatalism of the modern historical school, would say to us with a smile, "Right and justice! What is right? What is justice? Force and facts are the only principles to go upon." The chaplains said, "God is the judge. He is on the side of the victor, and the vanquished must submit to His will, or be guilty of rebellion against God." Nothing enraged me so much as this appeal to "Gottesgericht"—God's judgment pronounced against Abel in favour of Cain.

Lutherans and Hegelians, Pietists and Positivists alike worshipped might, and despised the conscience, the liberty, and the rights of the individual. Why should the sympathies and wishes of the Alsatians be considered? They were but the result of circumstances, necessary but transitory phenomena, which would change with the change of circumstances which caused them. The chaplains excited the troops against the French by comparing the war they were engaged in with the wars waged by God's people against the Philistines and Amalekites of old. But while dwelling thus exclusively on the wars of the Old Testament, they forgot the gentler teaching of the New. They did

not remember that if they desired to resemble the prophets of the Old Covenant they must be, not the flatterers, but the counsellors and accusers of unrighteous kings and princes.

It was these Pietist Lutherans who, while applauding and excusing every act of their countrymen, propagated the most exaggerated and violent accusations against the French nation, and set an example of hypocrisy worthy of the Jesuits themselves. This *animus* was constantly manifesting itself. An Alsatian, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Bethmann Hollweg, one of the heads of the Evangelical party in Germany, wrote to him one day, blaming the behaviour of the Prussians at Strasburg. Instead of answering his friend's letter, Mr. Bethmann sent it straight to Bismarck-Bohlen, the Prussian Governor of Alsace, and the result was a communication informing the too-trusting Alsatian that he would thenceforward be closely watched, and warning him to be on his guard. A chaplain visited our ambulance one day, and, thinking that we did not understand German, asked his wounded countrymen, in our presence, if we treated them well. When they praised our care and devotion, he merely remarked, "All right, my friends; but recollect your gratitude is due not to men, but to God alone." Such were the acts and insinuations of the Prussian Lutheran clergy.

Among the more enlightened classes of Germany, religion, science, and intellectual culture are often degraded into the service of false theories, or used as specious pretexts for injustice. There is a narrow jealousy about the patriotism of such men—they lose sight of the ideal, suffer their sense of justice to be obscured, and become hard, matter-of-fact, and greedy of gain. Results such as these are the poisoned fruits of victory and the pride of success in Germany, and they throw a shade on the noble qualities of the people, and a black veil over the laurels they have won in this glorious campaign.

I must leave others to praise the wonderful organization of the German army, the heroism and science of its commanders, the steadfastness and perfect discipline of its soldiers, its faultless strategy, and the superiority of its cavalry and artillery: of such matters I am not a competent judge. I believe also that the prestige of victory is of itself sufficient to prevent an ignorant observer from discovering defects in an army, which has hitherto undoubtedly proved itself to be the finest the world has ever seen.

Hitherto I have applied myself exclusively to forming a right estimation of the worth and character of the Germans with whom I have come into contact during the war. I hope in the next number of the magazine to conclude this paper with my judgment on my own countrymen.

OUR MILITARY REQUIREMENTS.

ERRATUM.—In the article under this head which appeared in our last Number there is a mistake in the printing at page 534. The item "Annual cost of an army abroad, 20,000," should be £1,191,500 instead of £191,500. The figure 1 was omitted in making a fair copy of the MS.; and the total as originally written having been thus rendered incorrect, was altered just before going to press (without communicating with the author) from £14,915,397 to £13,915,397, the former being the correct amount. It is considered necessary to make this correction, because the sentence immediately following the estimate alludes to it as being only a little in excess of the sum which it is proposed to spend this year upon the army; whereas the total, as printed, is below that amount.

G. L. W.

No 140.] [One Shilling.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1871.

Contents:—

I.—The Study of Plato.

II.—Patty. Chapters XXXI.—XXXVI.

III.—Ossian. By Principal Shairp, of the United College, St. Andrew's.

IV.—The Mango Tree: a Poem by Charles Kingsley.

V.—Letters by Mendelssohn.

VI.—Souvenirs of the Campaign of the Loire. By Gabriel Monod. Part II.

VII.—Pleasant Recollections of Fifty Years' Residence in Ireland. By John Hamilton, of St. Ernan's.

VIII.—Bishop Berkeley on the Metaphysics of Sensation. By Professor Huxley.

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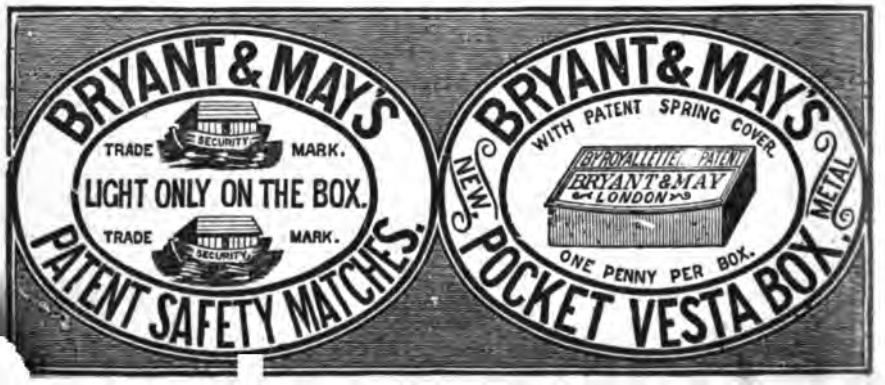


MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1871.

THE STUDY OF PLATO.

The appearance of Professor Jowett's Plato forms an epoch in the history of English literature. Deep learning and accomplished scholarship have found their most fitting field in the task of presenting to English readers the complete works of the great Greek philosopher. While the admirable translation puts within our reach all but the very words of Plato, all that is needed to elucidate them is supplied by the Introductions, which have succeeded in combining ease and clearness with original thought and concise statements of the latest results of philosophy. Such a work, coming as it does from one who is not a scholar merely, but acquainted with all the forms of modern opinion, is an indication of the revived popularity of classical learning, and of the spread of the "historical spirit."

In a certain sense it may be said that the classics have never before, in modern England, been so popular; in former times they have been the teachers of a few and the playthings of many; have been regarded by the scholar as admirable, and by the man of the world as elegant, but not by either quite believed in. But now there is spread abroad a larger spirit of criticism, which measures the past by its own standard, and is able to find in what is obsolete the germ of that which has succeeded it; and, under the guidance of such a spirit, even those who have but slight acquaintance with the classics begin to treat them, not as curious or beautiful relics only, nor indeed only as witnesses to what has been, but as containing, though in a form not ours, truths that are permanently valuable, as steps towards the achievement of that "unceasing purpose 'that' runs through the ages." Looked at thus intelligently, the great writers of Greece and Rome are precious even in translations, since their value is found, not only in their form, but still more in their matter. And so while day by day they are losing their dominion in our schools as means of education, they are gaining ground no less rapidly among men and women as objects of study.

Not only are very many of the more cultivated readers awakening to perception of their beauty, and even finding in them much that may be accepted as right and true for ever; but among our artists and poets too a few are recurring, in so far as they are able, to the tone and spirit which these writings breathe; deliberately preferring the Greek view of life to our own, and seeking refuge from religions and from conventionality in an unsuccessful attempt to be pagans. They would reject the vexing problems which different creeds and opposing systems of morality set before them, to return, if it were possible, to that half animal life which the Greeks, as is supposed, used to lead; in which bodily health and the acuteness of the senses were so developed that men might per-

ceive beauty to the uttermost, while the mind looked forward only so far as to lament the shortness of the days that might be given to enjoyment. Now pitiable as this deliberate preference of darkness is, yet still it proves how deeply the classical spirit, or what is thought to be such, is affecting the modern mind; and its existence is an additional reason for desiring some acquaintance with those writers in whom that spirit is represented.

But when the classics generally are gaining our attention, the philosophers among them have surely a special claim to be studied. In the field of philosophy, more than in that of poetry or any other kind of literature, the former age is parent of the next; it is here, if anywhere, that an increasing growth may be perceived.

It is even true that in philosophy there is nothing new, that the systems of to-day are only reproductions, in a form adapted to our habits of thought, of the same systems which long ago engaged the attention of mankind. The same wars are waged, the same scenes of alternate victory and defeat presented. So that on this ground even, it would be clear that writers on philosophy, beyond all others, can never lose their interest. But there is much more than this. For while it is true in one sense that the present of philosophy is only the past repeated, it is true still more emphatically that the present is the sum of all the past. We can see indeed that the same principles underlie the controversies of to-day, as stirred men's minds of old in Athens or Miletus; it is still a warfare between the world of sense, and that which is invisible; but in the form which each side takes now, in the armour and arrangement and tactics of each army, we see the development of thoughts which then existed only in embryo. What then can be more instructive or more delightful, than to trace in ancient philosophies the elements of systems which flourish now, or to observe how the war-cries of the present are only the old re-echoed? If such inquiries cannot fail to be useful as well as pleasant; then, among all the writers of Greece and Rome, the English reader ought to turn with especial interest to the philosophers.

But philosophy is a dull subject. It is hard reading even in our native tongue, and when expressed in forms of thought to which we are accustomed. Men do not, even now, admire the classics only for their matter; some attractions of form and language are expected, and a poet or an orator may be read with pleasure by those who could not understand a philosopher. This is true enough, and if all Greek philosophers were dull, we could not hope or wish to see them read. But all such objections are dispelled at once by the very name of Plato. All that could delight us in the poet or interest us in the historian, all grace of style and brilliance of wit, every charm that comes from vivid description or dramatic power, in Plato are combined. He is in these respects pre-eminently a classic, while at the same time all philosophic systems, that had preceded his, are in his works described or developed. If then we read any classic, we ought to read Plato.

And so people seem to think. For some time he has had much greater weight than heretofore in the Universities; and the popularity of such works as Messrs. Davies and Vaughan's Republic, and now of Professor Jowett's great work, show how widely the interest has extended. And this extended interest is more important than the remarks yet made would show it to be, and is based upon a cause far more deep-seated.

There reigns in England now a system of philosophy which may be summed up, without implying any reproach by the title, under the word *Materialism*. It reigns not only among men of science, whose pursuit inclines them unavoidably to respect that only which the senses show, and to doubt or ignore all that goes beyond them; nor only among logicians, who have learnt that, for purposes of mere ar-

rangement, it is not inconvenient to regard all truths as isolated facts, learnt through the senses, and grouped artificially by the mind of man—this mind itself being only a name for the supposed recipient of such impressions: it is not only professed philosophers who are materialists; but, much more widely, in the popular thought the tendency is traceable. Our standards of belief, which make the senses ultimately the test of truth; our notions of the spiritual world, which make the word "spiritual" mean either "unreal" or "unintelligible;" the growing contempt for abstract notions, such as of duty, glory, or the like, tending to value these only as they can be expressed in terms of utility, or pounds per annum: all these are signs of the wide spread of unconscious materialism. It has penetrated our thought so deeply that we hardly perceive it as remarkable when it is pointed out. It hardly seems, for instance, a fact to notice, that most men regard "beauty" as a vague word, by which to sum up the definite qualities of certain definite things, and "the good" as a term which comes home to them much less than "this good thing or that;" and we forget that there have been men to whom it was as natural to believe that "the good" and "beauty" were real things existing by themselves, as it is to us to regard them only as convenient expressions for certain similar qualities which different things exhibit. Now, Plato's philosophy is concerned with maintaining the reality of these abstractions, or, as he calls them, ideas, and in proving what is closely connected in his mind with it, the existence of a spiritual world, and the divine value of the soul of man. It is fitted to be an antidote to this one-sided habit of thought which prevails among us. And as such, though not perhaps with this conscious aim, it is being studied more than formerly, just at the very time when that one-sidedness is reaching a dangerous degree. Throughout the ages which intervened between Plato and the beginning of modern science, the ideal or spiritual habit of thought prevailed, embodied in the logic of Aristotle, and the words derived therefrom—for to that logic all modern languages are in great measure indebted. So long, then, as Aristotle's system, which in its essence was almost as spiritual as Plato's, reigned undisputed, Plato himself was often disregarded as a dreamer, and admired without being respected: but, as the march of natural science has made those schemes popular which account for mind and life and morality by physical theories; meanwhile, by a simple reaction, increased attention has been directed, first by philosophers, then in universities, and now throughout the country, to those great ideal systems by which the unseen and immaterial is treated as all-important, and whatever the senses can perceive, as merely transitory and imperfect. In short, Plato is called up by the occasion to be a champion, to help us, whether we know it or not, against materialism. If this be so, it gives a new value to the study of his works; since, while they charm us by their literary value, they may tend to correct insensibly a too uniform habit of attending to one aspect of the world—an aspect which, just as it is in itself, becomes an unjust one when it is presented to us too exclusively.

Now, when so many considerations indicate the value of the study of Plato, it may be useful to point out some of the various directions in which his artistic excellence is to be looked for, and briefly to show in what way the knowledge of his philosophy may be useful. And though it may seem at first sight that only another Plato should presume to attempt the task, yet on second thoughts it may appear that, for the uninitiate—and for those alone this is written—it may be performed still better by one who loves rather than understands: just as, if a peasant were standing at the door of some great cathedral, though one who had lived within the precincts might know it best, or an architect, capable himself of building such a temple, would alone

appreciate its perfection, yet a child's look of awe, and his faltering enthusiasm, might better serve to awaken in the peasant's mind a desire to look within, and some dim notion of the beauties to be found there.

And, indeed, it is difficult not to be childishly enthusiastic when Plato is the theme, and especially in speaking of his style—for on this we must say a word, though on such a subject it is never easy to be definite. His merits in this respect can, of course, be fully apprehended only in the original language, whose unrivalled capacities he developed to the utmost. There only can be enjoyed the euphonious fulness of the stream of words, its endless variety of rushing flow or sparkling brilliance, its melody and rhythm. And even the most accomplished scholar now cannot perceive the whole of this beauty, because he knows so little of the true Greek tone and accent and pronunciation. But the more important elements of style can be enjoyed to some extent even in a good translation, such as Professor Jowett's. The reader who has been wearied by those short, disjointed utterances, which constitute half our English writing, or the ingenious complexity of elaborate structure into which those who aim at a periodic style are apt to fall, will find a wonderful charm in the easy eloquence of sentences which seem capable of being indefinitely extended without becoming loose, and in which the words follow one another in their natural order, just as the thoughts they represent arise in the mind, and yet never appear to have been displaced from their ordinary grammatical position. The nearest approach, perhaps, among ourselves to such a style, is to be found in the writings of Mr. Ruskin, who resembles Plato also in his chastened earnestness and enthusiasm, as well as in his power of passing from high flights of poetry or intense invective to the graceful slightness of a playful mood, or the pithy strength of homely expressions. One instance from Jowett's Plato we must give, choosing it not so much for its perfectness, where nearly all is perfect, as for the noble sentiment which it conveys. Socrates is considering what kind of music may be admitted into the perfect commonwealth :—

"Of the harmonies I know nothing; but I want to have one evenlike, which will sound the word or note which a brave man utters in the hour of danger and stern resolve, or when his cause is failing and he is going to wounds or death, or is overtaken by some other evil, and at every such crisis meets fortune with calmness and endurance; and another, which may be used by him in times of peace and freedom of action, when there is no pressure of necessity, expressive of entreaty or persuasion, of prayer to God, or instruction to man; or again, of willingness to listen to persuasion, or entreaty, or advice, and which represents him when he has accomplished his aim, not carried away by success, but acting moderately and wisely, and acquiescing in the event. These two harmonies I ask you to leave; the strain of necessity and the strain of freedom, the strain of the unfortunate and the strain of the fortunate, the strain of courage and the strain of temperance; these, I say, leave."

Plato is the first, in Europe at least, both in time and in excellence, of the prose-poets; he even anticipated, in some degree, that impassioned prose, of the dearth of which De Quincey complained so strongly. His writings teem with poetical expression, with metaphors, allusions, and comparisons. He is fond of quoting the poets, and always sets in some new light the passage which he quotes. Proverbs, anecdotes, historical events, though apparently utterly remote from the subject, are made without effort to serve in the work of illustration. His wit, in short, is boundless; it never rests, and yet is never restless; we are pleased without knowing why; we seldom laugh, but never lose a smile. His humour is of that noble kind which is best shown in earnest or pathetic passages; the humour which is a form of irony. Throughout the Defence of Socrates, its grand spirit of unflinching defiance is only half concealed by tones the most tender, most considerate, most modest; and a playful lightness disguises from scornful ears the majesty of its solemn faith. Even in that part of the Phædo in which the death

of Socrates is represented, we see the great master "smile while all around him weep." But often Plato's humour is genuinely playful; as when Socrates is drawing out, with solemn gravity and politeness, the pompous folly of Euthyphro (though even here we feel sadly that the same folly is shared by the Athenian people, and will procure the teacher's death); or in those descriptions in the Republic of the several characters in men, which correspond to the several kinds of political constitution. Still more open fun is to be found in the Symposium, as, for instance, in that unrivalled speech in which Aristophanes describes the Origin of Man. The same dialogue contains a very celebrated passage in which wit and humour are combined in their highest forms: wit, in the felicity of the comparison; humour, in the contrast between the playful words and the deep sad truth which they convey.

"I shall praise Socrates," says Alcibiades, "in a figure which will appear to him to be a caricature, and yet I do not mean to laugh at him, but only to speak the truth. I say then, that he is exactly like the masks of Silenus, which may be seen sitting in the statuaries' shops, having pipes and flutes in their mouths; and they are made to open in the middle, and there are images of gods inside. . . . . Mankind are nothing to him; all his life is spent in mocking and flouting at them. But when I opened him, and looked within at his serious purpose, I saw in him divine and golden images of fascinating beauty."

A similar combination of wit and humour with earnest and high meaning was found in Addison, and in him it was perfect as far as it went, but on a smaller scale than Plato's. Plato is stronger and bolder. However, in the vision of Mirza, and other papers like it, Addison is not unlike the Greek.

This leads us to that excellence of Plato in which the English reader will perhaps find most pleasure,—his imagination. Into his most abstruse discussions are introduced, as illustrations, visions of the other world or tales of earthly heroes. We see thrones set in heaven, and spirits coming up for judgment; or ghosts of the dead travelling on through unknown regions, or meeting after long ages in some spacious mead of heaven: we watch the chariot of the soul as its eager horses thunder along the circles of the sky: no flight of fancy is too bold, no limits of time or space confine it; and yet all is chastened and deliberate; there is that definiteness of description which we admire in Dante, and that careful symbolism which is found in the Pilgrim's Progress.

Upon imagination depends descriptive power; and few writers, of any age, have shown this more than Plato. He takes us into the crowded market-place, where all men are acquaintance; to the gay palæstra with its games and its loves and its learned conversation, or wanders with us by nymph-haunted river-sides, and shows us rest beneath the plane-trees of Ilissus. The fiery restlessness of the Sophist, the old man's contented superstition, the beautiful boy's ingenuous modesty, Alcibiades generous and thoughtless, Agathon graceful and conceited,—every form of character or phase of emotion is set before us with unfailing portraiture. With wonderful dramatic power he gives an individual life to each speaker in his dialogue, and by their remarks or questions brings out the meaning of each event described.

And so no writer teaches us more of the life and customs of his countrymen. Nothing is more remarkable about his dialogues than this; that while they are concerned, in the first instance, with questions of philosophy, though the dramatic element is very small, and the scene in which all take place might seem to be unimportant, yet each piece has, as it were, a distinct setting, and gives us some new picture of Attic life and manners.

But Plato tells us not only what the world was, but what, as he thought, it should be. Borne into a very fairyland of noble lives and scenes of beauty, we see "Virtue in her shape, how

lovely," and art is shown us always in perfection. Rulers who have no selfish aim; castes between which there is no feud; poets who sing only of the good; workmen who make only what is lovely, — such is the happy society among which he makes us dwell.

And here we come to the point; to the question which must really meet us on the threshold of any study of Plato, or of other philosophers of the ideal philosophy. Is it worth while to spend our time—our hours so fully occupied by the crowd and pressure of passing facts—in thinking, or, as a man may call it, dreaming, of worlds in which, desirable as they may be, we do not live? Made, as we are, to be mere receptacles of impressions from outward things, so that our eyes are incessantly drinking in sights and our ears sounds, and each other sense constantly besieged by innumerable trains of facts, all clamouring to be recognized, while our minds are ever busy, working even now beyond their strength, in trying to bring these scattered impressions into order, to class and to name them,—is it reasonable that we should turn away from all these, and forget the great world that is insisting on our notice, and wander off to try to live in the society of insensible and spiritual forms, of whose existence we have no certain knowledge? Such a question is asked, undoubtedly, by the common-sense of our day, and there is much that is true in the answer which it expects.

Yet this very process of continual arrangement of the facts of sense, being an endeavour to accommodate them to systems which are not found in them, and to learn from them laws which are not among them, but beyond them, is itself a search for these ideal forms. It is just for this that Wordsworth, in his great ode on Intimations of Immortality, is thankful. It is a kind of "those obstinate questionings of sense and outward things;" one of the indications of that "high instinct" which cannot be contented without believing in objects not known by sense, and yearns after glimpses of another world which the mind feels to be its true home;—a home which, dimly knowing, yet not seeing, it seems to remember as something lost or left. Gladly would we try to show how Socrates, in Plato, demonstrates to men of every trade and character, that, in their daily talk, belief in this ideal world is implied; that all eager pursuit of business or luxurious desire of pleasure derives its spring from the love of an unseen, eternal gain; that all that is true among the things of sense is so by sharing in the eternal truth, and all earthly things are good only by sharing in the eternal goodness; how by comparing what is good in the several things which we value here, we may gain a knowledge of that goodness which they all partake; learning first, it may be, from pleasant things what pleasure is, and then from just things what is justice, and then from friends what is friendship, and from lovers what is love; and then comparing together this pleasure and this justice and this friendship and this love, till we perceive what is the excellence common to them all, which makes them all desirable; and so climbing step by step to the beatific vision of that Absolute Goodness, by which all things that here are true and lovely "live, and move, and have their being." But Plato cannot be abridged. His art is so perfect, that any change would spoil the harmony. It must be enough to have said that it is there.

Again, although we should not dream but do, yet for our doing we must have an end to aim at, and we cannot well have too high an aim, or see it too clearly. We have been taught the use of imagination in Science, how it enables the inquirer to think definitely, and see clearly with what facts he is dealing—for imagination is always the foe of vagueness—and so in morals, too, imagination has its place. For the heathen there was on earth no perfect type in which he could see the working out of moral precept, see to what each rule would lead, test the excellence of rival systems; and so the heathen could not but demand of the teacher who recommended justice or self-denial: "Show me these principles at work; draw me a

plan of the building you advise me to construct; paint for me the ideal world of which you wish to realize a copy upon earth." Accordingly, Plato's Republic is not a wild sport of fancy, but a sober statement of doctrine; and there is more than a generous sanguineness, more even than a noble faith, there is a definite and intelligent certainty hidden under those quiet words of Socrates, when to one who asked, "But where can you expect to find such a city?" he replied, "Perhaps in heaven there is laid up a pattern of it." Yes, and in one transient flash of conjecture that never settled into hope, it is thought of for a moment as not quite impossible that this absolute Reason, from which all truth and beauty flow, might come down some day from heaven, and reveal itself as an example to mankind. The transient conjecture never settled into hope, but for us Christians it has been realized; we have our Example; yet we may still learn something from Plato's noble attempt to supply His place, especially in observing the many points in which Plato anticipated the Christian ideal.

Great men have traced the influence of Platonic thought in determining the expression of Christian truth, and the form of the Church; and in his principles of asceticism and communism, and a thousand other points, abundant interest may be found. But to many it is not his theories or his artistic and historical value that most will make Plato dear; it is the high thoughts that centre in the name of Socrates. Our feeble muse already has "loitered in the master's field" too long, to attempt now by any words to darken so high a theme; but this may be said, that the opposition to a material view of things, which we have mentioned as forming Plato's peculiar value now, is embodied, so to speak, in the person of Socrates.

This has been, as it promised, a faltering eulogy, rather than a well-informed guide to the study of Plato. But it is something to be reminded how happily, and how rationally too, a man may seek a resting-place from time to time in the calm regions of ideal truth. Though material things so importunately press around us, we may yet do well sometimes to turn away and fix our minds on objects which, though unseen, are eternal. So

In a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
  Which brought us hither;
  Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

PATTY.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NUNA'S LETTER.

MISS MATTHEWS felt unusually excited when Mr. Bright left her. Something in Will's manner warned her that he had a special purpose in going to look for Nuna. It seemed to Elizabeth that the marriage was certain, and then her calm, practical mind began to calculate how soon the affair could be settled. For the question of marriage presented itself to Miss Matthews in what Nuna would have called upside-down fashion. Ways and means, all the machinery of arrangement and possibility and prudence, had first to be taken into account, and then sentiment between two people, or that which Miss Matthews called love, might come in when all the rest was settled. It seemed to her that in this affair of Will Bright there had been a superabundance of sentiment already; the attachment had gone on quite long enough.

She watched eagerly for Nuna's return, but Nuna came in so quietly, that Miss Matthews missed her.

At dinner-time Nuna was too preoccupied to notice anything, but Miss Matthews saw that the Rector was suffering from unusual disquiet. These symptoms in father and daughter indicated some confidence from which she was excluded.

There was no active spirit of intrigue in Elizabeth's nature; she would have considered it ill-bred to indulge such a spirit, but she meant to be all in all to Mr. Beaufort, and to be this she must know all his secrets.

And yet she could not question him; delicacy and refinement alike kept her from asking the cause of his fretful looks and captious silence. She passed an anxious evening, and her placid face still looked perplexed when she came in to breakfast next morning. She had been in the garden gathering flowers for the Rector's writing-table, and Nuna and her father had had time to open their letters before she came in.

Miss Matthews looked from one to the other, and she saw that something unusual was happening. Nuna's face had flushed, and she was putting her letter away seemingly to avoid observation. Her father held an open letter in his hand, but he was not looking at it. He was frowning most severely for him—frowning at Nuna.

While Miss Matthews sat studying the two faces, Nuna looked up suddenly and met her father's eyes. Her blush deepened, but it seemed to Elizabeth that the girl looked happy, spite of her evident confusion.

Whatever did it all mean? She watched and waited, but neither father nor daughter gave her the least clue to their secret. The doubt of the previous day had now become a certainty to Miss Matthews; she was sure that some secret existed of which she was ignorant.

The Rector was summoned to his study on parish business, and Nuna disappeared suddenly. Elizabeth's curiosity grew.

Later on in the morning she arrived, as she thought, at the gist of the whole matter. She saw Mr. Bright ride by the parsonage without turning his head.

"She refused him yesterday, then!" and for a moment surprise quite mastered Miss Matthews; and then she reflected. "Nuna never had any common sense, and therefore she is not likely to understand her own feelings or what is best for her." Miss Matthews felt that she must speak to Mr. Beaufort: Nuna must end by marrying Mr. Bright.

Coming in from the garden she met

the Rector, so evidently vexed that she ventured to express her sympathy.

"I'm afraid you are worried,"—she spoke in the purring, child-like way that goes straight to the confidence of some men,—"and worry is not good for you, is it? I wish I could be of any use to you; but I am afraid women can only soothe; they have not brains enough to be of real assistance to wise men like you."

Elizabeth looked positively sweet.

"I don't know; I don't know, I'm sure; perhaps not, and yet this is a woman's matter. My nerves have gone through an amount of exhaustion within the last four-and-twenty hours which it will take weeks to counteract the effect of. No one who has not studied the subject as I have done, can conceive how great is the waste of physical energy and health caused by the slightest irritation to the nerves. People are called touchy and ill-tempered and various other things, and all the time, if the state of their nerves had been duly regarded by those among whom they live, the result might have been a most unbroken placidity. Come into my study, will you, a moment, and I will just tell you how I am situated."

Elizabeth's heart went a little quicker; he had begun to lean on her already, then; and when Mr. Beaufort placed a chair for her beside his writing-table, she felt herself mistress at the Rectory.

"Perhaps I ought to say that I believe I know how Nuna has behaved to Mr. Bright," she said, sympathisingly.

"To Will—what do you mean?" and the frown bent on her was so very decided that she told him her guess about Nuna's refusal. The Rector thought a few minutes.

"You may be mistaken: I am inclined to think you are. I do not think Nuna has had any talk of this kind lately with Will. Will Bright is exactly the man Nuna ought to marry—and I shall tell her so; he is very kind and excellent, but he is thoroughly practical and free from extravagant, high-flown notions—no romance about Will. No, I was not thinking about him; it is quite another person altogether—a stranger—an artist, who really has scarcely seen Nuna, and yet he has proposed for her. I told him I could not entertain his proposal for a moment, but he won't listen to me. I meant to take no notice to Nuna, but I feel sure he has written to her; that letter she got this morning was from him—I'm sure of it—and I must forbid the thing altogether."

Miss Matthews' light, colourless hair stood almost on end, and her eyes and her lips rose in simultaneous protest.

"An artist! But, dear Mr. Beaufort, how did Nuna make the acquaintance of such a person?"

"There's nothing remarkable in that,"—Miss Matthews' horrified tone annoyed him—"he is a gentleman, and a very remarkable person altogether, but still not suited to Nuna. I am not puzzled about him, he went back to London yesterday; it is Nuna who perplexes me: I don't know how to deal with her. My own idea is that these subjects are best left alone; opposition is sure to make girls contradictory and love-sick; and yet I must stop this writing. I really don't know what to do," he said, plaintively; and then his vexation got vent at last. "Can't you suggest something? You ought to know how to deal with Nuna, Elizabeth," he said, irritably, "she was with you long enough."

Miss Matthews thought so too. She did not trouble herself about the fact that she never had been able to win her young cousin's confidence and affection; she was conscious that she had judged Nuna thoroughly, and that the girl's only safety lay in a prudent, well-considered marriage. It seemed, therefore, to her, that now the matter was put in her hands, Nuna's future must be safe.

"I think I should say as little as possible,"—she thought awhile before she spoke,—"and then I should take an early opportunity of telling Nuna your wish that she should marry Mr. Bright. She is flighty, but I really think she is dutiful; and besides, if she has seen this gentleman so seldom, she can hardly care much for him, I think."

"Well, no—no, perhaps not." The

Rector felt himself soothed, and yet, when he thought of Paul Whitmore, not at all satisfied; it was so very tiresome to be compelled to go through an explanation with Nuna.

Mr. Beaufort would have been less perplexed if he could have lifted the roof from his daughter's bedroom that morning, but he would have been more angry. Nuna was kneeling beside her dressing-table; Paul's letter lay there, and she had kissed almost every word of it.

For every word was precious. Paul's love was no longer a doubtful imagination; he confessed it briefly and simply. He did not ask for hers in return, but he said he could not leave Ashton without explaining the full meaning of some words he had spoken at their last meeting. He told her he hoped to win her love, and to soften her father's opposition, and meantime he asked Nuna not to judge him too severely for anything she might hear alleged against him. "There is truth in that which will be told you," he wrote: "I only ask you to let me tell my own story, if you are willing to hear it, before you pronounce me quite undeserving of your love."

Nuna feasted on these words, read them over and over again, and then closed her eyes, so as to enjoy the fresh delight when she opened them of seeing that it was not all a dream.

"He loves me!" she murmured softly, and the rich bloom of love rose on her cheek and ripened in her eyes; "he loves me!" and the tide of passion, all stronger from the repression she had maintained with such failing strength, throbbed in her pulses. There never can be any human sensation to equal this—a timid heart assured of the love it craves. Nuna stayed there, all unconscious of time or of present life.

A tap at the door startled her out of her dream of joy.

"May I come in?" in Elizabeth's voice, and Nuna congratulated herself that the door was fastened. She folded up her precious letter with reverent care and hid it away in her pocket—hid it with something else she carried there, a little pencil sketch of a head made on that first day after meeting Paul in Carving's Wood Lane.

"Mr. Beaufort wants you in the study, dear." Elizabeth spoke affectionately. She had tried to be kind to Nuna in this visit, but dislike to Miss Matthews was too strongly planted in the girl's nature to allow the trial fair play.

"She is only trying to make me civil, and then she will be as pragmatical as ever. I don't like her, and I can't be a hypocrite," Nuna thought.

Her lips quivered a moment at the message, and then she went down stairs.

"I suppose I must tell everything. Well, it will be a good thing over," she said to herself; "but I only hope papa won't make me angry."

Her father was bending over his desk; he did not raise his head as she came in.

"Sit down," he said; and then, after a little, "you had a letter this morning, Nuna?"

He waited, but Nuna did not answer. He longed to ask for the letter, and yet he could not make up his mind to do this.

"I believe I know the contents of your letter, and I am very sorry that it was written. I—I have sent for you now to tell you that you need not answer it."

Nuna had shrunk from the idea of writing to Paul, but contradiction rose in protest against her father's prohibition.

"And," Mr. Beaufort went on, for he scarcely expected she would speak, "in the event of your receiving another letter of this kind—scarcely probable, perhaps, but still a thing which may happen—it will be better to give it to me unopened, and I will send it back to the writer."

He looked up at Nuna, and he was very much surprised indeed.

Fathers go on living with daughters, mothers sometimes do the same, thoroughly unconscious of the inner life, the real drama of existence which is being played out in the hearts of the seemingly gentle unobservant creatures and it often happens, where parents are

devoid of keen insight, that this goes on to the end. In Nuna's case the sudden prohibition, like the touch of the angel's spear, brought passion into visible action, and the father shrank into himself with a feeling of helpless trouble at the girl's flashing eyes and panting, ardent words.

"No! I can't do that. I will not answer this letter, I am not sure he wishes it; but if he writes again I must read his letter. I will not do anything without your knowledge, father, but I cannot wrong him."

Mr. Beaufort passed his hand over his forehead—once, twice—and then shook his head feebly. He was utterly bewildered; he saw the fact that Nuna loved Mr. Whitmore, but he refused to accept it. Instead, his brain went off into a bewildering puzzle of how this had come to pass, and as to the causes which ought to have prevented it from happening.

"Him! he!" catching fretfully at the superficies of Nuna's indiscretion; "really, Nuna, you are talking in a most extraordinary way of a person who is almost a stranger. What can this Mr. Whitmore or his letter be to you? What ought they to be?"

"I don't know what they ought to be——" Here she stopped; she had been brave up to the point of confession, but the burning glow that seemed to scorch her eyes with its heat confused speech, and made it impossible; she stood mute, but her twining fingers and quivering face spoke eloquently.

A harder, firmer man would have been more cruel, would have forced her to speak out, but her father's fretfulness helped Nuna. He went on pettishly.

"Then am I to understand that you care about this person, or fancy you do, for you cannot really know what you think about the matter? Oh, Nuna, I'm ashamed of you. I can't tell you how I feel, that a daughter of mine should behave so like a silly schoolgirl, and about such a person too; oh dear, dear me!"

This last exclamation was caused by the fresh dilemma in which he found himself. He had not intended to say one word to Nuna about Paul's love for Patty, but then he had expected to find Nuna passive; there was such a thorough attitude of revolt about her, that however painful it might be to his sense of refinement, it was necessary at once to explain Mr. Whitmore's real character to her. In his heart the Rector believed that Paul's offer to make Patty his wife had been elicited by the girl's virtuous behaviour, rather than from scruples on the part of the artist for a more unlawful course; the idea of Nuna's love for such a person became more and more repugnant.

"Father,"—Nuna spoke as she felt, in a highly wrought intense way, which to her father was only confirmation of her unreal state,—"don't speak against Mr. Whitmore, please; I could not bear it, I know I could not. I have told you that I will not write or do anything against your wishes, but I cannot leave off loving him."

It had been very hard to say out in those naked words, with no one by to turn to for refuge, no one in whose bosom she could hide her eyes from the shame she felt. It was a wrenching of Nuna's whole nature to speak out her love openly, for one too who, as her heart whispered all the while, had not spoken out his love to her; who was, as her father said, a stranger so far as outward seeming counted.

Both Mr. Beaufort's hands fastened on the arms of his chair. Nuna had risen up and stood before him with all the strange wild beauty agitation creates in a face to which it is a new-comer, for till now Nuna's emotion had always been restrained in the presence of others. Her bosom heaved, her whole form seemed to dilate; the delicate expressive nostrils, those tell-tales of passion, quivered, and the large lustrous eyes swam with changeful feelings. She kept her slender fingers locked together as if they helped her to restrain her words.

"You do not know what you are talking about; you do not indeed, Nuna. You say I must not find fault with Mr. Whitmore; don't talk nonsense, child, I tell you I must."

The frankness of this last sentence was startling from Mr. Beaufort, but he was fairly off his balance, and all the niceties and small proprieties of life had kicked the beam along with him. "You fancy yourself in love with this person because you think him quite different to that which he really is; he's a wild, good-for-nothing fellow." He raised one hand at Nuna's indignant attempt to stop him. "Hush, Nuna, you must listen; if you had been reasonable and well-behaved, as I hoped you would be, you would have spared me and yourself too a great deal of annoyance. What can a girl like you know about a man's conduct? I desire you to stay and listen to this,"—Nuna was moving away,—"Mr. Whitmore paid far more court to Patty Westropp than he has paid to you when he was here in August."

"He is an artist, he admired her beauty; how could he help it?" The girl spoke proudly, but a spasm of jealousy tortured her.

"Nuna, I did not think you so vain, so self-willed; you will not let me spare you. Mr. Whitmore did much more than admire Patty, he loved her so madly—I quote his own words—that he asked her to be his wife."

All the glow faded out of her face, all the light left her eyes, yet she clung desperately to her faith in the man she loved, and strove to force her trembling lips into a smile of unbelief.

"Is that all you have to tell me?" Her voice had a defiant tone in it.

"All, Nuna!"—he spoke more earnestly—"surely I have said enough to show you, if you will only calm yourself, that this Mr. Whitmore is not really serious in seeking your affection. He is a man, Nuna, who loves, or fancies that he loves, every fresh face that falls in his way, and the wife of such a man must be miserable. This is a habit seldom cured by marriage. You do not love Mr. Whitmore, Nuna, you are in love with your own fancy, and a very short acquaintance would convince you of your mistake. You are convinced already—I hope so, at least."

Her face had drooped, but she raised it and looked fully at her father. "*You* are mistaken, father. I love Mr. Whitmore, and if I never see him again I shall never love anyone else; there is no use in trying to prejudice me against him: I shall not change. May I go now?"

Mr. Beaufort saw that the very result he had foreseen and dreaded had come to pass: opposition to her wishes had driven Nuna into obstinacy. He was wise enough to see too that any further remonstrances would be useless.

"Yes, you can go, certainly: I think you must feel Nuna that you have grieved and disappointed me."

But Nuna scarcely heard him; she only wanted to be alone.

Alone, as she was before she got that summons to her father's study; ah, no, that brief hour of pure unalloyed trust and joy might well be precious now, might well stand out white for ever in memory. She was alone again now, for what? Not to yield herself up to rosy dreams of Paul and his love, but to battle with a sombre torturing jealousy: it was so very hard to feel that she had given up all her heart, all her love, while he had only the dregs of his love to bestow on her. There was no use in struggling, no use in trying to cast out the demon of jealousy before it meant to go; she stood outwardly still, so pale and chill-looking that one might have thought her void of feeling, while within, the tender, loving soul was tossed on the waves of a fierce tempest. She had anchored herself, as she fondly thought, so surely—for Paul's truth, Paul's nobleness, had been to Nuna impregnable—and she had been cast adrift. But hope, that divine comforter, came at last to rescue her from drifting to despair.

"Is he to have loved no one but me, then? I have been no more than a hypocrite when I said I was not worthy of his love; if I had been true, I could not have been so vain as to hope to have it all from the beginning. Was he to keep his heart shut to all others till he met with such an insignificant creature as I am." She hid her face in shame of her own vanity. Presently she lifted up her head; her forehead had cleared,

and there was a sweet trustful look in her eyes.

"He is true! He may have loved that girl—I can't bear to think so; but I have no right to be angry. He loves me now, I am sure he loves me, and I will not believe he means to deceive me. Does he not ask me not to judge him? Why should I? Why should I wrong him and my own love for him by the smallest doubt? Oh, Paul," she broke down in sudden tears, "I shall never see you again perhaps, but I will always love you!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

MISS LATIMER.

It is August again, golden August, with its flaming sunshine and rich ripe full ears of corn, so full and heavy this year that they are longing for the sickle, longing to lie down and rest, instead of standing up like never-changed sentinels burning each day into a redder gold; while the sun, not content with his work on the corn itself, blazes yet more fiercely in the faces of the scarlet poppies and golden-bosomed marguerites below, till they send up glowing reflections on the fainting ears. And in Belgium the poor ears get rarely a green glimpse overhead, they see only an intense blue, with scarce a hand's-breadth of fleecy white to soften its hard uniform tint; the only trees are poplars—poplars, those emblems of self-righteousness which seem resolved to point heavenwards without holding out so much as one pendant bough to help their neighbours on the way thither.

It was a specially hot, dry autumn, and the rank and fashion of Brussels had betaken themselves to Ostend and Blankenbourg to bathe.

Miss Latimer had lately arrived at Brussels; she had quitted Madame Mineur's establishment some weeks ago, and had resolved on making a travelling tour with her companion before she settled herself down to study again.

"I'm not sure that I want any more teaching," she thought. "My French is as good as most people's. I can practise music, and unless people are first-rate, De Mirancourt says, no one plays in society now-a-days. I can pay artists to do that kind of thing when I give receptions. I believe, if I read and get myself well up in all that goes on, I am quite educated enough for any one. There's no use in asking Patience's opinion. She is so ignorant and so conceited of the little she knows."

Patty looked with a slight sneer at her companion. Patience had fallen asleep on the little red velvet sofa opposite to that on which Patty lay. The room was very still and quiet, overlooking the quaint courtyard of a small hotel in Brussels. Patience had begged hard to avoid the more frequented inns, quiet and mystery being, according to Miss Coppock, the fit setting to enhance the effect of Patty's beauty.

She looked very beautiful just now. The large open sleeves of her muslin dress had fallen back, and showed the creamy white arm pillowing her head; one cheek rested on the rose dimpled wrist, and the dull red velvet of the couch seemed to be there on purpose to throw all into higher relief. There was a striking, an almost awful contrast between the occupants of the two sofas. They might have served as models for joy and disappointment. Patty with her softly rounded limbs reclined in graceful ease, her exquisite rose-tinted skin, her ripe and smiling scarlet lips and deep-coloured soft eyes, her youth crowned by rich wavy luxuriant tresses, and Patience stretched out stiffly, the long bony feet showing below the flounce of her over-juvenile muslin dress; Patience with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes—eyes veiled now by dark brown lids; Patience with the thin lips of her firm mouth tightly compressed, and her sallow deeply-lined forehead bordered by thin scant hair, broadly streaked with grey. Can there ever have been beauty in this faded rigid face, beauty that a man had desired to call his own? and if beauty has been there, will Patty's face ever fade to this likeness when the glow and freshness of

youth have gone. Time will show. A face is rarely a picture only to be injured and altered by outward influences or mischances. It is rather a sun-picture: the process is gradual instead of instantaneous, though the effect is the same; joy and sorrow, hope and fear, truth and falsehood, nobility and pettiness, earnestness and lukewarmness, self-denial and self-indulgence, print themselves at last legibly, ineffaceably marring or enhancing the flesh-and-blood beauty which is to them a mere canvas on which to exhibit themselves. And the skilled eye would now, in travelling from grey Patience to rosy Patty, have recognized a kindred expression, full-blown and yet hiding itself in the one, developing more boldly in the other—an expression of falsehood.

Patience was tired out. Miss Latimer had visited the Musée and some other picture-galleries; had also inspected St. Gudule, and had finally enjoyed herself to her heart's content in one of the best jewellers' shops in the Rue Montagne de la Cour. Patty had not been extravagant—she was never lavish—but she had tried on about fifty bracelets, and had delighted in the effect produced on her lovely arms by their magnificence: finally she had contented herself with a set of coral ornaments.

Miss Patience entreated that she would buy something more showy, but Patty said it would be mere extravagance.

"I don't want anything to set me off in the way we live now, Patience. I can see no use in buying ornaments just to let them lie by and get old-fashioned. The first thing a man will do when he falls in love with me will be to smother me with presents. How can you know anything about such things? De Mirancourt told me everything. She had lovers of her own. *She* was beautiful when she was young."

Patty spoke contemptuously. Poor tired Patience had offended her. She had forgotten her submission for once, and had given her opinion in a tone of equality at the jeweller's.

Miss Coppock's eyes flashed for a moment, and then her love of comfort prevailed; instead of answering she lay down on the velvet sofa, and soon fell asleep.

But before she slept she had asked herself how it was that Patty held such sway over her; how it had happened that the plan for governing the heiress so carefully matured at Guildford had proved so utterly a failure in Paris.

"I am nothing better than a paid companion, except that I call her Patty when we are alone, and I am not sure that she likes that; at any rate at Guildford, if I was worried about money, I was free."

It was all very well to make this reflection and to fall asleep on it, but if Patience had been quite herself instead of being, as she was, irritated by the little flying darts which Patty used so skilfully, she would have known she was talking nonsense. Miss Coppock had begun her millinery business in debt, and debt had, according to its usual custom, thickened on her path, till her life had grown into one long series of prevarication and excuse. Patty's offer of taking her as companion had been accepted gladly, not only for the life of ease and luxury it promised, but for escape from the daily harass and worry which were wearing her to a skeleton; it is possible that but for all these years of debt Patience might have been better able to cope with her patroness, but the fiery independence which had once flamed in those dark sunken eyes had been quenched by the daily wearing pressure of owing money she could not pay.

"Poor creature, how tired she is!" Patty was smiling most bewitchingly; some pleasant thought was passing across her mind, though to do Patty justice she was rarely cross.

She liked to have her own way, and she usually got it; it was impossible to refuse anything to her smiles, and it was nearly as impossible to resist the occasional plain speeches made by Miss Latimer to those on whom she considered smiles wasted.

"I wish she would wake," said Patty, meditatively; "it is very unhealthy to sleep so soundly in the middle of the day, and Patience does look so plain while she is asleep. Ugh!" The beauty shuddered and looked lovingly at the soft white flesh on which her cheek rested. "How dreadful it must be to have a skin of that colour; she's all skin and bone, poor creature; her eyes are the only good point about her, and when she's asleep one don't see them: but then she hasn't got a hump, like De Mirancourt. What a shapeless heap of cunning wickedness that dear old Frenchwoman is; she's all fun and sparkle. Never mind, she's done more for me than all the teaching and study in the world. She's taught me to value myself properly, and how to make other people do it too. If I hadn't known her and liked her, if I'd been such a goose as to take up the prejudices those silly English girls had against her, I should have known nothing of real life. I should have plodded on into a mere commonplace young lady;" and then Patty closed her eyes, and a smile of intense enjoyment curved her full lips. The novelty had not quite worn off; it was still delicious to realize that which she had been, and then to spring to the delightful certainty that no one, however prejudiced, could deny her right to be called a young lady.

"Just because she never went to Mass, as if it could matter: going to our Church may do some people good, but I can't believe any one was ever the better for all that Romish rubbish. I rather respect De Mirancourt for being too strong-minded to give in to it. Patience! oh, Patience, do wake up."

Miss Coppock started up at the sudden call, and Patty lay laughing; her disordered hair and staring alarmed eyes gave Patience a very weird aspect.

"I hope I haven't disturbed you," said Patty, sweetly.

"I haven't been asleep, so there was nothing to disturb." Miss Coppock spoke with the determined certainty with which a person who has just been snoring the house down assures you he is broad awake, and has heard every word you have been saying.

"Oh, I'm so glad;" Patty smiled in such an exquisite way that Patience felt sure some more than usual service was about to be required of her. "I suppose you don't know, do you, where they keep the visitor's book?"

"I can go and see," and Miss Coppock got up from the sofa.

"No,"—Patty laughed still, but she spoke decidedly,—"not as you are, Patience, you would frighten the crows; your hair, now I think of it, is just like a crow's nest. Suppose you ring the bell and tell the waiter to bring the book here."

To us who have not seen them together during all these months it seems surprising that the heiress had so easily learned to command her former mistress; but Patty had one natural gift which does not always belong to cleverness: she was not only quick in reading human nature, but she had that strange power, more subtle than mere tact, of adopting at once the means best adapted to subdue or fascinate it.

She had no depth of insight; she could never have sounded Nuna Beaufort's heart, though she would easily have detected the sensitive, ill-assured nature that lay on its surface. Patty had not the gift of true sympathy, and sympathy alone can give thorough insight. She had no idea of the passion that lay hidden in Miss Coppock, though she comprehended perfectly the vanity and weakness which marred all that had once been true in the woman's nature, and this reading had taught her that the obsequious submission with which the milliner had treated her customers would be paid to herself if she took the lofty and commanding manner which some of those ladies had shown to Patience.

Even with De Mirancourt, who worshipped her for her beauty and her liberal gifts, Patty knew that she would never have held the same position if the wily Frenchwoman had ever suspected her origin. At Madame Mineur's she had represented herself as a young lady brought up in a lonely part of England, with few

advantages of education; and the superficial polish she had gained from Miss Coppock's friend in London had enabled her to perform this character successfully, though her extreme beauty and charm did as much for her as anything else. It seemed to Patty that as she could not maintain this fiction literally with Miss Coppock, the next best thing was to act up to it; and from the day on which she left Madame Mineur's and took up her abode in the suite of rooms Patience had engaged for her, the ex-dressmaker had been aware that without a decided quarrel, which would possibly involve dismissal, there was no hope of changing the relations in which Patty's manner had placed them.

Miss Latimer's first act had been a prelude significative of the key-note she meant to strike.

She seated herself at once in the pretty little Parisian saloon, and took off her bonnet.

"Miss Coppock," she said, with a grave, sweet smile, "take my bonnet if you please; I will follow you to my room presently," and then Miss Latimer turned to the maid, who stood staring in open-mouthed admiration of her new mistress, and spoke to her in fluent French—French which poor Patience, in spite of her efforts, was as incapable of rivalling as she was blind to the grammatical blunders which the glibness of Patty's utterance disguised.

So that now this order to ring the bell sounded as a matter of course to Patience.

The waiter came, a bullet-headed, pink-cheeked Fleming, who took a great interest in these "dames voyageuses," as he called them.

"Ah," up went his shoulders and his hands, "it is a pity, but there is an English monsieur who has just demanded the book."

He looked at Patty, but she did not condescend to answer; De Mirancourt had told her nothing was so important as reserve and dignity with inferiors.

"Tell him to bring it as soon as he can, and come here, Patience;" then she whispered, "Will you find out if the gentleman who has just asked for the book is the new arrival this morning?"

Miss Latimer walked away to the window, and looked down into the courtyard while the conversation went on between the companion and the waiter.

"I believe I ought to have sent them on to the landing. Well, there's one comfort, when I'm really launched I shan't be likely to come to a quiet place like this inn, so if I do make mistakes here they are not likely to injure me afterwards."

The quaint courtyard, with its stone figures and jars filled with scarlet creeping blossoms, made a quiet scene of repose—of picturesque, richly coloured still life; for the old walls around it were genial in their show of vines: purple and golden grapes hung in ripe luxuriance everywhere, and below, climbing up, as if to reach them, were wreaths of flaming nasturtium flowers, with broad cool green leaves. But there was no leisure in the heiress's mind at present for the exquisite contrasts presented by grey stone and scarlet blossoms, or by tender green leaves and luxurious purple grapes; Patty's brain was filled with exquisite costumes, the best choice she could make among the lace she had that morning inspected, and also with surmises as to the position of the gentleman who had been so evidently struck by her beauty.

Going out early on their way to the Musée—it was so near that they had decided to walk, though Patty never walked if she could help it—they had met a gentleman coming into the hotel. He had just got out of a travelling carriage loaded with baggage; evidently he was a person of consideration.

He gave Patty a long look of admiration, a look which seemed to her involuntary; she thought he was too complete a gentleman to have stared in that way at a lady unless he had been bewildered by her beauty. She could not have told what he was like; she only felt sure he had fallen desperately in love with her. So little had she noticed him, that when they came back from their expedition, and she saw a well-

dressed man with a fair beard watching her as she got out of her carriage, she would not have recognized or remarked him—for Patty was accustomed to be stared at—but for the same intense gaze.

Then she saw that he was a moderately well-looking man, of middle height and age, with small light eyes, and a superfluity of fair hair and beard, a man among men rather like what a Pomeranian is among dogs—he looked silky and well-cared for.

Miss Latimer had meant to question Patience about the new-comer; but Patience had been so tiresome as to fall asleep after her baffled attack on the subject of ornaments.

"Well," as soon as the waiter had closed the door, "what did the fellow say?"

"He says the gentleman who has got the book is a gentleman who arrived from Paris this morning. The man began to laugh when I asked. He said the gentleman saw us come in just now, and asked who we were."

"Asked who you were, did he? Dear me!" Patty smiled. "I hope the waiter will bring the book."

"I'm going to write to my father," she said after a pause. "When you go down to put the letter in the box, Patience, you can remind the man if he forgets."

Patience had gathered up the bonnets, parasols, &c., and was leaving the room with them, but she turned round as Patty spoke.

"I fancied your father had agreed to your change of name, and yet I noticed you directed his last letter Roger Westropp, Esq."

A slight flush rose on Patty's check, and the watchful eyes—eyes which were daily growing more eager for any the slightest clue to a permanent hold over the heiress—noted it in silence.

"No; my father has no wish to change his manner of life, or his name either; my whole life has changed, therefore it is far better to give the new life a new name."

Something unusual, artificial in the tone of voice, awakened Patience to suspicion.

"I can't fancy how you'll manage when you go back to England. Surely you won't live in that dirty house?"

Patty stood for a moment arguing with herself.

"If she stays with me, she must know," she said, "and I had better tell her than let her find it out." She paused a moment longer. Should she dismiss Miss Coppock before she returned to London, find her some suitable situation, and cut the tie between them? Patience never knew how nearly that moment's hesitation had altered the future course of her life. "No," argued Patty, "I have made good my position with her; I have no need to be on my guard, as I must be with a stranger, lest some little mistake should undo all I have done for myself. Patience thinks me a wonder, and that doubles my power over her. She is too ignorant herself to know that I don't know how to do everything yet, as I will know before I have done." The soft sweet face looked almost stern in its determination. "Besides, Patience by herself, beyond my control, might chatter; nobody would believe her—perhaps, but I like to be quite safe." She went on aloud:

"I don't mean to live with my father when I go back to London; and as we are not to have the same name, although of course it will make no real difference between us, still I shan't call him father. We have nothing to hide or be ashamed of, you know we haven't;" she looked inflexibly into Miss Coppock's eyes, and they fell beneath hers. "I've changed my name, and paid for it, just because I wanted to avoid annoyance and extortion from people who knew me beforehand; but if I were to call him father, and yet have a different name, people would begin to suspect there was something to be found out. I am Miss Latimer, and Roger Westropp is my foster-father; for I suppose you know I contribute to his support. I don't know whether he receives it or lets it accumulate, but a certain income is settled on him for the rest of his life."

She spoke calmly and distinctly, and

Patience looked aghast at this new proof of Patty's cleverness. For the moment the gravity of Miss Latimer's manner gave reality to her assertions, but not for long. Patience was too clever at subterfuge herself not to see the advantage that might accrue to her from the falsehood that Patty had chosen to act.

"And suppose any one finds out?" she said slyly.

Patty raised those deep blue eyes softly to her companion's face and gave her a long look.

"Do you know, Patience, you sometimes make me think you are afraid of being found out yourself, the idea seems so uppermost in your head. Can't you see there's nothing to find out in my case? I've never done anything I'm ashamed of. I've been placed by circumstances in a different position to the one I was born in; I've worked hard enough, goodness knows, and I've fitted myself for my present advantages; it would be ungrateful and ridiculous to grovel back to my former state for ever. I'm not ashamed of it—dear me! no; but I've left it. I'm not Patty Westropp;" she gave a slight shiver at the name. "Other people—people with prejudices, you know—might be ashamed of it; why should I distress and annoy my friends by forcing my own past history on their notice? De Mirancourt told me once, and I agree with her, that there's nothing so vulgar as the way some people have of thrusting their family and their affairs on the notice of others." She changed her tone, and looked in a half-playful way at Patience. "I don't know what De Mirancourt would say though if she heard me holding forth in this way; she'd say it was vulgar to preach, I know. But, Patience, I should have thought you agreed with her in some things, you are so very close about your early life."

The sunken eyes fell again, and an angry flush spread over Miss Coppock's sullen face; but she was spared the pain of answering.

The waiter came in with a newspaper in his hand, which had come by the mid-day post, he said, and he had the visitor's book under his arm.

Patty seated herself, eager to examine this, and tossed the paper over to her friend.

"It seems about three months old," she said, carelessly.

Before she had found the place she wanted, Miss Coppock startled her.

"Here's news for you, Patty! What do you think has happened?"

For an instant Patty grew white. She did care for her father, far more than her manner to him would have vouched for, and she thought some harm had happened to him.

"Isn't it father's writing outside?" she said.

"Oh yes, it's his writing, but it's nothing about Mr. Westropp; it's a marriage—your friend Mr. Whitmore. Here it is: 'At the Parish Church of Ashton, Paul Whitmore, Esq., to Nuna Cecil Beaufort.'"

There was a little malice in the sparkle of Miss Coppock's eyes, but Patty gave no outward sign of mortification.

"Oh! they are married, are they?" she said; and her plump white finger went steadily down the list of names in the visitors' book.

"'Maurice Downes, Esq.,'" she read, "'M.P., Hatchhurst Hall, Warwickshire, Bruce Castle in the Highlands, Park-lane, London.' Ah, I thought he looked like a gentleman."

"Who?" Patty looked up quickly. Miss Coppock's voice sounded hoarse, as if she were ill; she looked ill enough certainly—ashy pale, and almost rigid. "Who?" she repeated.

"That gentleman we saw this morning—but what ever is the matter?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PATTY'S FRIGHT.

Days and weeks went on, and still Miss Latimer stayed in Brussels.

Mr. Downes stayed there too. He had managed to be one of the party

when Patty went to Waterloo—she was too economical to take a carriage to herself,—and during the journey he succeeded in pleasing Miss Latimer, and in rousing her out of her usual languid indifference towards fellow-travellers. Miss Coppock contributed to this result; she sat in a corner of the carriage with her veil down, and kept perfect silence.

"I can't think what possessed you, Patience! I declare if it hadn't been for Mr. Downes my tongue must have rusted before we got to the end of the journey."

Patty was looking at herself in the glass while she spoke, smiling in beautiful triumph at the remembrance of her fellow-traveller's irrepressible admiration. She took no heed of the despair in Miss Coppock's haggard face.

"I had a headache," Patience murmured. But Patty went on talking.

"I rather like him, do you know, though he is so English. Before we had been talking half an hour he gave me to understand he was rich, and that he had fine estates, and all that sort of thing. I don't believe travellers usually put more than one address in the book; some don't put any; it shows how purse-proud he is. I believe men think far more of money than women do after all. He says he wonders how we can exist in these small, confined rooms, Patience; so I asked him how he happened to be at such an insignificant place himself. You should have seen what a puffet he got in; he got quite red. He said he came here simply for quiet. He says at the great hotels the English of his class are marked men; they can't get any privacy. Do you know, Patience, I feel sure and certain Mr. Downes's father was the first of his family; at least De Mirancourt always said only mushrooms are full of their own importance. Never mind, he'll be the more easy to manage. If I find that he really is as rich as he makes out, I rather think I shall give him the opportunity he asks for."

"What's that?" In a sharp utterance, more like a cry than a question.

"Oh, Patience, how you startled me; you've turned me pale with fright. Did you really think Mr. Downes had made me an offer at once? No, he knows better, he's a gentleman, though he is so fussy; he only asked me to let him join us next time we went on an expedition."

"And what did you say?" Patience tried to speak quietly, but she could not hide the effort this cost her.

"Mercy me, *you* are fussy now; I said of course I must consult my friend, and I wasn't sure if we should go on any more expeditions. Now you know why he was so extremely devoted in handing you from the carriage; he sees how dependent I am on you." Patty threw herself into a chair and laughed heartily.

"I don't think you can allow him to go about with you. This party was exceptional; it was made up too by the hotel-keeper to fill his carriage, not by you. I thought you said you meant to be so very select and particular, Patty?"

"Of course, so I am when there's a reason for it; but just now I needn't be half as straitlaced as if I were living at home in Paris or London. If I'm to make acquaintance with Mr. Downes, I must see him sometimes—besides, of course, I've not decided; I shall take a few days and think the matter over."

Patience made no answer, and Patty went on.

"Mr. Downes seems a very suitable person—come now, Patience, you know he is in Parliament, and he does not belong to titled people: if he did, he wouldn't think so much about mere money. I should like a title of course"—Patty put her head on one side and looked pensive, almost more lovely than when she smiled—"but then I want a husband who's rich enough of himself: I should only get hold of a poor spendthrift lord perhaps. Why," she said with a blush, "you ought to be content, Patience, I'm sure you've said enough to me about marrying a poor man." The blush changed into a frown; she remembered that Paul Whitmore was Nuna's husbard now.

"I advised you not to marry that young artist who had nothing to offer you but himself; but indeed, Patty, you shouldn't do anything hasty, you might perhaps do much better than this Mr. Downes."

She turned away as she spoke; something told her she would never influence Patty by contradiction.

Next morning at breakfast an exquisite bouquet came for Patty, and to Patience's surprise Miss Latimer insisted on taking a walk instead of a drive.

Days passed on, the ladies and Mr. Downes met frequently, and Miss Coppock's opposition grew. She did not mean Patty to marry just yet; she was determined she should not marry Mr. Downes. She could maintain a dogged, sullen resistance to the acquaintance, but she had no power to cope openly with Patty; she grew more and more silent and determined: if she could have managed it, she would have carried Miss Latimer away by force.

"We are to visit the old town today," said Patty, one morning. "Mr. Downes will meet us at the Grande Place. Now, Patience, do try and be a little more cheerful—I can't fancy what makes you so dull and quiet."

"I'm tired of Brussels." Patience spoke wearily, and Patty smiled.

"Ah, well, we shan't stay here much longer." "You old goose," she added to herself, "don't you suppose I know what's the matter with you, and don't you suppose he'll follow us wherever we go now?"

When they came home from visiting the old town, Miss Coppock felt strangely tired. She lay down on a sofa, and stayed there till Patty was obliged to rouse her.

"Come, you must rouse up," she said: "I forgot to tell you Mr. Downes is coming to coffee this evening. Do you know he has never seen me without my bonnet? and I promised he should come—why, Miss Coppock, Patience, what's the matter?"

At her first words Patience had sat up listening, but at the end she fell back heavily, white and faint.

Patty rang for the *femme de chambre.* Miss Latimer had never had an illness in her life, and she was incredulous about the sufferings of others; but when the good-natured Rosalie found she could not rouse Miss Coppock to consciousness, she ran away and fetched her mistress, and Augustine the cook; and when all their united efforts failed to restore the sick lady to her usual state, they went in a body to Miss Latimer. Patty had been pacing up and down the saloon, in much vexation and disturbance of mind, while the trio laboured in Patience's bedroom, and she grew alarmed when she was told she had better send for a doctor.

The doctor came—an Englishman; he looked hard at Patty.

"I think I saw you in the old town this morning, madam."

"Yes, we were there." Patty spoke haughtily; she thought this man was neglecting his business.

"I had nearly warned you," the doctor said, gravely, "and then I thought a sudden panic might be as harmful to you as the actual risk you ran. The street you were in is full of small-pox cases, and I feel almost sure your friend has taken it."

Patty gave an exclamation of terror, but the doctor signed to her imperatively to control herself.

"I am not sure—I may not be quite sure for two days yet, perhaps longer, but the coincidence is remarkable with some symptoms I have witnessed. Keep yourself quiet," he said, severely. Patty was wringing her hands in a fresh access of despair. "Even if your friend has the disease, she may have it slightly, and you have been wise in sending for me at once."

"But I shall take it, I know I shall!" Patty almost shrieked; and she put her hands up to her lovely face as if to shield it from disfigurement.

The doctor's lip curled; he looked at Patty more attentively.

"You cannot stay here," he said; "if you like, I will take a lodging and procure a *sœur* to nurse your friend; you will accompany her, I suppose?"

"Me! Oh no, I could not; I know nothing about nursing; I should only be in the way. I will pay you whatever you like for your care, if you will only take her away at once."

She put up both hands beseechingly.

"What a lovely creature!" the doctor said to himself; "it would be dreadful if such a face were spoiled; and yet——"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MARRIED.

NUNA sat in the old studio expecting her husband. Her needlework had been thrown aside, and then a book which she had taken up by way of passing the time. The words grew to be mere arrangements of senseless letters. Her mind was so full of Paul that she could not take in any outside thought. One day before their marriage he had told her that he was sadly unpunctual, and she had laughed, and had answered she loved him all the better: punctual men were formal, like Will Bright. She thought of this at the end of her two hours' expectation.

"Ah! but then I had not realized how dreadful it is to be away from him; it seems as if the room grows darker when he leaves it. I wonder if the time is as long to him when we are apart."

She gave a slight sigh. There was sorrow on her face, but it had not been brought there only by Paul's absence. She had heard news since he went away—news which she expected, and yet which had troubled her. Her father's marriage with Elizabeth Matthews had taken place two days ago.

Miss Matthews had tried quietly, but steadily, to induce Nuna to listen to Will Bright; but Nuna had proved obstinate, and, to Elizabeth's surprise, Mr. Bright seemed cured of his passion. But if Mr. Beaufort and his daughter took a walk together Elizabeth found her own influence over the Rector weakened, and Miss Matthews' quiet, tortoise-like mind began to perceive that, if she meant to be mistress at the Rectory, she must call in some aid to get rid of Nuna.

She watched her more closely, and she felt sure that the girl was unhappy. Mr. Beaufort one day commented on his daughter's looks to his cousin.

"I believe she really does care about that good-for-nothing young artist," he said, gloomily.

Miss Matthews acted on this hint. If Nuna would not marry Will, she had better marry Mr. Whitmore. She approached the subject very carefully, but at last she asked Nuna why she had not answered Mr. Whitmore's letter.

"Because I said I would not;" but the tone was sad, not angry, and Miss Matthews hoped on. It would have been against her principles to suggest directly a clandestine correspondence; but her own feelings and wishes were waging war against her principles in a very dangerous manner.

By one of the strange accidents that so often happen in life, and which, if they were duly chronicled, would be far more marvellous than any creation of human fancy, Miss Matthews, coming home from an afternoon's shopping in Guildford, saw Mr. Whitmore on the platform of Ashton station; and as she proceeded to the Rectory in a fly, she saw him walking along the road to the village.

Was he going to see Nuna? At least she could make sure that Nuna should see him. It has been said that Miss Matthews was not naturally intriguing, neither was she quick-witted, so that the part she played this evening came to her piecemeal, instead of as the plan a bolder, shrewder woman would have had time to construct, as she drove homewards. She met Nuna at the garden gate, and the first step seemed to come of itself.

"Did you expect Mr. Whitmore, Nuna? he came down by the same train that I did."

Nuna stood looking at her. Hope and fear grew too strong for the reserve she had maintained towards her cousin.

"If Mr. Whitmore calls here, do you

know whether he is to be admitted, Elizabeth? Am I to be allowed to see him?" It was the first time she had owned, openly, that her cousin was deeper in Mr. Beaufort's confidence than she herself was, and she felt a rebellious bitterness to both her father and his adviser.

"No, I believe not; he is not to see you any more;" and then Miss Matthews stopped to consider how she could contrive that the lovers should meet. "If you go up the station road you might meet him." She might have spared this suggestion. Nuna had already turned to the gate; if she hesitated now, she gave up her last hope of seeing Paul. Her duty to her father was nothing to her love; and she walked on fast to the turn in the road.

Elizabeth's dull brain cleared as she looked after her.

"Dear me, she is gone to meet him;" and then a half-smile came on her pale lips at the probable result of the meeting. "I ought to tell Mr. Beaufort, at any rate;" and she went to his study and told him.

Now, as Nuna sat waiting for her husband in the old quaint room in St. John Street, it seemed to her that one event had followed so fast on another since that meeting with Paul, that she was only waking up to reality; that which had been happening had been a hurried dream—scarcely a happy one. Mingled with the intense joy of Paul's love came the remembrance of her father's anger when he met her and her lover, or rather when he and Will Bright had come upon them suddenly in Carving's Wood Lane.

Paul had persuaded her to go there with him so as to get out of the high road, and time had gone by till evening came, and still she had stood listening to him.

After that evening all had been storm and strife for a while.

Her father and Elizabeth had said she must marry Paul; Mr. Bright was not the only person who had seen her with him in this strange clandestine manner. And so with little of previous courtship, with a haste which had a certain chill of foreboding in it, Nuna found herself standing beside Paul at the altar, saying the words that made her his for ever. Outwardly, Elizabeth had been kind: this had been easy when the Rector yielded so easily to her will, but still Nuna cherished anger against her cousin; she had been too simple and too pre-occupied to suspect the motive that had made Elizabeth befriend Paul's love, and so urge on the marriage, but something told her that it was not any sincere desire for her happiness. She felt bitterly, too, that Miss Matthews had destroyed all confidence between herself and her father. And now only a fortnight ago Mr. Beaufort had written to her announcing his intended marriage with Miss Matthews, and had asked her to be present at it; then Nuna's eyes had opened, and she had burst into a passion of indignant tears.

Paul tried to soothe her and to induce her to go down to Ashton. He had promised to go out sketching for a day or two, so he could not accompany her. But Nuna would not go alone, and her husband let her decide for herself. He was too careless to trouble himself much about Mr. Beaufort's marriage; he knew that her father had never been specially kind to Nuna, so perhaps it was not surprising that she should refuse to go; and then he became absorbed in arranging his little excursion and thought no more about his wife's trouble.

Nuna was very angry still. It was an anger unlikely to die out soon, it had such a root of bitterness. If she had then gone down to that root, and tried to draw up some of its clinging fibres, or at least have washed them free of bitterness with penitent tears, it might have been well for her; unowned, thrust out of sight, was the consciousness that if she had not neglected her father by her self-indulgent, dreamy ways, he would not have needed Elizabeth, and also that she had, by her own undutiful refusal to be present at his marriage, closed the door on her father's love.

"It is an insult to my own dear

mother's memory," and Nuna hardened herself, as she thought virtuously, against any relenting.

It was a new sensation; her conscience protested, but she would not listen; and so she took the first step in that process which has done so much to mar domestic peace—she wilfully hardened her own heart.

Eight o'clock, and Paul had promised to return at five, and he had been gone three days. Oh, how could he manage to be happy away from her!

A clatter of wheels, then a ringing and a buzz of voices.

Nuna seemed to make one bound to the head of the staircase, the lower rooms were tenanted by strangers, and she was timid about going down into the hall; but in a minute Paul came rushing upstairs, his hair all ruffled over his eyes, but not enough to hide the gladness in them.

"My own pet!" and he nearly lifted Nuna off the ground.

Oh, it was worth all the long solitary time she had been enduring to feel that she had him once more all to herself, with no one to come between them—surely this was perfect happiness! Even while the thought lingered, she felt herself suddenly released, and Paul drew a step or two away.

"O Stephen, I forgot you, I declare. Nuna! here's Stephen Pritchard, come home at last."

Nuna wished Mr. Pritchard had stayed in Italy, or anywhere away from St. John Street. How mistaken she had been, to fancy she liked this talking, self-asserting man, who positively contradicted Paul himself.

She felt cross with him and with herself for being affected by his presence. Paul looked at her; he was struck by her unusual silence, and Mr. Pritchard saw the look, and smiled.

"The honeymoon is over," he said to himself; "I expect Paul wishes he had not been in such a hurry."

"What made you so late?" Nuna roused herself to speak.

"That's right, Mrs. Whitmore, call him to account."

Paul appeared to be very busy with his gaselier. "Am I late?" he said.

Nuna felt in a moment that he was vexed.

If they had been alone, she would have put her arms round his neck and have kissed him, but she could not do this before Stephen; she looked up quickly, there was a satirical smile on Mr. Pritchard's face.

"He will think Paul and I are not happy together," she thought, in a nervous, vexed way.

"No, indeed, I am not calling Paul to account, only I was afraid some accident had happened to the train."

"And suppose I hadn't come home at all?" said Paul, laughing.

Nuna laughed too, she had not the slightest fear that her husband was in earnest.

"Oh, I knew better than that, I knew you would keep your promise."

Paul turned round and looked at her; something in his face troubled Nuna.

"Well," he said, gravely, "it was a very near shave—if we had lost this train, we should have stayed all night."

"Then I should have sat up till you came in!"

Paul did not answer; he thought Nuna silly to prolong this talk before Stephen Pritchard.

Nuna felt uncomfortable; she got up and began to clear the table of her work and books, to get out of the range of Mr. Pritchard's watchfulness.

Paul was a genius, but he could be silly sometimes. His artist friends had laughed at his anxiety to get home, and had said he was afraid of a lecture, and he had told himself that nothing he could do or say would ever seem wrong or vexatious to his sweet, loving wife. It was specially vexatious that she should have called him to account before such a watchful scoffer as Stephen Pritchard.

One of his abstracted fits mastered him, and but for Mr. Pritchard, the supper would have been very silent.

"I have heard from Ashton," said Nuna at last.

"From your father?"

"Oh no, only the announcement of the marriage in the paper."

"Well, it is a good thing over." Paul spoke carelessly; he was thinking of something else, and Nuna felt wounded.

It is very strange that men and women—at any rate till bitter experience has forced them to open their eyes—rarely use the sense of their own peculiarities of disposition in interpreting their neighbours. Some of us are ready enough to decide that because we should not act in such and such a manner, therefore our fellows are incorrect for so acting; but dreamy, unobservant people, like Nuna, are somewhat blind to outward characteristics, and are apt to rouse from their reveries into a timid, frightened belief that the gravity of their companion is caused by displeasure or indifference, instead of its being more frequently the result of a pre-occupation resembling their own.

Nuna tried to talk to Mr. Pritchard, but the fear of having displeased Paul weighed down her spirits.

Her husband noticed her silence. She was tired, he thought.

"Don't you sit up, Nuna," and he rose and lit her candle. "Stephen and I shall be late, I dare say."

There was no help for it; she had to say good night, without even a word alone to her husband.

"I shall not go to bed," she said decidedly, as soon as she had closed the double doors that shut off her room from the studio; "that hateful man can't stay here all night."

And at the same moment Pritchard was saying to Paul, "I say, old fellow, don't let Mrs. Whitmore sit up; I'm not going to bed this hour or more: come across to my rooms, they are quite close, you know, we shall be snugger there."

Paul hesitated, but he was not going to be laughed at by Pritchard.

"I'll follow you in a minute," he said, and as soon as Mr. Pritchard had departed he went to find Nuna.

"I say, darling, go to bed, and go to sleep as fast as you can; I'm going to smoke a pipe with Stephen, and he may keep me talking."

When she saw her husband, Nuna had only thought of asking him not to be angry with her; but this announcement, added to his frank, cheerful manner, changed her in an instant; the only excuse to be made for her is that she had been overwrought by the separation from Paul and sorrow at her father's marriage.

"Oh, Paul," she said, reproachfully, "going away again! and I have not had you a minute to myself."

She had thrown her arms round him while she spoke, but he drew back. Men like Paul are not to be scolded into tenderness. Nuna looked up, and saw the same expression that had troubled her on his first arrival.

"I thought you were different to other women, Nuna—nobler and free from pettiness—but you are all alike; you all make this mistake of supposing that men like to be managed. There, don't be silly." He leant down and kissed the face she had hidden in her hands. "I'm only joking; there never was such a little darling, was there? Good night!" He took her into his arms and whispered tender, loving nonsense. "Get to sleep as fast as you can," he said, and he left the room.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PATIENCE'S STORY.

"GONE away!" and then Patience Coppock murmured to herself, "gone away without caring what became of me, whether I lived or died."

"Yes, mademoiselle," was the calm answer; and Patience shrank from the quiet, observant eyes fixed on her altered face, and passed on up the stairs.

"Mademoiselle will find a letter from Madame on the table in the *salon*, and if she requires any attendance Mademoiselle will be kind enough to tell me now."

This being a discreet hint that

Mademoiselle Louise intended to take the rest of the evening for her own amusement, Patience said sullenly she would have coffee and something to eat with it, and then she went into the *salon.*

Louise had opened the door for Miss Coppock to pass in. She stood on the landing with a marked expression of dislike on her placid face—placid all but the eyes, and these at times suggested that the placidity was a mask, and that Mademoiselle Louise had some qualities in common with a cat.

"It is inconceivable," she said to herself, "that a beautiful young lady like Madame should carry about with her anything so ugly—so unattractive—Miss Coppock is like a grey shadow. She was always ugly, but she is horrible with those holes in her face. Ah, Madame was in the right to depart before her arrival. *Ma foi,* I wish she had died, it is embarrassing to serve such a person. She is not much more than a servant, and yet it is necessary to serve her—*cela m'embête!*" Having softened her feelings by expressing them, Louise went to the kitchen to see after coffee.

Patience looked round the charming little room. Traces of Patty's presence lingered there still. A parasol lay on one of the couches, and exquisite flowers, faded now, had been placed in the different vases.

Patience had travelled a long way. She was sick for want of food, faint too from weariness, for, in her anxiety to rejoin Patty, she had undertaken the journey from Brussels to Paris before her strength was sufficiently restored; but before she thought of resting herself her eyes roamed hungrily about the room for Patty's letter. There were so many little tables, and these were so covered with the exquisite little treasures Patty had lately collected, that Miss Coppock did not at once see the letter. She found it at last under a china dog, and she snatched at it so eagerly that the dog fell and was broken to fragments.

But Patience took no heed of the dog. She tore open the scented envelope, heedless of the gold and silver crest it bore, and if she had heeded this it would not have prepared her for the news inside. Miss Coppock knew that Patty had talked of setting up a crest and a motto of her own. Poor Patience! she had looked red enough on her arrival, with that redness which small-pox leaves as the brand of its recent presence; but as she stood beside the little table she grew almost purple while she read.

"Dear Miss Coppock,—You will see by my leaving this letter for you that I have thought of you in your absence. By the time you get it, I hope you will be quite well again, and that you have escaped being marked or disfigured. I hope the doctor and the nurse did their duty by you; they ought to have, for I paid them well. I wonder what you will think of my news? Perhaps I ought to say I am sure you will be glad to learn that I am really settled for life. I married our friend Mr. Downes two hours ago at the Embassy. In fact, I write this while I am changing my dress, before we start on our marriage tour. No use in telling you where we are going—and besides, the route is not made out. Madame de Mirancourt says if I do not leave off writing there will not be time to put on my bonnet and mantle properly. It was very naughty of you to fall ill and miss my wedding—my dress is charming, white satin and point d'Alençon—however, De Mirancourt has done her best to supply your place, poor old thing. She came to Brussels at once when I telegraphed for her. It was very awkward being left in that sudden way without a chaperon. I suppose you will remain in Paris until I write again? I shall probably require you to go on to London before we return. You will hear from me in a fortnight. Enclosed you will find a cheque for your expenses.

"I am, dear Miss Coppock,

"Your sincere friend,

"Eleanora Martha Downes."

Have you sometimes watched fireworks till the grand *finale* comes, and then tried to see at one glance the vivid

tongues of many-coloured flames that dart skywards out of a glowing mass below? You cannot distinguish one from another; in the endeavour to see each distinctly, they become blended and confused. Anger, mortification, fear, sorrow, and worse feelings than those, lightened out successively on the dull, red face, till it grew hideous with the storm, yet the feelings were so blended that it was difficult to mark them all. Patience threw down the letter and trampled it into the velvet carpet; she clenched her poor worn hands in impotent fury, and then she looked fiercely round the room with those sunken eyes, from which all beauty of colour and light had departed, as if she hoped to find something which might help her to revenge herself.

Miss Coppock felt that she had been treated with the most selfish unkindness; but that was nothing compared to the baulking of her carefully laid plans, of her resolution that Patty should not marry till she had got firmer hold of her, and still more her fixed determination that, come what might, Patty should not marry Mr. Downes.

"I knew she was selfish, but then it seemed natural her head should turn a bit, but I didn't think she was sly—I couldn't have thought it of her. If it had been anything but small-pox; I could think she made me ill on purpose to get me out of the way. Why is she to have everything and me nothing?"

She sank down in one of the luxurious chairs panting with exhaustion. Poor, worn creature! contrasting her lot with Patty's, it seemed a hard one; and yet at the outset Patience Coppock had started along the road of life with fairer prospects than any that seemed likely to open to Patty Westropp. Patience had been very handsome, though she had lacked the natural grace, the charm that doubled Patty's loveliness; but Patience had not been born to hard work, she had been a farmer's daughter with servants of her own, a horse at her disposal, and bonnets and gowns at will. At seventeen these fair prospects had been overcast: her father sank all his savings in a mine on the estate of his landlord; the mine went to ruin, proprietor and tenant along with it, and at seventeen Patience found herself alone in the world, without anything that she could call her own except her wearing apparel and a trifle of pocket-money. At this time of her life she was honest and independent, and she felt crushed with shame at learning the amount of her father's debts. His sudden death brought the knowledge without any warning.

"I will pay them off," the girl said to herself, with the daring hardihood of ignorance; she had not yet learned how hard an oyster the world proves to the unknown and the friendless.

Her first experience was brief and bitter, and, like many another first experience, it dyed the years that followed with one ineffaceable hue.

A rich lady in the neighbourhood, the wife of the owner of a large estate called Hatchhurst, wanted some one rather better than a nursemaid to teach her children to read; they were babies still in the nursery. Spite of her resolve to clear her father's name, the girl's pride rose: she would not accept the offered post unless she had a room allotted to herself; she refused to associate with the nurses. The lady demurred, and finally yielded, in her heart thinking all the better of Miss Clayton for her request, a request which possibly produced the girl's ruin.

Patience went to Hatchhurst, and for a few weeks all went well with her; her little charges were fairly tractable, and she did not see much of them; their mother wished them to have some hours of play in the nursery.

"This will give you plenty of spare time, Miss Clayton," the condescending lady added; "time which you may devote to your own improvement."

When Patience was alone again, she looked at her handsome face in the glass, and told herself she needed no improvement.

Her employers went away on a round of country visits; they were to return in three weeks to meet the heir of the property, the eldest son by a former

marriage; he would be independent of his father when he came of age, his mother's large property coming direct to him.

He was just twenty, and was supposed to be spending the long vacation in Italy and Switzerland with a Cambridge tutor.

Two days after his parents had set out on their visiting tour he returned home alone. There were no old servants at Hatchhurst. Its new mistress was an imperious dame, very jealous of anything that recalled her predecessor. Her first act had been the dismissal of the household, most of which had known the young squire as a child. He did not care for his little brothers; he found no well-remembered face to welcome him, but he soon discovered that his step-mother had provided him with pleasant pastime in her nursery governess.

He met Patience in the garden at first by chance, then, after a day or so, by appointment. At home Patience had been allowed to associate freely with the young men who came to see her father. Her mother had died years ago. She had been unused to restraint, and when the young master of Hatchhurst asked permission to come and hear her sing in her little schoolroom she admitted him gladly. Then came for Patience two short weeks of glowing happiness—happiness in which no dream of the future seemed too unreal, too bright, for fulfilment. She loved for the first time, and she was beloved. The love was not equal. Patience had a heart, and she loved with all the strength of womanhood. In return, she got that sort of boyish worship which goes by the name of calf-love, and which is as easily extinguished as any other newly-kindled fire. The young lovers were very happy and very innocent—neither of them looked forward—neither of them guessed that they were suspected and watched.

It had oozed out through Mrs. Robins, the abigail, before she went away with her mistress, that Miss Clayton had insisted on having a separate sitting-room and a separate table from the nurses. Thenceforth her doom was sealed; she was an upstart, sure to go wrong. Mrs. Caxton, the head nurse, and her two handmaids, only waited their mistress's return to report Miss Clayton's "disgraceful goings on with the young master."

One evening the lovers were seated as usual in the schoolroom, the young squire's arm was round Patience's slender waist, and she had hidden her blushing face on his shoulder while he repeated over and over again that, if she would only keep true to him, he would marry her as soon as he was of age.

"Only a year, my darling, no one can part us then; I——"

Patience never heard the end; the door was flung open, and she saw a confused crowd of angry and malicious faces.

She had an uncertain remembrance of being taken to her bedroom by Mrs. Caxton, and of seeing her clothes and possessions packed; but she did not completely recover her senses till she found herself driving leisurely along the road in the grand carriage which had just brought home the mistress of Hatchhurst. Then Miss Clayton realized that she had been turned out of the house in disgrace.

"I am lost, ruined! oh, what will become of me?" But as she drove on this panic of shame lessened; resentment came instead; she had been cruelly, unjustly treated.

"I have done nothing wrong, nothing to justify this; I gave my love in return for his; there is no harm in that. Ah, I have only got to trust Maurice; he will take care of me."

But meantime she would not be carried away tamely, and she put her head out of the window and asked the coachman where he was taking her.

He named a town a few miles off, but he spoke so familiarly that Patience shrank back into the carriage in a fresh paroxysm of shame.

The coachman set her down at a quiet little inn; he went into the entrance-way with her and gave the landlady a note, and then he drove away.

"You'll have a letter to-morrow, Miss," he said, before he went.

The letter came; it was written as to a stranger. It commented severely on the deceitful and disgraceful conduct of Miss Clayton, who had, the writer said, utterly destroyed her own reputation; but it was added, that regard for a friendless orphan induced Mrs. Downes to try and save Miss Clayton from going further astray: enclosed was a note of introduction to a reformatory for young women in the town to which Patience had been taken; enclosed also was the amount due to her for salary.

Patience tore the letter into fragments. She waited on in hopes of seeing her lover, but time passed and no letter came.

She left the inn, and got herself a cheap lodging in another part of the town. A milliner's apprentice lodged in the same house, and through this girl Patience found employment. At the milliner's she worked at she heard her own story spoken of—she had taken the precaution to change her name—she heard, too, that her lover had gone abroad again. One day the mistress of Hatchhurst came to her employer's, and before Patience had time to escape she was seen and recognized.

The lady was too valuable a customer to offend, and Patience was again dismissed without a character.

She was discouraged, almost broken-hearted, but still faith in her lover's constancy and her own independence supported her.

She went to London, and after some struggles which brought her face to face with want, she again got employment at a milliner's.

"I have learned the trade," she said, "and it is more amusing than teaching; and besides, one can get work without a character at this time of year."

But there were among Patience's fellow-workers girls who had lost their reputation in a less innocent way than she had, and she found herself led into society full of danger to a young, handsome girl.

One day she was summoned to attend one of the principals of the establishment in which she worked; she was to carry a dress which had to be fitted.

Just before they reached the house a gentleman and lady on horseback passed: the lady was young and beautiful, and seemed to be listening attentively to the gentleman riding beside her. Patience looked at the speaker's face and recognized it at once. It was her lover; and his eyes had never looked into hers as lovingly as they now strove to look into those of his companion.

The girl's spirit, chilled almost to death for an instant, rose to defend him. "He thinks I have forgotten him," she said, "and men must amuse themselves."

The couple dismounted at the door-steps of the very mansion they were bound to, and as she and her employer waited while they passed in, Patience's heart winced at the tender care her lover showed towards his fair companion.

She was left in the hall while a servant ushered her employer upstairs and took the box she had carried.

It seemed to Patience that this was the crisis of all her long-cherished hopes; if she missed this chance of a recognition, she and her lover might never meet again. She had written several letters to him at Hatchhurst, but she felt sure they had not reached his hands; if she let him drift away from her into this great wilderness of London, she gave him up of her own free will. She sat still, calm outwardly, but so inwardly agitated that her heart-beats almost choked her. Some one was coming down the great staircase into the inner hall in which she sat, but there were tall footmen close by; she could not speak to Maurice before them, and a hot flush spread over her forehead; she could not be seen by him, sitting there like a servant.

In a moment she had glided into the outer hall, a carriage was waiting, and the house-door stood open; she passed out.

When Patience found herself alone that night in her miserable little lodging,

she had that kind of tempest in her soul which seldom subsides without causing shipwreck in such a one as the poor vain milliner's girl.

She had had one moment of exquisite joy when she found herself in the street beside her lover, and then darkness had set in; at first Maurice tried to avoid her, and when he could not do this, he told her he thought she was ill-judged in seeking to renew acquaintance with him. He spoke kindly and gently; he told her he bitterly regretted his own folly, and also the hasty and unfeeling treatment she had experienced from Mrs. Downes. Patience listened first in stupefied surprise; then in a sort of sullen despair; then, when she thought he was leaving her, desperation forced her into one last effort to regain his love.

"Oh, Maurice," she cried out passionately, "if you don't love me, I shall die! Why did you make me love you?"

Maurice grew white with vexation: Patience's words could almost have been heard on the opposite pavement, and he saw people coming towards them.

He pulled out a card-case and held out his card to her.

"If I can be of any assistance to you," he said in a hurried, vexed tone, "you can write to that address; but I must refuse to see you again."

Patience found herself standing alone with the card in her hand.

"Here, young woman," said one of the tall footmen, from the top of the steps; "your mistress is asking what's become of you."

"Write to him! ask him for assistance!" The unhappy girl felt as if no depth of misery could wring such a meanness from her. All this went through her brain as she stood alone in her miserable little room.

In the midst of her frenzy of passion and despair, came a tap at the door. One of her companions had come to visit her; she had brought tickets for the theatre. She was the worst among Patience's fellow-workers, and the girl had always refused to go about with her; but to-night she welcomed any escape from herself. She went, and let her companion take her where she pleased.

Then came those months in Patience's life of which she had ever since been trying to hide the traces—a brief epoch of sin and luxury. When this came to an end, she found herself placed in the business at Guildford as Miss Coppock, from London.

She had never been taught thrift, and the chequered life she had led since her father's death had not been likely to foster any regularity of mind or thought. And thus her life had grown into one continual stream of embarrassment and subterfuge, backed by the gloomy, haunting mists of the past. Patience felt no power now to live down evil repute. Her independence had left her when she yielded up her innocence. The aim of her life was to hide away that which she had been, and to keep up the fiction of her new name. When she thought of Maurice, it was with bitter anger; his desertion had thrown her into the frenzy which had led to her ruin. And yet, when at last she saw him again—her Maurice—changed into a calm, self-possessed man of middle age, Patience's heart grew strangely soft, and she felt as if she could lay down her life to serve him.

For, face to face with Maurice Downes, her shame seemed overwhelming; and by that extraordinary process of reasoning, or morbidity, which only exists in unselfish women, Patience shifted the blame of her fall wholly to herself. It seemed to her that her lover had not been as actually faithless as she had—he was still unmarried. He did not recognize her, but his presence crushed her with shame, and she longed to escape from the avenging memories it roused to torture her.

And now, in this letter of Patty's, had come the climax of her misery. The man she still loved, with a strong undying love, had joined his life to Patty's—to a girl who, as Patience knew too well, had no love for him; who merely looked on him as something annexed to herself,

a something necessary to the part she meant to play in the world, but a something for which Mr. Downes, personally, was not more desirable than any other landholder of equal position.

The poor wretched sinner crouched lower and lower on the sofa, and again the heartbroken cry sounded—

"O God! is she to have everything—everything?"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CLOUDS.

MEANTIME life in the old studio at St. John Street was not gliding on as smoothly as life is always supposed to glide at the end of three-volume novels, when a loving hero and heroine are made one.

Doctors, and those who are freely admitted into domestic life, tell us that the first year of marriage is usually the most troubled. This may depend on the amount of intimacy which has previously existed between the newly-married pair, and also on the power possessed by the wife, not only of conforming herself to her husband's wishes, but of so projecting herself into his character, that she knows, as if by instinct, how best to please him.

In some women, love will do this; in others, where love is quieter, less intense, it may be the result of extreme unselfishness.

It was especially sad for such a nature as Nuna's that her marriage had been so hurried.

Paul was not a man to be read by ordinary rules; and, spite of her love, Nuna's timidity and want of observation came in the way of the thorough confidence which a less shrinking woman would have attained to.

When Paul went off into long hours of reverie, Nuna tried at first to rouse him, and then, getting short, indifferent answers, she grew to fancy she had vexed him. Sometimes she took courage and asked him what she had done, and then he answered playfully, and sunshine came again. With him, sitting near him, even through long hours of silence, she was happy, happy as a loving woman can be; but in his frequent absences she tormented herself. He went away to work, she knew that; but she was jealous of work, of anything that took him away.

Did Paul love her? Was she enough for his happiness?

"Ah, if I were, he would be content to stay at home with me instead of going off alone with that hateful Mr. Pritchard."

And at this time of his life, if Paul had been questioned, he would have said that it was only from habit that he spent so much time away from home—habit, and a certain undefined dread that haunts some men lest they should yield up liberty of action. He might, at the expense of some trouble, have done this work, the copy of a picture Pritchard had brought from Italy, at home; it was by his wish that they lived at the studio in St. John Street. Mr. Beaufort had said that it would be better for Nuna to have a small house near at hand, and thus be altogether freed from studio life and society; but when Paul told Nuna this would involve separation except at meal-times, she was eager to live entirely in the quaint old house.

"I don't want a drawing-room or any conventional arrangement," she had said; "I only want to be always with you and to see you paint."

It was winter-time again. Nuna had stayed indoors all day shivering instead of bracing her nerves and her limbs by taking a walk. She was shy of going out alone. Paul often took her out "between the lights," but to-day, directly after dinner, he had disappeared, and had not said where he was going.

Nuna wrote occasionally to her father, but she never mentioned Elizabeth's name in her letters, so it was no wonder that Mr. Beaufort's answers grew short and cold, and only came at long intervals.

"If one could begin everything all over again," thought Nuna—"I wish I

had not been cross and stiff about the marriage. Now I suppose Elizabeth will never forgive me, and I can't begin all at once to be different. With Paul too, if we had just one little quarrel—only one—and never any more after, it would be much better than all these private miseries of mine; we should get everything clear and straight for ever."

Doubtful, Nuna; if strife gets let into Eden, there is no saying that he will ever entirely quit it.

Paul came in presently. Coming in out of the brightly lit hall the room looked cheerless and darker than it really was.

"Sitting in darkness, eh?—and, darling, scarcely any fire — you careless monkey!"

Paul spoke good-humouredly, and returned her kisses as he spoke; but he felt that this was not quite the reception he ought to have had on a cold winter's night after a hard day's work. He made no complaint, but instead of petting Nuna as much as she expected him to pet her, he stirred the fire vigorously, lit the gas, and then turned to go into his dressing-room to get his slippers.

But Nuna was awake now and thoroughly penitent.

"Oh, stay, please, don't go yourself, darling—oh, anybody but me would have got them ready."

But Paul put her back in her chair with a strong hand, and fetched the slippers himself.

When he came back Nuna was crying.

"Ah, Paul," she sobbed, "what a horrid, uncomfortable wife I am; how sorry you must be you ever married me!" And then she hid her face on his shoulder.

"I don't know that you ought to be blamed," said Paul. "You might have thought I should go out again to Pritchard's and smoke as usual, but I shan't be doing that for some time to come. In fact, I believe you'll have such a benefit of me, pet, that you'll wish Stephen back again—he's going to Spain."

Nuna threw her arms round her husband and kissed him till he was fairly startled at her vehemence.

"Oh, I am so glad," she murmured; "oh, so glad he's going."

"Poor Stephen! Why, Nuna, I'd no idea you were such a little hater."

"I shouldn't hate him if he were anybody else's friend;" she felt ashamed of her words.

"Then you only hate him because he loves me, eh, Nuna; is that it?"

"No, no; I am not so wicked. I suppose I can't bear you to love anybody but me."

Paul kept silence, he was thinking; but as Nuna nestled closer to him she felt his chest heave as if the thoughts were raising some amount of tumult.

"Turn your face to the fire," he said, presently.

"No, the light does not reach your eyes; kneel down, facing me—so:" he looked searchingly into her deep, loving eyes. "Do you know what I am looking for, darling?"

"No;" her voice trembled with a vague fear.

"I was looking to see if I could find any jealousy in your eyes, Nuna. I always say you are unlike other women; you have no petty, carping fancies; but you mustn't let jealousy get into a corner of that tender heart of yours, or you'll make us both miserable."

She took his hand between hers, kissed it, and then laid her face on it.

"But, Paul, can one be jealous without knowing it? If I were jealous in that way, you would not despise me for it, would you?"

"I don't know," Paul spoke gravely. "I have always shrunk from jealousy; my mother said no true woman could be jealous." Nuna shivered. "Come, little woman"—Paul smiled at her—"I want a song."

"Yes, in a minute, darling; only I must ask one more question." This was the talk she wanted, and she was hungry to go on with it; she could not bear to leave off, just when a few moments more would lay all her haunting ghosts.

"Not half a syllable;" he broke away from her and went up to the piano, which stood now opposite the window,

between the dressing-room door and that leading to the staircase. "I've been working hard all day and I'm too tired to argue, I want nothing but rest. I've no doubt you'll sing me to sleep."

She went at once and sang him one song after another. She had a sweet, rich voice, and it had been carefully trained—trained to that exquisite simplicity which marks out the true musician from the pretender, if, indeed, simplicity is not always the badge of true merit.

While Nuna was singing the servant came in with a note.

Paul took it, but he did not open it; he was listening to Nuna. She was singing the same ballad which had so charmed him the night he dined at the parsonage, the night which had revealed Nuna to him in a new character. Then there had been an intensity of feeling which had thrilled through him while he listened, but now it seemed to him there was a passionate significance in the mournful words as she breathed them.

"Come here, darling."

He took her in his arms and thanked her fondly for the pleasure she had given him. Nuna was too happy to speak, too happy for anything that might disturb this delight. She had Paul all to herself again, to worship and make an idol of to her heart's content.

It seemed to her as if the evening had flown when she found how late it was.

As soon as she left the room Paul sat down to write letters, and in clearing the table to make room for this he came upon the note he had thrown aside and forgotten.

He opened it, read it, and then flung it into the grate, after noting down the address.

It was merely a commission to paint a portrait, a lady's portrait, Mrs. Downes of Park Lane.

"Downes—never heard of her. There was a Lady Downes, I remember—never mind, she is some swell or other, no doubt."

He went on with his work; the only comment he made on the note was:

"I hope it is an old woman; they sit the best; the young ones haven't a notion of keeping still."

To be continued.

OSSIAN.[1]

BY PRINCIPAL SHAIRP, OF THE UNITED COLLEGE, ST. ANDREW'S.

OSSIAN is alive again. Knocked down and trampled on by the dogmatic and domineering Johnson; kicked to the door as Celt and savage by Celt-hating Pinkerton; plucked to pieces as plagiarist and charlatan by Malcolm Laing; scorned by Wordsworth; disowned even by Walter Scott, thenceforth scouted by the literary world as a byword for impostor, here once more stands the old blind bard resurgent, knocking at the doors of literature, and demanding to have his claims reconsidered by an age more conversant than the last with primæval poetry, and more keen-seeing into its nature and conditions. He reappears in two splendid quartos, with the Gaelic on one page, and a literal English translation, line by line, on the other; Macpherson's translation at the foot of the page; the whole carefully annotated, and the origin and authenticity of the poems rediscussed in a very candid preface, by the Rev. A. Clerk, of Kilmallie, one of the best of living Gaelic scholars. At the first rise of the Ossianic controversy, the two contending parties stood apart, with no common ground on which they could meet, and therefore with no possibility of agreement. On the one side were the English scholars and critics of the day, versed more or less in the Greek, Latin, and English classics, equipped with the common canons of criticism then in vogue, but not knowing one word of Gaelic, entirely ignorant of Celtic life and antiquities, thoroughly despising these, and wholly ignorant of the other primæval literatures of Europe or Asia. On the other side stood the Highland tacksmen and ministers, asserting that they had known Ossian's Poems from their youth, had heard many of Macpherson's finest passages repeated, long before his translation appeared, by persons who could not speak English, and who could not read either English or Gaelic. Yet most of these men who knew Ossian so well, knew little of other literatures, and nothing of scholarship or the canons of criticism. In controversy with the learned men of the day they were like natives who come on with stones and staves against mailed champions armed with shield and spear. But the thing which swayed the controversy more than evidence or criticism was national prejudice, which then ran high. The Highlanders, feeling as assured of the reality of the Ossianic poetry as they were of their own existence, were likely enough to make too unguarded and undiscriminating statements. The English *littérateurs*, strongly prejudiced against everything Scottish, as soon as they did not receive the exact amount and kind of proof which they demanded, met the whole thing with stubborn denial, and set it down as a Celtic lie. One can hardly conceive a more ludicrous, if it were not a humiliating spectacle, than the great Dr. Johnson going his rounds among the poor Hebridean ministers, many of whom only half understood his English tongue, cross-questioning, hectoring, brow-beating, and confounding the abashed Celts, and then coming off with the triumphant declaration that he had not met one man in all his travels who had dared assert that he could repeat one poem of Macpherson's Ossian. One had hoped that this kind of insufferable arrogance had, after a century, died out. But one regrets to see proofs reappearing that the arrogant bigotry of

[1] "The Poems of Ossian, in the original Gaelic, with a literal translation into English, and a Dissertation on the Authenticity of the Poems." By the Rev. Archibald Clerk, Minister of Kilmallie. Two vols. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons.

Johnson is not yet extinct even among some English, or at least Sassenach, critics.

The attempt to arrive at the real truth with regard to the Ossianic poems is difficult enough in itself, without being made more difficult, or rather impossible, by importing into it national prejudice or ignorant sneers. Unless these things are laid aside, and an endeavour made to weigh evidence calmly, if possible dispassionately, the problem becomes hopeless. It will, perhaps, facilitate the inquiry to state once more, as concisely as possible, the history of the whole question. Since 1761, when Ossian first burst on the gaze of astonished Europe, fresh from James McPherson's hands, the controversy has gone through three stages, which I shall try to describe as briefly as I can.

I. To all who have ever paid attention to the Ossianic question the origin of McPherson's book is a thrice-told tale. But for the sake of clearness it must be once more re-told. In 1759, Home, the author of "Douglas," happened to forgather at Moffat with James McPherson, a Badenoch youth, then employed as tutor in a gentleman's family. Their conversation turning on the remains of old Gaelic poetry, McPherson said that he possessed some fragments in the original Gaelic. Home, having induced him to translate these, took them with him to Edinburgh, showed them to his literary friends there, among whom were Drs. Blair and Ferguson, and Principal Robertson. These greatly admired the pieces; and McPherson having been persuaded to translate all he had, the translations, fifteen in number, with a brief preface by Dr. Blair, were published in June 1760, under the title of "Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland." The "Fragments" struck a new note, and startled the literary world into admiration and surprise. A subscription was got up, on the strength of which McPherson set off on a raid through the Western Highlands, to collect all the remains he could find of ancient poetry. During a great portion of this journey he was accompanied by two countrymen of his own, Mr. Lachlan McPherson of Strathmashie, a native of Badenoch, and Ewan McPherson, formerly a schoolmaster in Badenoch, both of whom were better Gaelic scholars than himself. He was afterwards joined and assisted by another Gaelic scholar, Captain Alexander Morrison. When this journey of search was over, James McPherson returned in autumn to his native Badenoch, and came to the house of the Rev. Mr. Gallie there, laden with fragments of ancient poetry taken down from oral recitation, and also with some ancient MSS. which he had received from Clan Ranald and other persons in the Hebrides. In Badenoch he remained with the same friends during the early months of winter, preparing and arranging the Gaelic materials collected in the tour of the preceding summer. In January 1761 he went to Edinburgh, where he remained some time in constant communication with Blair and with Ferguson also, while engaged in translating his Gaelic materials. The translation completed, he went to London, where early in 1762 he published a quarto containing "Fingal," an epic in six books, and fifteen smaller poems. Next year, 1763, he gave to the world another epic, "Temora," in eight books, along with five smaller poems. The impression made was instantaneous and marvellous, and is the only previous instance in Scottish literature which at all resembles the sudden burst of popularity which welcomed the Waverley Novels. Within a year from their publication these poems were translated into almost every European language. Mr. Matthew Arnold has not probably been a very patient investigator of all the *pros* and *cons* of the Ossianic question; but he, if any man living, has an eye for the genuine ore of poetry, and it is thus he describes the advent of Ossian. "The Celts are the prime authors of this vein of piercing regret and passion, this Titanic element in poetry. Make the part of what is forged, modern, tawdry, spurious in the book as

large as you please, there will still be left a residue with the very soul of Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought this soul of Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe, and enriched all our poetry by it. Woody Morven, and echoing Lora, and Selma with its silent halls! We all owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it, may the Muse forget us!"

This passage, which so vividly describes how Ossian, on his first appearance, thrilled the heart of Europe, contains an indication of the scepticism with regard to McPherson's doings which soon sprang up, and which ever since has dogged the steps, overlaid the influence, and spoiled the relish for the real Ossianic poetry in the minds of all but a few.

McPherson's work, though it met with an enthusiastic reception, was from the first denounced by Dr. Johnson, the literary tyrant of the time, as a cheat, and the pretended translator as an impostor. It must be allowed that there was enough both in the appearance of McPherson's work, and in his own conduct regarding it, to arouse suspicion. On the other hand, however worthy of admiration for many things the great old Doctor may be, we must own that fairness and freedom from prejudice were not among his virtues. And one of his many bigotries was a dislike to everything Scottish, a feeling in which he did not stand alone among his countrymen at that day. Once the doubt as to the genuineness of McPherson's work was awakened, it would have required much calm and cool investigation, and more critical insight than was then at all common, to arrive at the truth. But these were not qualities which Johnson thought of bringing to the subject. He met it with a flat and offhand denial. In the first place he denied altogether the intrinsic merit of the poems; secondly, he asserted at the first, and repeated from time to time for the rest of his life, "There are, I believe, no Erse manuscripts; if there are manuscripts, let them be shown, with some proof that they were not forged for the occasion." Again: "There is no reason to suppose that the inhabitants of the Highlands or Hebrides ever wrote their native language." Thirdly, he asserted "that it was never said that any man of integrity could recite six lines of the original Ossian." Fourthly, the opinion which he maintained was that the poems of Ossian "never existed in any other form than that which we have seen."

Now of these four assertions, the only two, namely the second and third, which pretend to assert facts, have been amply disproved since Johnson's time: the second, by the proof of the existence of ancient Highland poems in MSS., contained in the Dean of Lismore's book; the third, by the many long passages of Ossianic poetry obtained from recital by the Highland Society. These strong assertions by Dr. Johnson were made from the outset, but they were renewed with still greater emphasis after his famous tour through the Hebrides in 1773. We may be thankful for that tour, for it gave the world one of Johnson's most delightful and characteristic works. But as far as the discovery of Ossianic poetry went, nothing could be more absurd than the expectation that two strangers who could not speak one word of Gaelic, hurrying from one great house to another, and putting a few lawyer-like questions, would extract from the shy and sensitive Gael their hidden treasures of ancient lore. Read Mr. Campbell's account of the delicate tact required by him, a thorough Gael, to get his countrymen in the outer isles to reveal their stores, and then we shall see how vain, not to say absurd, was the hope that Johnson and Boswell would succeed in their search. But as General Macleod, who entertained Johnson at Dunvegan, has left on record, it was very evident that the Doctor came to Skye not to find Ossian's poems, but to disprove their existence.

But when this storm of scepticism

broke out in the south, how did McPherson attempt to meet it? Had he wished to act entirely above board, to keep nothing back, to take any amount of trouble, and stand any cross-questioning, till, by patience and open dealing, he had convinced the gainsayers, we cannot doubt that he could have found means of doing so. But McPherson was a proud and fiery tempered Celt, with a touch of vanity, and it was not in his nature to undergo such a process. Again it ought to be kept in mind that, as Mr. Skene has said, "anything like the modern spirit of patient, severe, and critical antiquarianism was a thing then unknown—that feeling is the creation of a later age." But though McPherson might have done more to vindicate himself and his work, there is one thing which he did, for which he should be fairly credited at its worth. He deposited "all the originals of his translation at Beckett's, a bookseller's shop in the Strand, and intimated, by advertisement in the newspapers, that he had done so." When, after their being left there for a considerable time, the MSS. were never once examined by a single person, McPherson's disdain of public censure knew no bounds, and he resolved not to attempt any more to satisfy his accusers. This fact of the MSS. having been sent to Beckett's is well known to all who have ever paid attention to these matters. But it is alluded to by a recent Saturday Reviewer in a slighting way, as if it were a story which had been raked up for the first time by Mr. Clerk in his Dissertation. As no one ever inspected these alleged originals, though they are said to have lain at Beckett's for several months, it cannot now be said of what they consisted; whether of the pieces originally taken down from recitation and the ancient MSS. alleged to have been collected during the tour, or of the completed Gaelic transcript made up from these, which was afterwards published in 1807.

But though McPherson sulked and retired in high dudgeon from the controversy, not so did honest Hugh Blair. David Hume, who while interested in the question kept in this, as in other things, his own calm neutrality, wrote from London to Blair in Edinburgh a very interesting letter, telling him that great scepticism had arisen with regard to the poems; that it had been much confirmed by the absurd pride and caprice of McPherson, who scorned, as he pretended, to satisfy anybody who doubted his veracity; that the doubt in men's minds was now so great, that it could no longer be allayed by arguments, though it might perhaps be removed by honest testimony to plain facts. The testimonies required were of two kinds. 1st. "Get the fact of the alleged MSS. in the Clanranald family ascertained by more than one person of credit; let those persons be acquainted with Gaelic; let them compare the original with the translation, and testify to the fidelity of the latter." 2nd. And chiefly Blair must get positive and trustworthy testimony from many hands that such poems are, and long have been, vulgarly recited in the Highlands. This testimony must be exact, and in detail. He must write to Highland clergymen, telling them of "the doubts that had arisen, requesting them to send for such of the bards as remained, and make them rehearse their ancient poems. Let the clergymen have the translation in their hands, and let them write back to you, and inform you that they have heard such a one (naming him), living in such a place, rehearse the original of such a passage, from such a page of the English translation, which appeared exact and faithful. If you give the public a sufficient number of such testimonies, you may prevail. But nothing less will serve the purpose, nothing less will so much as command the attention of the public." Not daunted by the stringency of these requirements, Blair set himself to the task, and procured from a number of correspondents, chiefly clergymen in the Highlands, letters setting forth what they themselves knew, or had ascertained from others, with regard to the Ossianic poems.

Among the mass of letters received by Blair in answer to his queries, one of the most direct is the well-known but much controverted assertion of McPherson of Strathmashie: "I had the pleasure of accompanying my friend Mr. McPherson, during some part of his journey in search of the poems of Ossian, through the Highlands. I assisted in collecting them, and took down from oral tradition, and transcribed from old manuscripts, by far the greater part of those pieces he has published. I have carefully compared the translation with the copies of the originals in my hands, and find it amazingly literal." If this testimony could be received simply and unhesitatingly, it would settle the controversy. But, unfortunately, whatever discredit McPherson himself labours under, must fall equally on Strathmashie, and also on Captain Morrison and Mr. Gallie, who at a subsequent time gave a like testimony. If McPherson had a secret, which was never communicated to the public, that secret must have been shared by the whole of the Badenoch conclave who, after McPherson from his tour returned to Badenoch, assisted at the translating of MSS., and the poems collected from recitation. But even if we eliminate the evidence of all this Badenoch brotherhood, there remains among the answers received by Blair a large amount of testimony which is liable to no such suspicion. This is to be found given at large in the appendix to the Highland Society's Report. As samples out of a great mass of evidence, two letters are especially noteworthy, one from Dr. John McPherson, minister of Sleat in Sky, another from Mr. Angus McNeill, minister of Hovemore in South Uist. I cannot quote their words at length, but the two letters go far to meet both of Hume's requirements. The former gentleman declares that he had seen Clanranald's bard with a MS. in his hand, out of which the bard had read the exploits of the several Ossianic heroes. The latter states that he himself saw Clanranald's bard, McMurrich, deliver to James McPherson a MS. which contained the poem Berrathon, with three or four more poems, and that McPherson gave the bard a missive, obliging himself to restore the MS. These testimonies seem to prove, if any testimonies can, that MSS. were recovered by McPherson, though what were their exact contents is not from these statements apparent. The above two gentlemen further state that they called together the best reciters in their neighbourhood; they give the men's names and places of abode, and they state distinctly the passages in McPherson's translation, noting the page, of which the reciters repeated the Gaelic originals. Dr. McPherson, of Sleat, enumerates eight passages, each repeated in Gaelic by more than one reciter. Mr. McNeill gives five such passages of some length, which were repeated to him, and adds the reciters' names. Again, the Rev. D. McLeod, of Glenelg, gives a like testimony, not so exact perhaps, yet of much weight. There are many more such evidences, derived from honest witnesses, all living wide apart, wholly unconnected with each other, ignorant of any conspiracy which James McPherson may be conceived to have formed, surely worthy of credence, and not to be rejected summarily as of no account. Let them be taken at what they are worth. They form together a substantial chain of evidence which no candid inquirer can overlook.

But though they convinced Hugh Blair and many others that his first impressions were well founded, they did little or nothing to turn the tide of popular disbelief. Johnson with his foolhardy assertions prevailed, though he and those who thought with him never took one tithe of the trouble to investigate the subject which Blair did. But in all intricate questions it is far easier to start and maintain doubts than to allay them, or to work one's way by patient inquiry to such a solution as the real facts warrant. And when one or two great names, such as Johnson, give their authority to the doubt, the general public blindly follow in their lead, and swear by their dictum.

So it was throughout this the first stage of the controversy.

II. Its second stage was reached when the Highland Society of Scotland, soon after the opening of this century, took up the inquiry. That society did not then, as now, confine its attention to short-horns and manures; but, believing that literature had perhaps as much to do with a people's well-being as 'neeps, set itself to inquire what might be the truth regarding the poems of Ossian. The way they went to work was much the same as that which Hume had prescribed, and Blair had, as far as he could, followed forty years before. They addressed letters containing a number of very exact printed queries to Highland ministers, and other resident Gaelic-speaking men, inquiring to what extent Ossian's poetry still existed in their neighbourhoods. Since the time of McPherson's raid through the West, a period not only of change but of revolution had intervened. Yet, as Mr. Clerk suggests, had the Highland Society even then, instead of writing letters, sent forth a few active and able youths to traverse the Highlands and take down from the lips of the natives what poems they could repeat, there is good reason to believe that they might still have recovered a large amount of the genuine Ossianic ore. The success of Mr. J. F. Campbell in collecting primitive tales and other ancient relics, more than half a century later, seems to prove as much. But however this may be, it must be allowed that the search was conducted with all fairness, and that its result was the collection of a large amount of fresh positive evidence in favour of the existence of Ossianic poetry, in addition to that which already existed. In 1806 the Society published its report, which was drawn up with great accuracy and moderation by Henry Mackenzie, "the Man of Feeling." And the whole mass of evidence obtained, on which the report was founded, is presented along with the report in a copious appendix. A recent Saturday Reviewer, speaking of Mr. Clerk's translation of Ossian, in an article conspicuous rather for self-confidence than for knowledge of the subject, talks with much contempt of the Highland Society's report, and asks in his peculiar manner, "Are we indeed thrown back into the thicket of pottering twaddle, that sprouted up in and around the report?" Now, with all due deference, be it said that to ignore the evidence contained in the Highland Society's report is simply to evade the question. No man's opinion on this subject is worth listening to, unless he has first carefully studied that report and its appendix; and then, if he rejects its conclusions, given substantial reasons for doing so. It is an integral and important portion of the whole evidence, and cannot be postponed or set aside by mere sneers. That report certainly does not establish McPherson's Ossian in the shape in which it appeared. But it fairly makes good the existence of a large amount of ancient Ossianic poetry in the Highlands at the date of the report, and also recovers from the recitations of natives, passages in McPherson, amounting in all, it has been reckoned, to several hundred lines. I shall give the facts, established beyond a doubt by that report, as they have been summarized by a writer with whom the Saturday Reviewer shows no acquaintance, but whom I would recommend to his attention. Mr. Skene says: "The committee were cautious in giving an opinion, but the results they arrived at seem to have been—1. That the characters introduced into McPherson's poems were not invented, but were really the subjects of traditions in the Highlands, and that poems certainly existed, which might be called Ossianic, as relating to the persons and events of that mythic age.

"2. That such poems, either brief and complete, or in fragments, had been handed down from an unknown time, by oral recitations, and that there existed many persons in the Highlands who could repeat them.

"3. That such poems had likewise been committed to writing, and were to be found to some extent in MSS.

"4. That McPherson had used many such poems in his work; and by piecing them together and adding a connected narrative of his own, had woven them into longer poems—into the so-called epics.

"5. No materials remain to show to what extent the poems published by McPherson consist of ancient materials, and how much he himself may have added."

These are the results of this report as Mr. Skene summarized them. I have given nearly his own words. In the year after the publication of the report, what professed to be the Gaelic originals of a large portion of McPherson's Ossian were published under the sanction of the Highland Society of London. The history of the Gaelic MSS. is as follows:—McPherson, as we have seen, when he found that his MSS. deposited at Beckett's had been examined by no one, but that he was still branded as an impostor, sulked and withdrew. I now quote the sequel in the words of Mr. Clerk: "After some time, his friends urged him to the publication (of the Gaelic originals). He pleaded the great expense as an insurmountable obstacle. Highlanders in India subscribed 1,000*l.* for the purpose. He now alleged want of leisure, and allowed year after year to pass without doing what he promised." (How could one who acted thus complain with right if the public distrusted his word?) "He did not, however, wholly neglect the work. He sent to Mr. John McKenzie, his executor, the Gaelic poems which we now possess, and left the 1,000*l.* for publishing them. These Gaelic poems were all written in his own hand, or in those of amanuenses employed by him. No one can tell how the MSS. which he had collected in the Highlands were disposed of, but not a leaf of them was left behind, or any explanation given of their fate." Mr. McKenzie finally handed over McPherson's MS. to the Highland Society of London, who published it, and this is the Gaelic Ossian which we now possess, and of which Mr. Clerk gives to the world a literal translation. With the publication of the Gaelic in 1807 ends the second stage of the controversy.

The result on the public mind of the Report, and of the publication of the original Gaelic, was not such as might fairly, from its importance, have been expected. But the truth is, that public opinion on subjects of this kind is but a poor index of truth, as it never takes the trouble fairly to master difficult questions of evidence. On all Gaelic scholars, however, whom I have met, and who have examined the Gaelic Ossian, the impression produced by its perusal has been, that, whatever may be the real truth, the Johnsonian hypothesis could not stand in face of the combined evidence of the Report and of the Gaelic Ossian. To the true value of this last I shall revert, after noting the third and last stage of the controversy.

From the time of the publication of the Gaelic Ossian the controversy may be said to have slumbered till a quite recent date. Few were able, and still fewer willing, critically to examine the Gaelic, and the public in general were weary of the question, and took the short and easy method of voting the whole thing a forgery.

III. This blind yet dogmatic scepticism received a somewhat rude shock by the publication of the Dean of Lismore's Book in 1862, which marks the opening of the third stage of the question. Here at last were exhumed some of the long-demanded manuscripts dating from early in the sixteenth century.

This book was introduced by a very learned and satisfactory Preface from the pen of W. F. Skene, Esq., the greatest living authority on the history and antiquities of the Scottish Gael. The story of this remarkable manuscript, as given by Mr. Skene, is this.

Between 1511 and 1551 there lived at Fortingal in Glen-Lyon, James McGregor, a Churchman, who was Vicar of Fortingal and Dean of Lismore. He, along with his brother Duncan, made a collection of native Gaelic poetry, such as was current in the Central Highlands at the time they lived. They wrote

down what they collected in the current Roman character of the early part of the sixteenth century, and their spelling was phonetic. Their manuscript, after passing through various vicissitudes, at length found a haven in the Advocates' Library, where it is preserved, along with about sixty other Gaelic manuscripts. There are now in that library sixty-five Gaelic manuscripts, collected mainly by the unwearied exertions of Mr. Skene, by whom I am informed that in many of them poems attributed to Ossian are to be found.

From the manuscript of the two McGregors Mr. Skene and the Rev. Thomas Maclauchlan have published a number of poetic pieces, which the latter has with great labour transferred from the phonetic to the ordinary spelling, and also rendered literally into English.

This publication gives a fair specimen of the poetry current in the Highlands just before the fall of the Lords of the Isles and the Reformation. There is a heading to each of the pieces, attributing some to later, some to Ossianic, bards. But the noteworthy thing is that nine of these pieces are headed "A Houdir so Ossin," or "Auctor hujus Ossane McFinn" — The author of this is Ossian. In all there are 732 lines, each headed as the work of Ossian. It must be remarked that none of the Ossianic pieces in the Dean's book are the same as any parts of McPherson's Ossian. Indeed there are marks which distinguish them.

One of these is the frequent reference which they contain to St. Patrick. One of the nine poems is a dialogue between Ossian and St. Patrick, in which Ossian upholds against the Irish Apostle the glory of Fingal and his warrior ife compared with the Christian saints and their heaven. The preservation of these particular poems may have arisen from the priestly character of the collector, which disposed him to value most those Ossianic Poems which contained allusions to the Apostle of Irish Christianity.

The first reflection on the publication of these pieces from the Dean's book is, that it effectually answers Johnson's taunt—"produce one genuine manuscript containing Ossianic poetry." The Doctor had asserted dogmatically that none such existed. Here, however, a century after his time are manuscripts disinterred. It makes that *a priori* probable, of which there is satisfactory evidence *a posteriori*, that McPherson in his travels did obtain sundry ancient manuscripts containing Ossian's Poems, though they have long since disappeared. It proves, moreover, that there existed in the Highlands, three and a half centuries ago, poetry celebrating the same Fingalian heroes, more or less resembling the poems collected by McPherson, and attributed by their collector to Ossian.

But that which gives the Lismore manuscripts their highest import is, that they have come to light in an age more fitted for many reasons to appreciate their true value. Had they been discovered in Johnson's time, prejudice was then so strong that it would probably have swept them, as it did other unpalatable facts, into the dust-bin. But a great change has come over the world since Johnson was laid in his grave. Genuine archæology and comparative philology have risen up, dissipating many prejudices, and opening up undreamt-of horizons into the past.

Linguistic science has shown that Gaelic is not a mere barbarous jargon, but one of the oldest branches of the Aryan or Indo-European family of languages; that it had at a remote period "risen into dialects of high linguistic order," some of which have been made the vehicles of high poetry. It is well known that the Welsh or Cymric dialect of the Celtic family contains very ancient poems of great repute among those who understand them. Why, then, may not the Scoto-Gaelic branch of the same family possess poetic remains at least as valuable?

Again, the supposed improbability of poems having been handed down orally for at least several centuries, entirely disappeared when widening research showed instances in other lands of primitive literature which had been

thus orally preserved. The old Indian Epics are asserted by the best Sanscrit scholars to have been thus handed down for I know not how many centuries before they were committed to writing. Professor Max Müller tells us that among the Finns "Epic songs still live among the poorest, recorded by tradition alone, and preserving all the features of a perfect metre, and of a more ancient language. From the mouths of the aged, an Epic Poem has been collected, equalling the Iliad in length and completeness; nay, if we can forget for a moment all that we in our youth learned to call beautiful—not less beautiful." This Finnish Epic, called Kalewala, will, he says, claim its place as the fifth national Epic of the World, side by side with the Ionian songs, with the Mahábhárata, the Shanámah, and the Niebelungen. If such a poem could be preserved from mythic times by tradition alone, among a people whom we are wont to reckon so poorly gifted as the Finns, are we to deny that the Ossianic Poems could be orally preserved for ages, by a people so quick-witted and so poetically gifted as the Gael?

Thus then we see that before the appearance of the Dean of Lismore's manuscripts, and the light shed by the discoveries of archæology and comparative philology, the two great objections to the authenticity of the Ossianic Poems vanish. The objections, I mean, that no manuscripts existed, and that the oral preservation of such poems was a thing unprecedented and incredible.

Two more links in the third epoch of the question may be mentioned: 1st, the publication of Mr. J. F. Campbell's "Tales of the West Highlands" in 1862. The fourth volume of these tales contains many facts that have a very close bearing on the antiquity of these poems. It is there shown that the repetition of ancient poems, as well as tales belonging to the Ossianic Cycle, was still a not forgotten usage among the poorest people of the outer Isles, when Mr. Campbell visited them, some ten or fifteen years ago, in search of his tales. 2nd. The second link was the appearance of a short work, "Notes on the Authenticity of Ossian's Poems," published anonymously in 1868, and generally attributed to the late Archibald McNeil, Esq. I know no place in which all the chief facts of this long controversy will be found more clearly and consecutively stated than in this short work of seventy-six pages.

On the whole cairn the latest stone has been placed by Mr. Clerk, in the laborious and able work which has furnished the occasion for this paper.

It is prefaced by a very full and candid Dissertation, taking a calm and clear survey of the whole question, and of all the evidence bearing on it. Mr. Clerk pleads for the authenticity of the Gaelic Ossian, and, even his opponents being judges, his pleadings must be allowed to be fair and candid. After the Introduction Mr. Clerk gives the Gaelic of 1807 on one page; on the opposite side a translation into English, strictly literal, simple, in the main elegant and rhythmical, though here and there the rhythm might have been more preserved without sacrificing sense or literal fidelity. At the bottom of the page he gives McPherson's translation, so that at one glance it can be compared with his own. The comparison is most instructive, showing how McPherson worked, shunning difficulties, substituting for definite outlines vague generalities, and wherever the original Gaelic approaches to the meaning of any known poet, adopting into his own translation almost the very words of the said poet. Yet it must be owned that he has framed a style, which, if sometimes wearisome and often tawdry, is oftener still stately, solemn, and mysterious, suiting well the mournful monotone of the Ossianic wail.

With regard to the places where McPherson has most signally missed the meaning of the original, these especially occur in passages describing aspects of the sea. The best Gaelic scholars say that in these he fails egregiously. The original Gaelic is especially graphic and true in its delineations of storms, waves, clouds, and

lights breaking on the sea, showing that whoever the primitive poet may have been, he was one who lived on the western mainland, or among the islands, and was conversant with all their changeful imagery. The Badenoch man and his Badenoch acquaintances, belonging to the most central region of Scotland, and unfamiliar with the appearances and the language of the sea, fails conspicuously whenever these have to be rendered,—a fact this not to be lost sight of in judging whether McPherson had any claim to the authorship of the Poems.

And now to come to the main question of all, Was the Gaelic version of 1807 a translation from the English, or was it the original of which the English of McPherson was the translation? This is a question of which none but very perfect Gaelic scholars can form an opinion worth attending to. For my own part, I may say, that having worked my way with a dictionary and other helps through a considerable portion of the Gaelic, the longer I read, the more I was impressed with the primitive character of the thoughts and descriptions, and here and there with certain archaisms of diction. But to turn to the opinion of those whose knowledge of Gaelic entitles them to speak. Mr. Skene says, "To any one capable, from a knowledge of Gaelic, of judging, the theory of the Gaelic being translated from the English seems almost impossible, and it is difficult to acquiesce in it." Again, Mr. Clerk says, "Whether these Poems were composed by McPherson or McFingal, one thing is beyond all doubt or dispute to any rational man who understands both the Gaelic and the English languages—that is, that the Gaelic is the original, and the English the translation. There is a living freshness, a richness, a minuteness of colouring and detail in the similes of the Gaelic, of which not a trace remains in the indefinite, hazy generalities of McPherson's translation, and which could not, by any law of thought, be learned from it. It would be as possible to construct Homer from Pope's translation, as Ossian from McPherson's. . . . . I must be allowed to enter a protest against the utter unreasonableness of any one who does not understand Gaelic, pronouncing a verdict on this question. What would be thought of a critic dogmatizing on the genuineness and merits of the Homeric Poems, who knew them only through Pope's translation, and did not understand a word of Greek? Yet Pope's translation is truer to Homer than McPherson's is to Ossian."

This protest against critics ignorant of Gaelic dogmatizing on the Gaelic version is, I think, entirely reasonable. The question must be left to Gaelic scholars to decide, and from these merely English-speaking men must take their opinion at second hand.

It may be said that all who have known Gaelic from their childhood, or have taken the trouble afterwards to learn it, are necessarily prejudiced in favour of Ossian. It may be so. Still theirs is the best evidence to be had—indeed, the only competent evidence. And the best Gaelic scholars are agreed that the Gaelic, and not the English, is the original.

It may be asked, how it comes, if the Poems are even 500 years old, that the language differs so little from that spoken now in the Highlands, that the poems are still easily understood? Archaisms, it is said, occur in the poems, but these are not numerous. But this is easily accounted for, by two considerations.

1st. It is known that Gaelic has not changed from what it was 500 years since in anything like the same proportion as English has done within the same space of time. 2nd. It is natural to suppose that the bards and reciters of each generation gradually dropped words, phrases, and even descriptions of usages, which had become obsolete and unintelligible, and substituted for them words and expressions which were "understanded of the people." Again, the Gaelic version has a very peculiar rhythm of its own, unlike that of modern Gaelic poetry—a rhythm still preserved in many of the lines, though

in a good many it has been corrupted, and broken up. A discerning critic has recently noted that often the lines are too long, but that this can be accounted for by supposing that as the ancient Gaelic inflexions became obsolete, their place was supplied by auxiliaries and prepositions. Sometimes, again, the lines are too short. This may have happened, says the same critic, from "the loss of syllables by aspiration, a linguistic disease to which all the Celtic dialects are liable, and which has made extraordinary ravages in Scottish Gaelic." Still the peculiar flow is quite easily recognized by the trained Gaelic ear, and I have been informed by a highly educated Gael, who is known for his poetic skill both in English and Gaelic, that he has often tried to reproduce this characteristic chime in his own Gaelic poetic efforts, and found himself quite unable to catch it.

On the whole the conclusion to which I incline with regard to the Gaelic version is nearly the same as that advocated by Mr. Skene.

There cannot be a doubt in any candid mind examining the evidence, that McPherson did return from the West Highlands to Badenoch, bringing with him some considerable amount of ancient MS. poetry, as also large quantities of poetry taken down from recitations.

On his return to Badenoch, he set to work, with the help of his friends Strathmashie, Captain Morrison, and perhaps Mr. Gallie, copying out his stores, comparing the several versions he had got, piecing them together, dovetailing and manipulating them, till he wrought them into the shape in which they now stand in the Gaelic version.

Whether McPherson added any connecting passages of his own, and to what extent he may have done this, I cannot pretend to judge. It is a question which, if soluble at all, can only be determined by a much closer and more searching philological examination of the Gaelic version than it has yet received, or perhaps is likely to receive. On this point, however, I think Mr. Clerk's remarks are reasonable. "It is probable," he says, "he has given the minor poems exactly as he found them. He may have made considerable changes in the larger ones, in giving them their present shape, although I do not believe that he or any of his assistants added much in the way of connecting links. For any attentive reader will see that the various episodes are generally introduced with a startling abruptness, rendering it difficult to see a connection between them and the context." And in the Gaelic this abruptness is much more perceptible than in the English, where McPherson has done his best to adapt them to the place they occupy.

As to the Epics he pretended to have found, this dream of an Epic was evidently floating in his brain from the first, as may be seen in the preface to the "Fragments" of 1760. If he had never applied the word to his gleanings, he would not have aroused half so much incredulity. It is even now a question unsettled in literature whether the regular Epic, with formal plan—beginning, middle, and end—ever has been or can be the natural growth of a primitive and unliterary age. To suppose that such regularly-fashioned Poems had existed in the Highlands from the third or fourth century was more than could be believed. But though no formal Epic, it is likely enough that one or more long poems, consisting of several hundred lines, bearing on Fingal's expedition to Ireland, may have been found entire by McPherson. These having been attached to another poem or other poems about Cuthullin, the Irish chief, and these two distinct poems having been welded together, and plentiful episodes, themselves complete poems, having been rammed in every here and there, it is easy to see how a poem long enough to be called an Epic could be rolled out. In some such way it seems probable that McPherson went to work in putting together his "Fingal, an Epic in Six Books."

The main objection to the theory that the Gaelic version was put together

in Badenoch from MSS. and the oral recitations, is the shortness of the time for such a work. If McPherson returned from his tour in October, he went to Edinburgh in January. Three months at most, probably not more than two, were all the time that this theory allows for the copying out, arranging, and piecing together the Gaelic originals—a brief space, it must be owned, for so great a labour. Still, it is possible it might, by an ardent worker, have been overtaken within that time. And if so, this theory affords the most probable solution of the question as to the composition of the Gaelic version which was published by the Highland Society of London. But whatever may be the true theory as to how it assumed its present shape, I must conclude by stating, that the longer I have studied the question, the more I have been convinced that McPherson was a translator, not an author; that he found, and did not create his materials; that all the more important part of his Ossian is ancient, and had long existed in the Highlands, and that at the time he undertook his collection, the Highlands were a quarry out of which many more Ossianic blocks and fragments might have been dug.

Here, had space allowed, I should fain have turned aside to consider the claim which Ireland puts in to be the true cradle of the Ossianic tradition and poetry. But on a large question like this it is better not to enter at all, than to merely graze the surface. Ireland, as is well known, is full of Ossianic legends. It possesses too, I believe, some Ossianic poems in MS. There are to be found in the Book of Leinster two poems of "Oisin" which the late Prof. O'Curry asserted can be positively traced back as far as the twelfth century. But no one, as far as I know, ever heard of the Irish Ossianic poetry, till McPherson had made his collection in the Highlands of Scotland. Ireland then took up the business, and sundry ancient poems, purporting to be by Ossian, have been since published there. This shows that the Fingalian legends were widely disseminated, and were probably more or less common property among the Gaelic branches of the Celtic race. And any one seeking to investigate the origin of these legends, of the poems and tales in which they are embodied, must take full account of this fact of their wide diffusion. In doing so, however, he must look for help in the right direction. The Saturday Reviewer makes an unfortunate hit, when, in his attempt to disparage Mr. Clerk's dissertation, he expresses his surprise that it contains "no reference to the revelations of Reeves, Heathorn Todd, and other Celtic antiquaries." It certainly does contain no reference to these eminent authors, for the very sufficient reason that they have confined themselves to investigating the early history of the Celtic Church, and have never touched on the subject of Ossian and the native poetry of the Celtic races. Those who wish to see what can be said for the respective claims of Scotland and Ireland to be the cradle of Ossian and his songs should turn, not to Messrs. Reeves or Todd, but to Mr. Shene, and to the late Professor O'Curry. The former in his preface, so often already spoken of, sets forth with his usual learning the Scottish side of the question, while the late Professor O'Curry in his invaluable lectures on the MS. materials of ancient Irish history, and the volumes issued by the Irish Ossianic Society, as ably represents the Irish claim.

The thing now to be desired is, that some thoroughly equipped scholar should undertake a critical and philological investigation into the language, customs, facts or myths embodied in these poems, and in the whole Fingalian Cycle. Who, or what were the Finns or Fingalians, whose memories have left their impress on almost every glen and mountain of the Highlands, and of Ireland, —when they lived, or whether they ever lived at all—how the legends about them grew and sunk so deeply into the imagination of the Gael: these are among the most interesting of outstanding archæological problems. They are not the less interesting and provocative of

curiosity, if after the keenest inquiry they prove to be insoluble. The work which Mr. Clerk has done, though it does not attempt to settle these questions, has for the first time put the student in possession of the necessary materials, faithfully translated and illustrated, and thus has cleared the ground for farther investigation. If Mr. Clerk could be induced to arrange and translate all the Ossianic fragments which may have been collected before McPherson's time, such as those he mentions as published by Jerome Stone, and also all the genuine Ossianic fragments which have been gathered since McPherson's time, he would make all students of Celtic literature still further his debtors, and open another access towards the solution of the questions I have spoken of. As it is, I feel that some apology is due to him for having dealt with his present work so entirely in the light of the "authenticity" question, and having said no word as to the nature of the Ossianic poetry, and the light his translation throws on it. But that is a subject not to be dismissed in a few brief sentences, and if dealt with at all, it must be left for another time, and a more fitting treatment.

THE MANGO-TREE.

He wiled me through the furzy croft;
  He wiled me down the sandy lane.
He told his boy's love, soft and oft,
  Until I told him mine again.

We married, and we sailed the main;
  A soldier, and a soldier's wife.
We marched through many a burning plain;
  We sighed for many a gallant life.

But his—God kept it safe from harm.
  He toiled, and dared, and earned command.
And those three stripes upon his arm
  Were more to me than gold or land.

Sure he would win some great renown:
  Our lives were strong, our hearts were high.
One night the fever struck him down.
  I sat, and stared, and saw him die.

I had his children—one, two, three.
  One week I had them, blithe and sound.
The next—beneath this mango-tree,
  By him in barrack burying-ground.

I sit beneath the mango-shade;
  I live my five years' life all o'er—
Round yonder stems his children played;
  He mounted guard at yonder door.

'Tis I, not they, am gone and dead.
  They live; they know; they feel; they see.
Their spirits light the golden shade
  Beneath the giant mango-tree.

All things, save I, are full of life:
  The minas, pluming velvet breasts;
The monkeys, in their foolish strife;
  The swooping hawks, the swinging nests.

The lizards basking on the soil,
  The butterflies who sun their wings;
The bees about their household toil,
  They live, they love, the blissful things.

Each tender purple mango-shoot,
  That folds and droops so bashful down;
It lives; it sucks some hidden root;
  It rears at last a broad green crown.

It blossoms; and the children cry—
  "Watch when the mango-apples fall."
It lives: but rootless, fruitless, I—
  I breathe and dream;—and that is all.

Thus am I dead: yet cannot die:
  But still within my foolish brain
There hangs a pale blue evening sky;
  A furzy croft; a sandy lane.

C. KINGSLEY.

LETTERS BY MENDELSSOHN.

THE following translations of some letters which have only very recently been published in Germany for the benefit of a charitable institution,[1] will be received with interest by the English admirers of Mendelssohn. How it came to pass that they were not included in the two volumes published by the Family it is difficult to understand, unless their slightness formed the reason of their rejection. The letters, however, though slight, are by no means without value. They are full of the grace and charm, and the love of life, which pervade everything he wrote, and of the humour which is hardly less his characteristic, and which here displays itself in the allusions to the squabbles that interfered so seriously with his comfort at Düsseldorf, and finally[2] drove him away from that city, and in many an amusing and clever touch on other subjects. But apart from these qualities, the references to his symphony in C minor—confirming the date of that composition to about 1824—to the Hebrides overture, and others of his own compositions, to his method of performing Handel, to the works of Beethoven and Bach—are all of value.

One point there is which distinguishes these letters from every one of those previously published—the mention they contain of the name of Mendelssohn's illustrious friend and compeer, Robert Schumann. It has often been remarked as more than strange that notwithstanding the close friendship so well known to have existed between these great masters, the two published volumes of Mendelssohn's letters should contain only one allusion, and that of the slightest kind, to Schumann. "Schumann and his wife . . . . . are to be the teachers at first," is his only reference to two people who are known to have been among his most intimate friends. It is therefore very gratifying to find in these letters a few more appropriate references, especially the graceful and characteristic one which forms the point of the last. Some day perhaps some more letters will come to light, which will speak, in fitting terms, of Jenny Lind, Joachim, Bennett, and many another dear friend of Mendelssohn's, whom he loved not less than Schumann, and who have suffered a like temporary eclipse.

The Letters are addressed to Mrs. Voigt, a well-known amateur at Leipzig.

DÜSSELDORF,
19th Nov., 1834.

Forgive my delay in answering your kind note: musical business, chiefly of a tedious and disagreeable nature, has hindered me day after day. I now hasten to write and say how much I thank you for your kind recollection of me. My address is simply "Düsseldorf," as I am well known at the Post Office through many a letter. I am sorry your note was so short, merely asking for my address, and then ending by saying that you are silent about Leipzig music because you do not wish to give me a moment's uneasiness. But I can't understand your being unable to find anything worth telling, for you must know how full of interest all your descriptions are to me.

I could give you such an account of this "Rhine-Athens," as the Rhine-Athenians themselves call it (Düsseldorf,

[1] "Acht Briefe und ein Facsimile von Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Zum besten der deutschen Invalidenstiftung." Leipzig: Grunow, 1871.

[2] He entered on his duties as musical director at Düsseldorf in 1833, and remained in that post till the summer of 1835. On the 4th of October of that year he conducted his first concert in the Gewandhaus at Leipzig.

to wit), this pattern of a provincial town, where, when the orchestra is not drunk or fighting, its performance is below mediocrity! I am everlastingly exhorting the players to be sober and peaceable, to keep time and play *piano;* but, like other preachers, I am unheeded, and they go on pitching into each other and the notes most unmercifully.

But writing from Leipzig, which gives the very key-note to music, and is so full of all that is good and new in the art—with its Thomas School, its Concerts, and its Opera—you must have much that is interesting to tell me.

So I hope you will soon favour me with a few lines, and not deprive me long of so great a pleasure. You cannot be wanting in matter (as I have already said) to reintroduce a young recluse into the world of art.

I have written to Hofrath Rochlitz, and only beg my kind regards to him and to your husband, and remain yours truly,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

DÜSSELDORF,
10*th Jan.*, 1835.

My best thanks for your kind note; the day before I received it I had seen the death of your friend[1] in the newspaper, and I felt how great his loss would be to you. One hardly knows whether to grieve or rejoice at having renewed acquaintance with one so near his departure; but I shall be very glad to look over some of his compositions, which you kindly propose to send me, especially as you say that he wished me to see them. I have always heard of him as one of the cleverest musicians at Leipzig, and in the present sad dearth of music it is a twofold sorrow to every musician when the best are taken from us.

Many thanks for your interesting account of the music at Leipzig; you seem to be very full of life and spirit, but it surprises me much to hear of my Overture in B minor[1] being taken faster at the end than at the beginning, I suppose you mean after the *animato?* If so, I shall certainly adopt Sebastian Bach's practice, who hardly ever marked even a *piano* or *forte* on his music. I thought a *più stretto* would hardly do well, as I referred rather to an increase of spirit, which I did not know how to indicate except by *animato.*

But have you seen the two-hand arrangement of this Overture? I heard it yesterday to my great consternation: had it been played to me in this shape without its being my own, I should have scolded at the composer like any reed-sparrow;—the bass on the last page is as lame and tedious as the veriest "Murki."

By-the-bye, can you tell me of anything pretty and new for the piano, with or without accompaniment? You are at the fountain-head at Leipzig. I have lately seen a new book of *Lieder* ("*Der Bergmann*") by Loewe, a Fantasia on "Robert le Diable" by Chopin, and some *Lieder* by Hiller, but I cared for none of them. I look forward to receiving Schunke's pieces, and am longing for something new and good to learn.—Of Beethoven's violin Sonatas, the one in C minor is my favourite, and seems to me to stand far above all the others. There is a go about the end of the first movement, greater than anything of his I know, except perhaps the end of the first movement of the ninth symphony, which certainly has more go than anything else in the world. I also delight not a little in the theme of the last movement, especially where it comes in at the end just before the *presto.*

Do you never play the Sonatas for Piano and Violin by Bach, your ancient "Cantor?" the one in A major[2] for in-

[1] Ludwig Schunke, a pianist and composer of much promise. He was associated with Schumann in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and died on December 7, 1834, at the age of 24.

[1] This is the well-known overture called the "Hebrides," or "Fingal's Cave," written at Rome, in 1830, and first played at the Philharmonic Concert of May 14, 1832.

[2] An old favourite. He refers to it in his letter of December 20, 1831, as having heard it, when a boy, played by Baillot and Madame Bigot.

stance, and another in E major and in F minor, which any one might be proud of? I wish you could have heard my friend Ritz[1] play the opening of the one in E; that was indeed fine music; but he too is gone long ago; and it will be a long time before we hear such tone as his again.

And now farewell; write when you can, and gratify yours truly,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

DÜSSELDORF,
15th March, '35.

I beg your pardon a hundred times for not having sooner thanked you for what you sent me. "Torments of all kinds"[2]—in other words, business of all kinds—take up my whole time. Pardon me, and accept these very tardy thanks. What you sent has given me the great pleasure of a new musical acquaintance, though alas! too late. I like the Sonata best, it is the most in earnest, and most natural, especially the first movement and the Andante, more so than the Scherzo and the last movement, in which I recognize the pianoforte player who wrote the variations in A flat, and which for other reasons I do not care for. But in the four-hand pieces there is much to like, and I can imagine how interesting it must have been to hear them all fresh from the pen of the composer,[3] and can understand how much fine promise has been cut off by his death!

Will you please thank Mr. Schumann most heartily for his kind present, and the kind words he has added to it? I wish I could spend a couple of days in Leipzig, just to tell him how much there is in it which finds me and pleases me, though not all; and I am pretty sure, if I could only explain what I mean, that he would come round to my opinion. One of my favourites is No. 11 in F minor.[1] Once more please to thank him and tell him how much pleasure he has given me.

What else have you heard this winter that is good and new? I live here like La Fontaine's rat when he retired into the big cheese. I see people when I dine; and at other times I ride, walk, and write my Oratorio,[2] which, please God, will be finished in a few weeks; but of the world outside I hear nothing. I shall conduct the Cologne Musical Festival at Whitsuntide, and then travel about for a couple of months, though I hardly know where. I have some fancy for England, still more for Switzerland, and unfortunately yesterday a friend wrote and asked me to go to Spain with him, and the very name sets me longing. But it's a long way off, and I daresay the music in Spain is just as little worth hearing as in Düsseldorf. Next week Bernhard Romberg is coming to give a concert; and then Mdlle. Thémar, a Brussels pianist; and last week a Mr. Lewy was here with his chromatic horn, playing F♯ major, C♯ major, and B minor, in such a style, with such scales and sostenuto notes, as made everybody breathless—even the performer himself. Then we had a blind flute-player; and the day before yesterday the whole of the Messiah was sung by amateurs, amidst fearful discussions and disagreements (but no blows).

On reading your letter over again I see that Mr. Schumann asks for an account of the music in this place.[3] Immermann would be the last man to give it, as he hates music, and never hears or wishes to hear any. And I am the last but one, for I should take a fortnight to write my letter, and then (if I thought it were going to be printed), when I came to the end should scratch out the beginning. But there is a musical

[1] Eduard Ritz, one of his earliest and dearest friends. He died in January 1832; the news reached Mendelssohn in Paris, and distressed him exceedingly. "It is the hardest blow that has yet fallen on me, and I shall never forget it." (Letter, Feb. 4, 1832.)

[2] "Martern aller Arten."

[3] Ludwig Schunke.

[1] This doubtless refers to "Estrella," in Schumann's "Carneval."

[2] St. Paul was first performed at the Festival at Düsseldorf, on May 22, 1836.

[3] No doubt for his new musical paper, the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, which was then in the first year of its existence.

man at Cologne, Dr. Becher, who could do it well and readably, and if Mr. Schumann wishes I will undertake to speak to him on the subject. Please let me know.

But now the blank page of your album lies before me, seeming to stare me in the face. I played a little piece on the piano last night in F♯ minor,[1] I will write it down, and you must forgive me if I have to scratch out, or if it should turn out good for nothing. I always like my own pieces, and I want to send you a new thing, never written down before. So be merciful, and keep well and happy, and let me have the pleasure of an answer soon.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

Though much pressed by work and business, I despatch these few lines in answer to your kind letter. I would willingly have sent a song as requested, and am sorry to forego the pleasure of helping such a man as you describe Mr. Ulrich to be; but I have nothing ready which would do for a concert. I am really quite sorry to hear that my symphony in C minor is to be given at his concert, for it is more than ten years old, and does not at all rank with my present things. You will do me a kindness if you can prevent its being done; or if not, pray manage to let your friends know that the symphony is Op. 11—that is, that it was written by a boy scarcely fifteen—that it has been for six years at the publisher's, and was performed at the Leipzig concerts more than seven years[2] ago. I should be glad if you could contrive to let the public know this before the performance, because the work seems to me quite childish.

It would be very nice and amiable of you to come to the Festival; I believe it will be an extraordinarily good one; but I am sorry that I shall have to give up the pleasure of going with you afterwards to Switzerland, as my engagements will keep me here at least till July, and perhaps longer,—indeed I grieve to think that possibly I may not be able to travel at all. You would never regret making a trip to Cologne for the festival. Handel[1] in his original shape, with organ all through, three trumpets, and drums, as well as the new Cherubini—these are surely inducements enough for a journey.

I can't agree with you that there are many parts in Bach's Sonatas which might have been composed in the present day. Pray by whom?

And now farewell; excuse my hurry, and this letter scarcely to be called a letter.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

DÜSSELDORF,
10th April, '35.

DÜSSELDORF,
17th July, '35.

I should have thanked you long ago for your kind note, and feel honoured and pleased with the poem which you send me; but I have been hindered from writing by much unexpected sorrow. You know that my parents accompanied me here from Cologne, and we were living together so happily, making excursions in the neighbourhood. Everything seemed to promise an enjoyable summer; when my mother was taken dangerously ill, partly from the upsetting of the carriage in one of our country drives, and partly from

[1] This was the "Gondellied," which appears, with some alterations, as No. 6 in the second book of "Songs without Words."

[2] He might have added that it was played at the Philharmonic, in London, under his own direction, on the 25th May, 1829—during his first visit to London. The above is not a bad specimen of the stern judgment which he passed upon his own compositions; but the verdict will be endorsed by no one who knows the symphony, which is not only a truly remarkable work for a lad of fifteen, but one of which many older composers might be proud.

[1] "Solomon" was the oratorio performed at this Festival. Mendelssohn wrote a complete organ part for it, "in the manner in which he thought it ought to be played" (Letter, April 3, 1835). The "new Cherubini" was an unpublished Hymn, the title of which is not to be found.

exertions to which she is not accustomed. At first we feared the worst, but now, thank God, she is better, and indeed so far recovered that we begin to look forward to leaving this place. Of course we shall take the most direct road to Berlin, and travel by easy stages; and I shall go with them, so as to make sure of their safe arrival, and look after them carefully on the journey. You may imagine what an anxious time I have had, and I am sure you will excuse me for not having been able to thank you for your note and the poem until this very day. I hall hope soon to repeat all this by word of mouth, for Herr Dörrien tells me that I must be in Leipzig at least four weeks before the first concert; so you will see me about the end of next month.

Of course I have written no music lately, beyond doing a little here and there to my Oratorio, and these lines will show you that letter-writing suits me no better: still less as I look forward to seeing you so soon, and saying everything so much better than I can write it. Till then therefore farewell. Best regards and many thanks to you both for all your kindness at the Festival. Should you have anything to communicate to me before I get to Leipzig, please to direct to Herr A. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Berlin. Hoping to see you again in a fortnight, yours truly,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

How kind and thoughtful of you to surprise us[1] again this morning, with your beautiful basket of apples; their fragrance fills the whole room. A thousand thanks to you and your husband for so kindly thinking of us and remembering how fond we are of such delicious fruit. I envy Mr. Voigt when I look at them; when can Donizetti or Pacini[2] send their friends such dainty things? Nothing but songs—often tasteless enough, and with maggots inside—instead of nice fragrant apples. Again a thousand thanks from myself and my wife; to-day or to-morrow I shall hope to repeat them verbally. Yours ever truly,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

LEIPZIG,
8th Nov., 1838.

[1] He had been married in the interval between this letter and the one before it in April, 1837.

[2] The apples were the gift of a friend from Italy.

HORCHHEIM, NEAR COBLENZ,
6th Aug., 1839.

I heard this morning from a friend in Leipzig that you were so unwell as to be obliged to go to a watering place, so I hardly know where this letter will find you; but I cannot forbear writing to say how much the unexpected news of your illness has pained me, and how heartily I hope that you will soon be well again. A few days ago I was at Ems, and when I saw the visitors pacing up and down, I thought how tedious it must be to anybody with an active mind to have to stay there. Yet people are satisfied if they can thus purchase health; and I feel sure that, disagreeable as your present residence must be, if it brings you health and strength you will not regret its tedium. Are you able to play the piano at all? If not, I know what a deprivation that must be. Yet, during a "cure," it may be wiser to forego the pleasure for a time, as it might be injurious to get too much engrossed about anything. I suppose this is why there are so many parties and conversaziones at watering-places, because such talking requires so little thought and feeling; the weather plays the great part.

Apropos to which, do you ever remember a more uninterruptedly beautiful summer? I hope you can enjoy these lovely days and evenings in the open air. We made excursions for two months, walking and driving in the lovely country round Frankfort, and now again here on the Rhine. The woods near Frankfort and the hills here could tell many a tale about us. It is time now to think of leaving, and we intend only

to make a short stay at Bingen and Frankfort, and be back in Leipzig in about a fortnight. I have undertaken to conduct a Festival at Brunswick in the beginning of September, but with all the pleasure and honour of the thing I am sorry for it, as it obliges me to shorten my visit here. To leave the Rhine in the beautiful summer months and go northwards is never to my taste (in every sense of the word, because the fruit and grapes are so good). I believe that Providence has created the musicians of this country as an antidote to its attractions—they certainly do not enhance them. I feel quite at home and happy when I meet some of our North German musicians, and am no longer worried with jealousies and bickerings, and back-bitings and antediluvian gossip.

A thoroughly honest musician—like Klengel for instance—is not to be found in any orchestra here, and when autumn comes I begin to long terribly for Leipzig music. I hope David will stay there. I have heard a good deal lately about his settling in England, and some of my English friends wrote to me, expecting me to share their wishes about keeping him there, but I am far from being so unselfish, and shall, on the contrary, do all I can to make him stay with us.

I have lately been writing all sorts of new things, which I hope soon to play to you—a trio[1] for piano, violin, and cello—a book of four part songs for the open air—a Psalm[2]—some Fugues, *et cætera animalia.* I meant to do much more during the summer, but the walks, and the baths, and the *dolce far niente,* do not forward one's work!

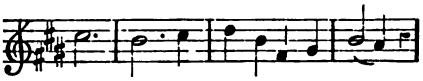
Now, I have chatted long enough, perhaps too long for you; but these few lines may amuse you when you are tired, so let them go. May they find you convalescent and happy. With kind regards to your dear husband and little Ottilie, I am ever yours truly,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

[1] The D minor trio, No. 1.

[2] Psalm cxiv., "When Israel out of Egypt came."

The last letter of this set cannot be given here entire. It is dated "Leipzig, 19th October, 1846," and consists—evidently in allusion to a similar gift to that which called forth No. 6—of a pen-and-ink sketch of a basket of apples and grapes, followed by a quotation (easy to recognize, though it is not quite literal) from one of the pieces in Schumann's "Album für die Jugend." The words are Mendelssohn's own:—



Such is the constant cry of the whole family of

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

SOUVENIRS OF THE CAMPAIGN OF THE LOIRE.

BY GABRIEL MONOD,

Of the 11th ambulance (bis) of the Paris "Société Internationale de secours aux blessés."

II.

When from the German army we turn to the French one, we encounter an entirely different spectacle and entirely different people. We have, unfortunately, no longer to be on our guard against any exaggerated *prestige;* for our misfortunes have brought into relief all the natural defects of the army and the nation. On the contrary, it is necessary to beware lest our disasters should make us unjust to ourselves by attributing to individuals that which is rather the result of the unfortunate circumstances of the case.

To form a judgment on the French army it is not necessary to make any distinction between the troops which served before Sedan and those which were raised afterwards. In both I have found very much the same qualities—good and bad. But a strong distinction must be drawn between the different corps of the army. The French army never possessed the same homogeneity, the same unity of spirit, or the same uniform *morale* as the German army. I have spoken of the differences which arose from the various nationalities of the Germans, and it was easy to observe that the morality of the artillery and the cavalry (both *corps d'élite*) was superior to that of the infantry, which was less select; but in the French army these differences were much more strongly marked.

In the first place, it is necessary to put aside all the foreign troops, such as the Spahis and the Turcos, whose presence on European soil gave just offence to our adversaries. Not that they were the savage beasts which one often heard them called. Arabs are mild and patient, and very grateful for benefits rendered them; and in hospital they are model patients. But their primitive nature knows no bounds either in love or hate. The limits which civilization imposes even on warfare have no existence for them. Once started they lose all control of themselves, and are capable of every conceivable violence and cruelty. I was assured that at Woerth one of them cut the throat of a German doctor who was attending him. To these people it is truly a pleasure to fight and to kill; and nothing but the fear of punishment can curb their love of plunder, riot, and revenge.

The Zouaves are in some respects better, in some worse than the Turcos. The corps is essentially an imaginative one, and exhibits to excess both the good and bad qualities of the lowest classes of Paris—disregard of danger or death, gaiety in the midst of privations, bravery under fire, fury in attack, an astonishing amount of resource under the greatest difficulties, occasional generosity, and very spontaneous emotion, but also an utter indifference to *meum* and *tuum*, and frightful immorality, with no gravity and reflection, or any manliness of thought and sentiment. In short, the Zouaves are *gamins* spoiled instead of matured by age. To the enemy they were as formidable as the Turcos, but then their own side could not count on them so much. Like the Turcos, they were admirable soldiers at the outset; but defeat soon completely demoralized them, and changed them into a set of drunken plunderers who did more harm to the French peasants than to the Prussians.

It was quite different, however, with the regular troops of the line, and the *corps d'élite* of the *chasseurs à pied*, who

carried to a still greater degree the good qualities of the line. These corps formed the kernel of our old army, and contained a large number of what they themselves have well called "*les vrais Français de France.*" "Had we been victorious" (I have heard them say), "the Zouaves and Turcos would have behaved much worse than the Prussians, but not so the *real Frenchmen.*" Though ignorant, vain, and unstable, like the entire French people, they compensated for those defects by great and original ability, much goodness of heart, natural and simple courage, great evenness of temper, and a certain cordial, humane, frank temper, which was sure at once to enlist one's sympathy. I am here speaking of the young linesman who has not yet learned to look on soldiering as a trade, or sunk into the regular garrison life. With all his *bonhomie*, the old linesman is not a very desirable creature. A bachelor by necessity, he has all the vices of celibacy, especially laziness and selfishness; but among the younger men, on the other hand, one often finds the family affections largely developed, with a certain simplicity which makes them very amenable to good feeling. But the development of these good qualities is too often ruined by the ignorance of the soldier.

The cavalry exhibit much the same characteristics, though rather more free and easy, more self-conscious, and less genuine and natural. The mounted soldier thinks a good deal of himself, and is always more or less showing off. He has more dignity, and, on the whole, his conduct is better than that of the infantry of the line. However, it is not necessary to say anything about the bravery or good looks of our *chasseurs à cheval*, or the weight of our cuirassiers, or the dignity of our dragoons. They fought bravely throughout, and I must leave it to technical soldiers to specify the drawbacks in their number or their military education which caused them to be of so little use in the present war.

It is the artillery which constitutes the glory of our army, from the character of the men which compose the corps. It really seems as if their weapons imparted to them something of their own strength and solidity, and a certain confidence which allows them to be gentle.

Our artillerymen did their duty to the very end, without exhibiting any demoralization, which might naturally have been expected from defeat and from the inferiority of their guns. And after the armistice, when the soldiers returned to the depôts, dirty and ragged and crestfallen, the artillerymen managed still to preserve their old good order and their quiet and soldier-like appearance.

So far I have described the older portions of the army. As the war went on, and disasters increased, they were joined by fresh bodies. Foremost amongst these were the marines (*infanterie de marine*), who did so well at Mousson and Sedan. It was their first appearance in a European war, and their reputation was not good, owing probably to the excesses which are too often permitted in wars with the uncivilized nations of Asia and Africa. I fancy also that the discipline of the marines was rather lax in the matter of pillage; but however this may have been, when they came into action there was no sign of disorder or cowardice. They fought like heroes, as the remains of Bazeilles can testify. Those with whom I came into contact were far superior to the soldiers of the line, both in spirit and character. A life of travel, while it had increased their intelligence, had swept away many prejudices, and at a distance from home they had often arrived at a better judgment than those who had never quitted their native country, and in consequence comprehended more clearly the cause for which they were laying down their lives.

The turn of the Garde Mobile came later, at the siege of Paris and on the Loire. Such young recruits, ignorant even of the manual exercise, cannot well be spoken of as soldiers. Some of the battalions, such as the Sarthe, Bretagne, Loir et Cher, Dordogne, l'Isère, and Haut-Rhin, fought to admiration, and astonished even old soldiers by their courage. Many of the Mobiles were young men in

easy circumstances, who knew what they were fighting for, and therefore fought well; but the greater number were mere peasants or labourers who came straight from the plough and the factory, and who, having been formerly exempt from service, submitted with a very bad grace to the new law, found great difficulty in supporting the hardships of the campaign, and the severe winter; and, in fact, were incapable of standing before disciplined troops and formidable artillery. Moreover their ignorance and want of interest in all political or patriotic questions, and of anything like elevation of sentiment, was to their disadvantage. Not that they were bad or profligate, for the family and social affections were usually strongly developed in them; but drunkenness, and a general French laxity of morals, were almost as common amongst the Mobiles as in the Line. Doubtless on many occasions they did things worthy of great praise; but as a whole, the corps did not come up to what might have been expected from it as the representative of the nation at large.

In fact, during the whole campaign of the Loire, the Pontifical Zouaves and the sailors can alone be said to have conducted themselves *sans peur et sans reproche.* The former were recruited almost entirely from noble or clerical families, or from the religious departments in the West of France, and they showed thoroughly well what men can do when acting under a real conviction. As Royalists they had retained the memory of the ancient monarchy with the idea and the love of country, while as Catholics they saw with accuracy that the defeat of France would be the ruin of their religion. They fought throughout absolutely against hope, but yet without ever hesitating, because they fought in faith, and were simple and chivalric enough to believe that the good cause would triumph in the end.

The sailors (*marins*), on the other hand, who arrived from the fleet in autumn, furnished Paris with its best artillerymen, and the Army of the Loire with its best infantry. Officered by a body of men of exceptional intelligence and devotion; acting under an iron discipline, and accustomed to face danger and death without hesitation, they exhibited a modesty, devotion, and loyalty characteristic of maritime people, and were the admiration of all for their undemonstrative and indomitable courage.

Of the mobilized forces I shall say nothing. They did not make their appearance until quite the end of the war, and with very little credit to themselves; and in fact were only an inferior edition of the Garde Mobile. But it would be unjust to close my review without a special mention of the Franc-tireurs—a small irregular corps, who carried on a guerilla warfare independently of the army. It is ridiculous to blame the existence of such corps on the ground of morality. When a country is overwhelmed as France was, it is perfectly natural for every able-bodied man to seize his musket and do all in his power to injure the enemy by cutting off convoys, or killing scouts, without waiting for the orders of general or colonel; and, in such cases, not a tree or a rock but will have its Franc-tireur on the look-out for the invader. When a large number of determined men thus become guerillas, the invading army is necessarily impeded, and even paralysed, as was the case with the French army in Spain under Napoleon I. It is all very well for the Germans to indulge in virtuous denunciations of the Franc-tireurs, and to call them assassins; but they do not really believe a word of what they say. They must know that their own immortal war of 1813 was, to a great extent, a war of Franc-tireurs; and they are as eager as we are in their admiration of Major Schill, the noble Hofer, and the heroic Körner, who were in fact neither more nor less than Franc-tireurs. But while I do not agree with those who thus condemn the Franc-tireurs and ambush-fighting, I cannot any the more agree with those who wonder that the Prussians should have shot them down. It was impossible for the Prussians to recognize them as belligerents, and for

their own safety it was necessary to adopt the sternest measures against them; they had as much right to shoot them down as the Franc-tireurs had to shoot their prisoners; the only mitigation of these extremities was furnished by the natural impossibility of carrying them out as each side made, or was made, prisoners in turn. In fact the Prussians never applied the full rigour of the laws of war to the Franc-tireurs when they fought in the open field. To my mind it was a great mistake either to create or to maintain the corps; and the Government showed that they were of that opinion by endeavouring, when too late, to incorporate it into the regular army.

The French are too gentle by nature to allow of their prosecuting a guerilla warfare efficiently. To the Prussians severe military rule is easy; but there are few Frenchmen who can kill without pity, or die without regret. In addition to this, I hold that partisan warfare should be carried on by volunteers armed at their own cost, able to handle arms and to ride; and above all things, fighting in their own district, where every road and path and cover is familiar to them. But far from this, the Franc-tireurs were equipped by the municipalities, and were sent into parts of the country of which they knew nothing. The majority of them were merely anxious to get rid of all discipline, of the hardships of living in the open air, and of the dangers of real fighting. Such companies as the Franc-tireurs of the Vosges, and Lipowski's Parisian corps, behaved well, but the majority never fought at all; and while a battle was going on numbers of the men would be wandering about the roads in search of their battalions, making eagerly for those points where there was no cannon to be heard. Whole corps were composed of mere thieves, who stole the plate from the churches, and used their muskets to break open houses. They were the terror of the peasants, plundering and beating them, and causing the destruction of their cottages. There is not an honest man in France who would not confess that any services which the Franc-tireurs may have rendered were as nothing compared with the mischief they did.

I declined in the former part of my paper to enlarge upon the merits of the Prussian system, and I shall not now attempt any analysis of the defects of our army in a military point of view. Abler writers than myself have laid bare the incompetence of the French Staff, the ignorance of our officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, the blunders of our administration, the insufficiency of our ambulances, the inferiority of our artillery, and the superiority of our small arms; the want of cohesion of the different parts of the army, the dearth of officers, and the wretched state of general disorder which arose from the fact that the sense of duty and habit of work had perished out of the army. I content myself with noting the most prominent traits in the moral condition of the army and the country.

The unjust pretext under which the war was declared, and the wicked sentiments which it aroused at first, formed our bane to the very end. During the Italian War the French soldiers were animated by a real belief that they were fighting for the independence of an oppressed people; but during the present war not a soul in the army really believed that our object was—as stated in the Imperial manifestoes—to deliver the German nations from the yoke of Prussia. Those who went willingly into the war did so partly from jealousy against the increasing power of Prussia, partly on a recollection of the old grudges of 1815, and partly with a childish desire to show their strength by beating their neighbour, and taking possession of his capital. The bulk of the nation, though not desiring war, and in fact regarding it rather with dismay, felt no moral disapproval at the injustice of the Emperor's pretext for the declaration, and quickly came to regard the idea of a march to Berlin with satisfaction; while the soldiers were delighted that the war was not to be against friends, as it had been in Italy, but against enemies, so that plun-

der would be no longer a crime. These feelings, base and childish as they were, changed into mere fury on the news of our first defeats, and of the actual invasion of France. Men who had openly spoken of ravaging and conquering the Rhine provinces, at once raised the cry of sacrilege, and talked of the violation of the sacred soil of France, and of the torch of civilization being in danger. The Germans were stigmatized as barbarians and savages, and no language was bad enough for these furious patriots, no slander or falsehood too strong. These exaggerations only increased with the advent of the Republic; so that instead of a people animated by one grand desire to perish in resistance to an unjust invasion and an unrighteous conquest, the country for the most part displayed arrogant fury and a ferocious appetite for vengeance.

The dignified and earnest patriotism which nerved the Germans against our unjust attack,[1] continued to stimulate them even after the war had changed from a war of defence to one of conquest; while, on the other hand, the jealousy, hatred, and pride which animated the French at the outset continued after Sedan, and effectually prevented the development of pure and sacred patriotism or love of justice in the army. The French soldier never understood what his adversary was worth, and he now understands it less than ever.

And yet, strange as the assertion may seem, it is certain that neither French nor Germans are really fond of war. Throughout the campaign I constantly encountered soldiers who detested the atrocities going on around them, and abhorred a profession the object of which is to make nations subservient to kings. In the French army, even more than in the German one, some men were to be found to whom fighting was a pleasure—but they were exceptions. The Mobiles were the best representatives of the people at large, and they were never weary of exclaiming against the horrors of war. At Coulmiers I saw an artilleryman nursing a wounded Bavarian with the greatest care, when on a sudden he cried out in a kind of fury, "Isn't it shameful that men born to love one another should be killing each other for the mere pleasure of a few wretches!" The progress of democratic and humanitarian ideas, the increase of wealth and material well-being, and of the appliances of life, have brought about a great change in the old warlike spirit of France.

But unfortunately there has been no development of morals, religion, or education to keep pace with this decay of warlike feeling. The Campaign has opened my eyes to the ignorance of my countrymen, and to their lamentable want of moral and religious ideas. No one who has not lived with troops can understand what I mean. The majority of soldiers can neither read nor write; and those who can, very rarely practise either the one or the other. Out of a hundred wounded men at Ouzouers, I found but four or five who cared for reading, and only two who had any real taste for information. One of these was a Corsican, a very intelligent man, much given to studying geography and making notes as he read. The other was a Mobile from the Eure et Loir, tolerably educated, and occasionally a poet. An amount of ignorance so gross and so wide-spread as this is enough to produce a general intellectual decay in a nation. I was continually struck with the want of power, in the men under my charge, to follow a train of reasoning or arrive at any clear conception of a fact. The Germans would report what had happened in clear, precise, and definite terms, but the French gave their accounts in a vague, exaggerated, fragmentary manner, without discrimination, or critical power, or sense of proportion, and were also extremely credulous, and quite at the mercy of their imaginations. To their ignorance the older soldiers often added a great deal of vanity; though indeed this vanished before the end of the campaign, and was succeeded by a too humble recognition of the superiority of

[1] I am looking at the events through the feelings of the people of the two nations. The responsibility of this detestable war is in my belief shared by the two Governments.

the enemy. Over and over again I have been struck with their admiration of the appearance of the German army. "How grand they look in their helmets!" was one expression. Another—which I heard more than once—was, "They are more daring than we are!" Unfortunately, this appreciation was not shared by the non-fighting portion of the nation, even by the more enlightened classes.

The appalling ignorance of our soldiers was most evident in their utter want of all moral and religious sentiment. I have already remarked on their inability to comprehend the value of the cause they were fighting for. I doubt if they even knew what "France," "Alsace," or "Germany" meant. And one may well ask what France had done for them? Had she instructed them? had she taught them the interests of the country at large, or the individual claims of their own communities? She had done nothing of the kind. She had said, "Care for nothing but your plough, your food, and your fuel, and have nothing to do with politics;" and thus it came to pass that when she called her children to her aid, they could not even understand her words. The single religion of which they knew anything was a mass of strange doctrines and gorgeous ceremonies, with no real hold either on their intellect or their affections. A few among them were superstitious. I met with one really pious man, though ignorant and childish enough; and he was the laughing-stock of his comrades, although their brutal incredulity was just as ignorant as his faith. True piety, the mystical attempt of the mind to reach a higher and invisible world, was unknown. It is impossible, for instance, to imagine an army of Frenchmen singing with heart and voice a religious and patriotic song like the German hymn, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

The case would have been different if our soldiers had had even strong moral convictions; but while they scoffed at priest and church, they were equally ready to laugh at purity and every other home virtue. The ordinary talk of the French soldier is of that broad kind which we call *grivois*—the pleasantry of an easy, cynical, shallow habit of mind, which, with a certain air of innocence, is never happy unless it is endeavouring to destroy and defile everything higher and holier than itself. It is fortunate for the listener if the talk does not drop from this into something filthier still.—It was sad to see newly-recruited Mobiles staggering along the streets half drunk and bawling the songs of the wine-shop. Even honesty was not too common amongst these debased characters. It is for the peasants to say whether the French soldiers respected their property more than the Prussians did. Had the tables turned, and the French army marched into Germany, I doubt if our conduct there would have been more creditable than that of the Germans has been in France. Certainly the women would have suffered far more. Amongst us, respect for women is a thing almost unknown, nay, it is too often all but ridiculed.—The ignorance of some of the men was so great that they seemed utterly unconscious of the difference between right and wrong. A man under my charge in the ambulance told me how he had found a wounded Bavarian officer in a barn. "Had I seen his fine watch and chain," said he, with great candour, "I should have taken the liberty of putting my bayonet through his body." In the same way others told me, without a morsel of shame, of the way in which they had stripped the wounded; while I must do them the justice to say that the same thing on the part of the Germans did not seem to excite much indignation. An officer in the ambulance had the gold tassel of his sword stolen by his own men as they were carrying him from the action.

And yet, notwithstanding these vices, the French soldier is not at bottom bad or corrupt. He is ignorant; he has been brought up in a Church which no longer exercises the least moral influence on the mass of the people; he has been taught a dead

religion, which has neither elevated his mind nor warmed his heart. It is not that he wishes for what is bad, so much as that he does not know the existence of what is good. To repeat what I have already said, he is a mere child, without the qualities of a man. But, on the other hand, he is so intelligent and so good at heart that it is impossible to judge him severely, or give up all hope for his future.

I have already spoken of the want of reasoning power in the soldiers, and of their difficulty of looking clearly and definitely at facts; but, on the other hand, the few things they do see they grasp with remarkable vigour, and express with great originality. I have read a vast number of soldiers' letters, both German and French. The tone of the German letters was almost always pure and good; but how much more interesting and original were the Frenchmen's! No doubt, in spelling and style there was much to desire, but one came upon a thousand fine and delicate things, told with a *naïveté* and felicity of expression which astonished and delighted me.

French good-temper is proverbial; and never was it shown to more advantage than during our constant reverses. In the ambulances it came out to perfection. Even during the terrible retreat of December the soldiers never completely lost their spirits, and it was reserved for the defeat of Mans to destroy their last hope. I don't believe that there is another nation in Europe which, after such a disaster as Sedan, could have kept up the struggle for a whole six months, believing in the possibility of success to the very last. Wounded Frenchmen have not the patience of Germans; they complain more, and are more *exigeants*, and certainly are not so grateful; but I was often surprised by the good-humour displayed by our men in the midst of all their sufferings. A German conquers his pain by a heroic exercise of will; a Frenchman despises and laughs at it. I overheard a man, whose leg had just been amputated, scolding the bleeding stump as if it were a naughty child. "It isn't good," said he; "it ought to be quiet." A wounded man, whose finger was being taken off, kept us in roars of laughter during the operation by his irrepressible jokes. This disdain of suffering occasionally rose into real stoicism. I had to nurse a patient who had lost half his face by the bursting of a shell. He was never once heard to groan, and when asked how he was he invariably wrote, "*très bien.*" At his request I read to him continually the maxims of Epictetus, and each time that the ancient Stoic spoke of the contempt which a philosopher should feel at pain, his modern disciple expressed his approval by a gesture or a look.

The more I knew of the soldiers, the more I became convinced that, except those who were completely brutalized by ignorance, they still remained good at heart. The family affections were strong in them, little as they understood the meaning of really pure love. I almost always found them good sons and brothers, especially those who were from the country. Their manners were gentle, they had a strong feeling of justice and injustice, and of compassion for the weak—a quality in which the Germans are too often wanting. Their behaviour towards their prisoners was marked by good-temper and kindness, as many a wounded or captive Bavarian at Coulmiers could testify. A German constantly hurts you by narrow-mindedness, vulgarity, or unnecessary roughness; but about a Frenchman there is a certain generosity and breadth of mind which forces even those who are most antagonistic to his country to sympathize with him as a man.

With our present fickleness and ignorance these qualities are charming; if developed by education and strengthened by the sentiment of duty, they would become virtues: and then what might we not expect from the French people?

Of the French commissioned officers I shall say but little, since both in their virtues and their vices they differ but

slightly from the common soldiers: while the non-commissioned officers are virtually identical with the mass of the army. The French officers certainly do not strike one by that intelligence and good breeding which is so obvious among the Germans. Many of them have been promoted from the ranks, more for courage than for ability or knowledge.

They are all brave, some of them models of courtesy and generosity; and there are not wanting those who are well-informed and earnest, and worthy of comparison with the best of the Germans. But it must be confessed that the mass of them, having been brought up in garrison and ruined by *café* life, are incapable of performing the functions which fall to the lot of an officer in a great war. Their ignorance of geography surpasses anything that one can conceive of. The day before the battle of Patay, a colonel passed through Ouzouer in command of a brigade. The enemy was at that time four leagues distant. He breakfasted with us, and during dessert he said, "And pray what may be the name of the village where I have had this excellent breakfast?" It is said that at Sedan MacMahon did not know where to look for the fords of the Meuse, and had never heard of the Marfée. It was a common thing to find officers who did not know the difference between the Meuse and the Moselle; and I remember one who was not aware of the existence of such a place as Caen! And all this with an air of the greatest self-satisfaction. They knew nothing, and therefore they had no doubts, but were always ready to swagger, and to the end persisted in their lazy and careless ways. Those who know our officers will find it difficult to believe that in Prussia they would have behaved better than the Prussians have in France. I myself saw the Château of Ecomans absolutely stripped by the officers of the French staff; while at a few kilomètres distance was the Château of Lierville, which had been occupied three times by the Prussians, and had hardly anything in it disturbed.

Had our officers but known their profession! But the most tremendous blunders were constantly committed, especially towards the end of the campaign, and in the Garde Mobile. Observe, I am not speaking of military blunders; but I cannot forget the numbers who fell victims to that mania for authority which possessed our newly-made officers, and to their absurd habit of suspecting every one to be a spy. I grieve to say it, but it is the fact that we of the ambulance suffered much more from the French than from the Germans. When stationed near Sedan I was prevented by a Colonel from going with an *infirmière* into the town for drugs; and not content with this he abused us in the most violent manner, calling us lazy, good-for-nothing, troublesome fellows. At St. Léonard we were refused meat for our patients at the Commissariat, and were driven to go a distance of 6 kilomètres for provisions, while the slaughterhouse of the division was actually before our door! At Ouzouer, on the contrary, the Germans over and over again offered to provide for our wounded. We repeatedly passed the German sentries without experiencing the least difficulty, though continually exposed to annoyance from the French sentinels. On one occasion two members of the ambulance, though fully furnished with proper papers, were taken up and thrown into prison, where they remained for four days during the frost, in a room without a fire, without a bed or even straw to lie upon, constantly threatened to be shot as spies, and when released sent off without a word of explanation or apology! Even towards the wounded themselves the military authorities were sometimes anything but civil. Two wounded Bavarian officers who had been brought from Vendôme to Tours were placed like common thieves under a guard of five gendarmes. At Tours their servants, for whom they had a special order from the Colonel of the regiment, were taken from them and sent to the Isle of Oleron, and the wounded men themselves put under strict surveillance in the Military Hospitals.

It is humiliating to have to confess that the army surgeons themselves behaved no better than the other officers. I saw one excellent military ambulance—that of the 16th Corps, under the direction of Dr. Combarieu; but the greater part of the surgeon-majors and their aides were deplorable for their laziness. After the battle of St. Privat I saw wounded men left on the ground in the street, with no convenience but a little straw under them, while the surgeons were quietly cooking for themselves in a farmhouse close by! In answer to our remonstrances they replied that they had finished the amputations, and had no concern with anything more. The international ambulances made up in some degree for the inefficiency of the military ones, but failed to excite them to any emulation. Foreigners must have conceived a bad idea of us from these things; and I do not hesitate to say that our sanitary system requires entire reorganization.

If I am asked what was the attitude of the peasants during the war and between the two armies, I reply that their behaviour was the most lamentable of all the lamentable spectacles in this unhappy struggle. It is among the peasants that the results of ignorance and selfishness have exhibited themselves in the most striking manner. In the Ardennes the people were not heroic, but at any rate they assisted the French army, helped the wounded, and were not utterly vile before the enemy; but in Normandy and the Beauce, where I was afterwards stationed, the state of demoralization was frightful. The peasants were too selfish to make the least sacrifice for their own soldiers; and thus both from fear and from interest became subservient to the Germans, furnishing them with provisions and other assistance. The people of Bonnières, between Mantes and Evreux, were weak enough to send their letters to the Prussians at Mantes that they might be read before being forwarded to Evreux. With rare exceptions they did nothing for the wounded; but if we happened to be successful in an action, I cannot describe the low ferocity with which they turned upon the Germans, before whom they had so recently been cringing. At Oucques the ambulance had some difficulty in preventing two wounded Bavarians from being massacred by the people. At St. Léonard a peasant actually amused himself with pulling the broken leg of a German, for the mere sake of causing him torture. At Ouzouer the people thronged round a solitary wounded officer, and assailed him with threats and insults of all kinds. And their stupidity was equal to their wickedness. They were constantly mistaking us for Germans on account of our flag, and of the ambulance cross on our sleeves. They were certain that we were in communication with the Prussians, because we were not afraid of them; and accused us of firing rockets to point out the position of the army to the enemy. At Sommauthe they were convinced that the Prussians had come because our ambulance was established there; and at Ouzouer it was believed that we had plundered the wounded, and that our only object in nursing the patients was to make money. I do not deny that devoted hearts, and souls above the common, were occasionally to be met with. I have heard from peasants of both sexes golden words, which will remain in my recollection as long as I live; but the great majority, even when intelligent, are shamefully demoralized, and scandalously profligate, selfish, and wicked. Quarrels and scandals rage with fury in the villages, and even in the families themselves things occur which are too bad to be mentioned.

I should be exceeding the limits which I have laid down for myself, if I were to speak of the moral condition of the people in the towns or the nation at large. Suffice it to say that they exhibit nearly the same faults that we have found in the country and the army; less selfishness perhaps, but the same ignorance, the same inability to see clearly; and to reason closely. I have heard the most ridiculous and absurd

stories from people who claimed to be enlightened—such as Bourbaki's entry into Berlin, and the massacre of 40,000 Prussians at Mont Valérien; and in these cases I was stigmatized as no Frenchman, because I endeavoured to undeceive them. The intellectual decay which France is undergoing is due to the falsehoods on which she has so long been fed, and to her loss of the love of truth. The level of intelligence has fallen, while at the same time our vanity prevents us from seeing or acknowledging the fact. Even at the present moment France still believes herself invincible, and affirms that she has not been conquered, but betrayed. It is possible that relief may arise out of the very excess of our misfortunes; but hitherto the lesson has been almost wasted, owing to our great ignorance and our equally great vanity. Talking to an intelligent well-informed man, a distinguished physician, I said, "Our revenge for the war must be to make ourselves better than the Prussians." "Are we not already better in everything?" was his answer: and as long as we remain in this mind there is no hope. The first step to correcting one's faults is to know them and confess them.

We left Ouzouer-le-Marché on the 16th February, 1871. Thanks to the attention of four admirable and pious ladies, members of a Catholic sisterhood, our task had been easy, and our labours successful. We did not part without tears, for a bond of affection, gratitude, and sincere regard united us all—doctors and patients, French and Germans. A few days afterwards I returned to Paris, happy in the recollections of the ambulance, but desolate in heart. I had seen the bleeding wounds of my country, and I knew how difficult would be the task of healing them; I had seen, too, the utter disorganization of French society—a disorganization which the present disasters in Paris are fast converting into ruin. In my distress I asked myself, From whence are we to look for safety and regeneration? Can it be that this great nation, which has done so much for civilization and the world, and whose advance has been the model for all other nations, is destined to end by pointing the moral of her own ruin? And if this is to be the future of France, what will be that of Germany, which I loved as a second native land? I saw her ruined by her victory; oppressing where she was formerly oppressed; led by the violence from which she herself so often suffered, and yielding to that national vanity which she found so criminal and so insulting in us. The nation which was once so ideal is now become hard, practical, greedy, and merciless; and bids fair to justify the Scandinavian proverb, "What is there a German will not do for money?" I rejoice at the prospect of the unity of Germany being at last accomplished. But why must it be founded on crime and on unjust conquest? It will be a bitter blow to all lovers of humanity to see the nation abandoned to the powers of evil, and a prey to hatred and war. But, whatever the issue, we will trust in the future, and cling to hope as a duty.

PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS' RESIDENCE IN IRELAND.

BY JOHN HAMILTON OF ST. ERNAN'S.

I.

MORE THAN HONEST.

THE character of my fellow-countrymen is too much judged of from those details which most commonly meet the public eye, which for the greater part are pictures of the worst part of the Irish population, and, when not portraying crime and violence, represent the Irishman as a ridiculous, improvident, blundering booby.

No doubt we have too many criminals, and a sufficiency of folly among us; but I am sure we have, notwithstanding many adverse circumstances, a very considerable proportion of high and holy feeling, and of self-denying, active virtue as well as of thrifty industry. And if Paddy is often comical, he is quite as frequently romantically chivalrous in the degree which comes within his reach; and if this can only show itself in small matters in a small way of life, yet these small matters, like straws in the air, show which way the wind blows, perhaps more surely than greater things which imply more preparation and premeditation.

The scenes I shall describe and the events I shall relate are such light straws on the breezy life of the fifty years which I have spent very constantly resident in Ireland, after taking a Cambridge University degree.

Before the famine of 1846 and the following years, there was already a considerable flow of emigration to America; but few well-to-do people went then. It was chiefly young men and women, sons and daughters of poor families. It often happened that means were raised with difficulty enough for one of a numerous family to pay a passage to America, and on such and similar pleas I was often asked to lend the price of a passage, to be repaid by the emigrant.

I often lent the required sum—then only three or four pounds. They sailed in small sailing-ships from every little port, and with very inadequate arrangements for their welfare.

Contrary to what might perhaps be expected, these poor people generally sent me back the sum lent within a year, and the exceptions, I am ashamed to say, were the very persons of whom I had felt most secure—very decidedly of a class looked on as more respectable; while the poorer and less esteemed absolutely never failed me—and they were many. They were also for the most part persons over whose families or relations here I had no power, as they were tenants or cottiers on other people's estates.

Among these was a very large and a very poor family. The eldest daughter was sent for by a relative who had emigrated some time before, and who paid her passage to New York. She dreaded going alone, and succeeded in getting a loan from me sufficient to pay a brother's passage, which was duly repaid within the year.

The next year, the same family hearing of situations for two more of their number, borrowed the greater part of two passages, which again was repaid within the promised time.

Not very long after this, another brother borrowed the price of his passage.

But a year passed, and no return came. And a second year likewise.

In the course of the third year his brother came to me and brought the repayment (I think, three pounds ten shillings).

I asked him if his brother had sent anything to help his old mother, or to assist another to go to New York. He said he had not—not a farthing.

"Where is your brother now?" I

asked. "I don't know where he is, it's so long since he wrote." And saying this, he suddenly stopped and coloured. "Why," said I, "how long is it since you heard from him?" He stammered and hesitated, and said he did not know. "Is it more than a month?" "Oh yes." "Is it three?" No answer. "Is it six?" No answer. "Is it a year?" "No, sir, it's not a year." "Come now, tell me, how long is it?" "Well, sir, I got the letter in November." "And this is September. How is this? Why did you not bring me the money as soon as you got it?" He coloured more, and said confusedly, "I couldn't come with it any sooner." "Nonsense!" said I. "You could not come four or five miles? Now I see what it is; you have used the money your brother sent to repay his debt, and you have traded upon it some way. As it happens, you have succeeded; but if you had lost your speculation, how would it have been? Your brother would have been supposed by me to have broken faith and neglected to fulfil his promise. Is it not so?" "No, sir; I never would let my brother's promise to you be broken." "Then how is it? Why were you so long?" "I couldn't help it." The poor fellow was greatly confused. But his flushed cheek changed to pale when I said: "Now you did not intend, I see, to be quite dishonest, as you have at last brought me the money; but you have not spoken the truth. Have you your brother's letter? Was that it out of which you took the bank-notes?" "Yes, sir." "Let me see it." "I can't let you see it." "Why not, if all you say is true?" "No, I can't—I can't show it." "Well, then, I must think it would make you appear more of a rogue than I thought you. You may go; but you are the first of your family that has given me reason to suspect your truth or honesty."

He turned and went slowly, and, as I thought, sullenly. I stood for a minute and watched him. He stopped, took the letter out of his pocket, opened it, looked at it, then looking round and seeing me still there, he returned slowly, and coming up to me he thrust the letter into my hand, saying:

"There! you can read it. I would never have let you see it, only I know he couldn't bear that you'd think me a rogue or a liar. He'd rather you would know all, than that."

The letter was to this purpose:

"Dear Brother,—I suppose you all thought me dead when you were so long without hearing of me. I was very near it; I met with an accident and broke some of my bones before I was three months in America, and I have been in the hospital ever since. They say I will be months yet before I am fit to work. I was hoping to send you some help before this time, but you see how it is. The greatest burden on my mind is the money Mr. Hamilton lent me to pay my passage. It ought to be paid long ago. So, brother, as soon as you have set the potatoes on mother's little place, go somewhere where money is to be earned, and get as much as will pay the gentleman, and take it to him, but don't let him know a word but that I sent it, as I made a promise to do."

Was it not grand—the confidence of the injured brother in his brother at home, and the worthiness of that confidence in the other? This, I think, actually throws the high sense of honesty into the shade—bright as that is also.

II.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

On a tour round the north-west coast of Ireland, through districts unknown to me, and where I was unknown, I met with a striking instance of the double readiness often found in the poorer peasantry—readiness of will, and ingenious readiness to find a way to carry out that will when means seem to be wanting.

The following amusing adventure occurred to me in another part of Ireland. A car was hired to carry four passengers, one of whom was a very large, heavy man. The driver, on helping him up on the side of the Irish car, said, "Sir,

plase to sit aisy on this side, for she has a tinder spring." Everything that has wheels is "she"—a mill, a watch, a carriage, &c.

But to return to our tour. In a wild mountainous part one of our springs suddenly gave way, which indeed did not imply any *tinderness* in the said member of our vehicle, for the occasion fully justified the breach. But this was little comfort to a party, chiefly ladies, miles from a forge or from any place where one could hope for means to repair.

A close inspection of the mountain sides revealed, at last, a cabin built of turf, roofed with heather, about a quarter of a mile off.

Little as I could hope to find there, I had no better way than to trudge across the intervening bog to this habitation.

There was no one there except a young woman and three or four little children. On hearing of our misfortune, she sympathised heartily in the hopelessness of our condition; "For," said she, "what would we have here that would help the likes?"

I said if we had a cord and a piece of wood we could tie up the spring, so as to get on to our journey's end. "But," she said, "for bits of wood, sure there's not a scarcer article in this place. There's not a bush, let alone a tree, for miles, and not a cord I have in the world." Looking up as she said this, her eye glistened joyfully, and she cried out, "And why would I tell a lie? Sure enough I have a cord for you;" and suiting her action to her word, she seized a knife, and with a spring cut a line that stretched across the cabin, which was hung with two or three articles of dress drying.

"There now," said she, "there's half the work; maybe we'll make off the rest too." So, encouraged by her success, she cast her eyes about, saying, "A bit of wood; oh, a bit of wood?" Suddenly she shouted, "Ay!" and turning up the one chair in the house, she with her naked heel thrust out the crazy wooden seat, and held up one of the little boards of which it was made, shouting, "There it's."

At this moment a man came in, and looking with bewilderment at his wife, cried, "Jinny, woman, is it mad ye are, dear? What are ye at, woman, tearing and smashing?"

"No, dear, I amn't mad, but just getting the gentleman a bit of wood to mend his carriage."

I explained, and he said, "Ogh, Jinny, you're a foolish woman; sure that bit of old dale wood wouldn't hold over the first big jog on the road. It's oak it'll take to do it."

"And where would I get oak wood?" replied she. "Sure if I had it I'd give it with all the joy in life."

"Where would you get it," said he, "but where it's to be had?" and before I could stop him, he had taken hold of a little barrel, half full of butter, and he tore a stave out of the side. It was exactly the thing, but I could not but be sorry to see the little vessel they were filling for market thus broken. The wife cried out, "Oh!" which he echoed before I could speak, adding, "Oh, Jinny, sure Tim the cooper will be here to-morrow, to make some tubs for the wee still-house" (where illicit whisky is made), "and he'll clap in a stave in no time at all. Come, your honour, and we'll see what we can do."

I stayed behind to give the woman some money, but she drew back and said, "What's that for?" and on my representing to her what I meant, she exclaimed, "What! wouldn't you give that much help to a creature in such black need without you'd be paid for it? No, thank you, sir."

It was said with dignity, and I could only heartily thank her.

The man handily helped to bind up the broken spring, which carried us two days' rough travelling. He was as steady as the wife in repulsing any gift more than hearty thanks.

To be continued.

BISHOP BERKELEY ON THE METAPHYSICS OF SENSATION.[1]

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY, F.R.S.

PROFESSOR FRASER has earned the thanks of all students of philosophy for the conscientious labour which he has bestowed upon his new edition of the works of Berkeley; in which, for the first time, we find collected together every thought which can be traced to the subtle and penetrating mind of the famous Bishop of Cloyne; while the "Life and Letters" will rejoice those who care less for the idealist and the prophet of tar-water, than for the man who stands out as one of the noblest and purest figures of his time: that Berkeley from whom the jealousy of Pope did not withhold a single one of all "the virtues under heaven;" nor the cynicism of Swift, the dignity of "one of the first men of the kingdom for learning and virtue;" the man whom the pious Atterbury could compare to nothing less than an angel; and whose personal influence and eloquence filled the Scriblerus Club and the House of Commons with enthusiasm for the evangelization of the North American Indians; and even led Sir Robert Walpole to assent to the appropriation of public money to a scheme which was neither business nor bribery.[2]

Hardly any epoch in the intellectual history of England is more remarkable in itself, or possesses a greater interest for us in these latter days, than that which coincides broadly with the conclusion of the seventeenth and the opening of the eighteenth century.

The political fermentation of the preceding age was gradually working itself out; domestic peace gave men time to think; and the toleration won by the party of which Locke was the spokesman, permitted a freedom of speech and of writing such as has rarely been exceeded in later times.

Fostered by these circumstances, the great faculty for physical and metaphysical inquiry, with which the people of our race are naturally endowed, developed itself vigorously; and at least two of its products have had a profound and a permanent influence upon the subsequent course of thought in the world. The one of these was English Freethinking; the other, the Theory of Gravitation.

Looking back to the origin of the intellectual impulses of which these were the results, we are led to Herbert, to Hobbes, to Bacon; and to one who stands in advance of all these, as the most typical man of his time—Descartes. It is the Cartesian doubt—the maxim that assent may properly be given to no propositions but such as are perfectly clear and distinct—which, becoming incarnate, so to speak, in the Englishmen, Anthony Collins, Toland, Tindal, Woolston, and in the wonderful Frenchman, Pierre Bayle, reached its final term in Hume.

And, on the other hand, although the theory of Gravitation set aside the Cartesian vortices—yet the spirit of the "Principes de Philosophie" attained its apotheosis when Newton demonstrated all the host of heaven to be but the elements of a vast mechanism, regulated by the same laws as those which govern the falling of a stone to the ground. There is a passage in the preface to the first edition of

[1] "The Works of George Berkeley, D.D., formerly Bishop of Cloyne, including many of his Works hitherto unpublished, with Preface, Annotations, his Life and Letters, and an account of his Philosophy." By A. C. Fraser. Four vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1871.

[2] In justice to Sir Robert, however, it is proper to remark that he declared afterwards that he gave his assent to Berkeley's scheme for the Bermuda University only because he thought the House of Commons was sure to throw it out.

the "Principia" which shows that Newton was penetrated, as completely as Descartes, with the belief that all the phenomena of nature are expressible in terms of matter and motion.

"Would that the rest of the phenomena of nature could be deduced by a like kind of reasoning from mechanical principles. For many circumstances lead me to suspect that all those phenomena may depend upon certain forces, in virtue of which the particles of bodies, by causes not yet known, are either mutually impelled against one another and cohere into regular figures, or repel and recede from one another; which forces being unknown, philosophers have as yet explored nature in vain. But I hope that, either by this method of philosophizing, or by some other and better, the principles here laid down may throw some light upon the matter."[1]

But the doctrine that all the phenomena of nature are resolvable into mechanism is what people have agreed to call "materialism;" and when Locke and Collins maintained that matter may possibly be able to think, and Newton himself could compare infinite space to the sensorium of the Deity, it was not wonderful that the English philosophers should be attacked as they were by Leibnitz in the famous letter to the Princess of Wales, which gave rise to his correspondence with Clarke.[2]

"1. Natural religion itself seems to decay [in England] very much. Many will have human souls to be material; others make God Himself a corporeal Being.

"2. Mr. Locke and his followers are uncertain, at least, whether the soul be not material and naturally perishable.

"3. Sir Isaac Newton says that space is an organ which God makes use of to perceive things by. But if God stands in need of any organ to perceive things by, it will follow that they do not depend altogether upon Him, nor were produced by Him.

"4. Sir Isaac Newton and his followers have also a very odd opinion concerning the work of God. According to their doctrine, God Almighty wants to wind up His watch from time to time; otherwise it would cease to move.[1] He had not, it seems, sufficient foresight to make it a perpetual motion. Nay, the machine of God's making is so imperfect, according to these gentlemen, that He is obliged to clean it now and then by an extraordinary concourse, and even to mend it as a clockmaker mends his work."

It is beside the mark, at present, to inquire how far Leibnitz paints a true picture, and how far he is guilty of a spiteful caricature of Newton's views in these passages; and whether the beliefs which Locke is known to have entertained are consistent with the conclusions which may logically be drawn from some parts of his works. It is undeniable that English philosophy in Leibnitz's time had the general character which he ascribes to it. The phenomena of nature were held to be resolvable into the attractions and the repulsions of particles of matter; all knowledge was attained through the senses; the mind antecedent to experience was a *tabula rasa*. In other words, the character of speculative thought in England at the commencement of the eighteenth century was essentially sceptical, critical, and materialistic. Why "materialism" should be

[1] "Utinam cætera naturæ phenomena ex principiis mechanicis, eodem argumentandi genere, derivare licet. Nam multa me movent, ut nonnihil suspicer ea omnia ex viribus quibusdam pendere posse, quibus corporum particulæ, per causas nondum cognitas, vel in se mutuo impelluntur et secundum figuras regulares cohærent vel ab invicem fugantur et recedunt; quibus viribus ignotis, Philosophi hactenus Naturam frustra tentarunt. Spero autem quòd vel huic philosophandi modo, vel veriori alicui, principia hic posita lucem aliquam præbebunt."—Preface to first edition of *Principia*, May 8, 1686.

[2] "Collection of Papers which passed between the late learned Mr. Leibnitz and Dr. Clarke." 1717.

[1] Goethe seems to have had this saying of Leibnitz in his mind when he wrote his famous lines—

"Was wär' ein Gott der nur von aussen stiesse
Im Kreis das All am Finger laufen liesse!"

more inconsistent with the existence of a Deity, the freedom of the will, or the immortality of the soul, or with any actual or possible system of theology, than "idealism," I must declare myself at a loss to divine. But in the year 1700 all the world appears to have been agreed, Tertullian notwithstanding, that materialism necessarily leads to very dreadful consequences. And it was thought that it conduced to the interests of religion and morality to attack the materialists with all the weapons that came to hand. Perhaps the most interesting controversy which arose out of these questions is the wonderful triangular duel between Dodwell, Clarke, and Anthony Collins, concerning the materiality of the soul, and —what all the disputants considered to be the necessary consequence of its materiality—its natural mortality. I do not think that any one can read the letters which passed between Clarke and Collins, without admitting that Collins, who writes with wonderful power and closeness of reasoning, has by far the best of the argument, so far as the possible materiality of the soul goes; and that in this battle the Goliath of Freethinking overcame the champion of what was considered Orthodoxy.

But in Dublin, all this while, there was a little David practising his youthful strength upon the intellectual lions and bears of Trinity College. This was George Berkeley, who was destined to give the same kind of development to the idealistic side of Descartes' philosophy, that the Freethinkers had given to its sceptical side, and the Newtonians to its mechanical side.

Berkeley faced the problem boldly. He said to the materialists: "You tell me that all the phenomena of nature are resolvable into matter and its affections. I assent to your statement, and now I put to you the further question, 'What is matter?' In answering this question you shall be bound by your own conditions; and I demand, in the terms of the Cartesian axiom, that in turn you give your assent only to such conclusions as are perfectly clear and obvious."

It is this great argument which is worked out in the "Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge," and in those "Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous," which rank among the most exquisite examples of English style, as well as among the subtlest of metaphysical writings; and the final conclusion of which is summed up in a passage remarkable alike for literary beauty and for calm audacity of statement.

"Some truths there are so near and obvious to the mind that a man need only open his eyes to see them. Such I take this important one to be, viz., that all the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth—in a word, all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world—have not any substance without a mind; that their being is to be perceived or known; that consequently, so long as they are not actually perceived by me, or do not exist in my mind or that of any other created spirit, they must either have no existence at all or else subsist in the mind of some eternal spirit; it being perfectly unintelligible, and involving all the absurdity of abstraction, to attribute to any single part of them an existence independent of a spirit."—*Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge*, Part I. § 6.

Doubtless this passage sounds like the acme of metaphysical paradox, and we all know that "coxcombs vanquished Berkeley with a grin;" while common-sense folk refuted him by stamping on the ground, or some such other irrelevant proceeding. But the key to all philosophy lies in the clear apprehension of Berkeley's problem—which is neither more nor less than one of the shapes of the greatest of all questions, "What are the limits of our faculties?" And it is worth any amount of trouble to comprehend the exact nature of the argument by which Berkeley arrived at his results, and to know by one's own knowledge the great truth which he discovered—that the honest and rigorous following up of the argument which leads us to materialism, inevitably carries us beyond it.

Suppose that I accidentally prick my finger with a pin. I immediately become aware of a condition of my consciousness—a feeling which I term pain. I have no doubt whatever that the feeling is in myself alone; and if any one

were to say that the pain I feel is something which inheres in the needle, as one of the qualities of the substance of the needle, we should all laugh at the absurdity of the phraseology. In fact, it is utterly impossible to conceive pain except as a state of consciousness.

Hence, so far as pain is concerned, it is sufficiently obvious that Berkeley's phraseology is strictly applicable to our power of conceiving its existence—"its being is to be perceived or known," and "so long as it is not actually perceived by me, or does not exist in my mind, or that of any other created spirit, it must either have no existence at all, or else subsist in the mind of some eternal spirit."

So much for pain. Now let us consider an ordinary sensation. Let the point of the pin be gently rested upon the skin, and I become aware of a feeling or condition of consciousness quite different from the former—the sensation of what I call "touch." Nevertheless this touch is plainly just as much in myself as the pain was. I cannot for a moment conceive this something which I call touch as existing apart from myself, or a being capable of the same feelings as myself. And the same reasoning applies to all the other simple sensations. A moment's reflection is sufficient to convince one that the smell, and the taste, and the yellowness, of which we become aware when an orange is smelt, tasted, and seen, are as completely states of our consciousness as is the pain which arises if the orange happens to be too sour. Nor is it less clear that every sound is a state of the consciousness of him who hears it. If the universe contained only blind and deaf beings, it is impossible for us to imagine but that darkness and silence should reign everywhere.

It is undoubtedly true, then, of all the simple sensations that, as Berkeley says, their "*esse* is *percipi*"—their being is to be "perceived or known." But that which perceives, or knows, is mind or spirit; and therefore that knowledge which the senses give us is, after all, a knowledge of spiritual phenomena.

All this was explicitly or implicitly admitted, and, indeed, insisted upon, by Berkeley's contemporaries, and by no one more strongly than by Locke, who terms smells, tastes, colours, sounds, and the like, "secondary qualities," and observes, with respect to these "secondary qualities," that "whatever reality we by mistake attribute to them [they] are in truth nothing in the objects themselves."

And again: "Flame is denominated hot and light; snow, white and cold; and manna, white and sweet, from the ideas they produce in us; which qualities are commonly thought to be the same in these bodies; that those ideas are in us, the one the perfect resemblance of the other as they are in a mirror; and it would by most men be judged very extravagant if one should say otherwise. And yet he that will consider that the same fire that at one distance produces in us the sensation of warmth, does at a nearer approach produce in us the far different sensation of pain, ought to bethink himself what reason he has to say that his idea of warmth, which was produced in him by the fire, is actually in the fire; and his idea of pain which the same fire produced in him in the same way, is not in the fire. Why are whiteness and coldness in snow, and pain not, when it produces the one and the other idea in us; and can do neither but by the bulk, figure, number, and motion of its solid parts?"[1]

Thus far then materialists and idealists are agreed. Locke and Berkeley, and all logical thinkers who have succeeded them, are of one mind about secondary qualities—their being is to be perceived or known—their materiality is, in strictness, a spirituality.

But Locke draws a great distinction between the secondary qualities of matter, and certain others which he terms "primary qualities." These are extension, figure, solidity, motion and rest, and number; and he is as clear that these primary qualities exist independently of the mind, as he is that the

[1] Locke, "Human Understanding," Book II. chap. viii. §§ 14, 15.

secondary qualities have no such existence.

"The particular bulk, number, figure, and motion of the parts of fire and snow are really in them, whether anyone's senses perceive them or not, and therefore they may be called real qualities because they really exist in those bodies; but light, heat, whiteness, or coldness, are no more really in them than sickness, or pain, is in manna. Take away the sensation of them; let not the eyes see light or colours, nor the ears hear sounds; let the palate not taste, nor the nose smell; and all colours, tastes, odours and sounds, as they are such particular ideas, vanish and cease, and are reduced to their causes, *i.e.* bulk, figure, and motion of parts.

"18. A piece of manna of sensible bulk is able to produce in us the idea of a round or square figure; and, by being removed from one place to another, the idea of motion. This idea of motion represents it as it really is in the manna moving; a circle and square are the same, whether in idea or existence, in the mind or in the manna; and thus both motion and figure are really in the manna, whether we take notice of them or no: this everybody is ready to agree to."

So far as primary qualities are concerned, then, Locke is as thoroughgoing a realist as St. Anselm. In Berkeley, on the other hand, we have as complete a representative of the nominalists and conceptualists—an intellectual descendant of Roscellinus and of Abelard. And by a curious irony of fate, it is the nominalist who is, this time, the champion of orthodoxy, and the realist that of heresy.

Once more let us try to work out Berkeley's principles for ourselves, and inquire what foundation there is for the assertion that extension, form, solidity, and the other "primary qualities," have an existence apart from mind. And for this purpose let us recur to our experiment with the pin.

It has been seen that when the finger is pricked with a pin, a state of consciousness arises which we call pain; and it is admitted that this pain is not a something which inheres in the pin, but a something which exists only in the mind, and has no similitude elsewhere.

But a little attention will show that this state of consciousness is accompanied by another, which can by no effort be got rid of. I not only have the feeling, but the feeling is localized. I am just as certain that the pain is in my finger, as I am that I have it at all. Nor will any effort of the imagination enable me to believe that the pain is not in my finger.

And yet nothing is more certain than that it is not, and cannot be in the spot in which I feel it, nor within a couple of feet of that spot. For the skin of the finger is connected by a bundle of fine nervous fibres, which run up the whole length of the arm, with the spinal marrow and brain, and we know that the feeling of pain caused by the prick of a pin is dependent on the integrity of those fibres. If they be cut through close to the spinal cord, no pain will be felt, whatever injury is done to the finger; and if the ends which remain in connection with the cord be pricked, the pain which arises will appear to have its seat in the finger just as distinctly as before. Nay, if the whole arm be cut off, the pain which arises from pricking the nerve stump will appear to be seated in the fingers, just as if they were still connected with the body.

It is perfectly obvious, therefore, that the localization of the pain at the surface of the body is an act of the mind. It is an *extradition* of that consciousness, which has its seat in the brain, to a definite point of the body—which takes place without our volition, and may give rise to ideas which are contrary to fact. We might call this extradition of consciousness a reflex feeling, just as we speak of a movement which is excited apart from, or contrary to, our volition, as a reflex motion. Locality is no more in the pin than pain is; of the former, as of the latter, it is true that "its being is to be perceived," and that its existence apart from a thinking mind is not conceivable.

The foregoing reasoning will be in no way affected, if, instead of pricking the finger, the point of the pin rests gently against it, so as to give rise merely to a tactile sensation. The tactile sensation is referred outwards to the point touched, and seems to exist there. But it is certain that it is not and cannot be

there really, because the brain is the sole seat of consciousness; and, further, because evidence, as strong as that in favour of the sensation being in the finger, can be brought forward in support of propositions which are manifestly absurd.

For example, the hairs and nails are utterly devoid of sensibility, as every one knows. Nevertheless, if the ends of the nails or hairs are touched, ever so lightly, we feel that they are touched, and the sensation seems to be situated in the nails or hairs. Nay more, if a walking-stick a yard long is held firmly by the handle and the other end is touched, the tactile sensation, which is a state of our own consciousness, is unhesitatingly referred to the end of the stick; and yet no one will say that it *is* there.

Let us now suppose that, instead of one pin's point resting against the end of my finger, there are two. Each of these can be known to me, as we have seen, only as a state of a thinking mind, referred outwards, or localized. But the existence of these two states, somehow or other, generates in my mind a host of new ideas, which did not make their appearance when only one state was present.

For example, I get the ideas of co-existence, of number, of distance, and of relative place or direction. But all these ideas are ideas of relations, and imply the existence of something which perceives those relations. If a tactile sensation is a state of the mind, and if the localization of that sensation is an act of the mind, how is it conceivable that a relation between two localized sensations should exist apart from the mind? It is, I confess, quite as easy for me to imagine that redness may exist apart from a visual sense, as it is to suppose that co-existence, number, and distance can have any existence apart from the mind of which they are ideas.

Thus it seems clear that the existence of some, at any rate, of Locke's primary qualities of matter, such as number and extension, apart from mind, is as utterly unthinkable as the existence of colour and sound under like circumstances.

Will the others, namely, figure, motion and rest, and solidity, withstand a similar criticism? I think not. For all these, like the foregoing, are perceptions by the mind of the relations of two or more sensations to one another. If distance and place are inconceivable, in the absence of the mind of which they are ideas, the independent existence of figure, which is the limitation of distance, and of motion, which is change of place, must be equally inconceivable. Solidity requires more particular consideration, as it is a term applied to two very different things, the one of which is solidity of form, or geometrical solidity; while the other is solidity of substance, or mechanical solidity.

If those motor nerves of a man by which volitions are converted into motion were all paralysed, and if sensation remained only in the palm of his hand (which is a conceivable case), he would still be able to attain to clear notions of extension, figure, number, and motion, by attending to the states of consciousness which might be aroused by the contact of bodies with the sensory surface of the palm. But it does not appear that such a person could arrive at any conception of geometrical solidity. For that which does not come in contact with the sensory surface is non-existent for the sense of touch; and a solid body, impressed upon the palm of the hand, gives rise only to the notion of the extension of that particular part of the body which is in contact with the skin.

Nor is it possible that the idea of outness (in the sense of discontinuity with the sentient body) could be attained by such a person, for, as we have seen, every tactile sensation is referred to a point either of the natural sensory surface itself, or of some solid in continuity with that surface. Hence it would appear that the conception of the difference between the Ego and the non-Ego could not be attained by a man thus situated. His feelings would be his universe, and his tactile sensations his "mœnia mundi." Time would

exist for him as for us, but space would have only two dimensions.

But now remove the paralysis from the motor apparatus, and give the palm of the hand of our imaginary man perfect freedom to move, so as to be able to glide in all directions over the bodies with which it is in contact. Then with the consciousness of that mobility, the notion of space of three dimensions—which is "*Raum*," or "room" to move with perfect freedom—is at once given. But the notion that the tactile surface itself moves, cannot be given by touch alone, which is competent to testify only to the fact of change of place, not to its cause. The idea of the motion of the tactile surface could not, in fact, be attained, unless the idea of change of place were accompanied by some state of consciousness, which does not exist when the tactile surface is immoveable. This state of consciousness is what is termed the muscular sense, and its existence is very easily demonstrable.

Suppose the back of my hand to rest upon a table, and a sovereign to rest upon the upturned palm, I at once acquire a notion of extension, and of the limit of that extension. The impression made by the circular piece of gold is quite different from that which would be made by a triangular, or a square, piece of the same size, and thereby I arrive at the notion of figure. Moreover, if the sovereign slides over the palm, I acquire a distinct conception of change of place and motion, and of the direction of that motion. For as the sovereign slides, it affects new nerve-endings, and gives rise to new states of consciousness. Each of them is definitely and separately localized by a reflex act of the mind, which, at the same time, becomes aware of the difference between two successive localizations; and therefore of change of place, which is motion.

If, while the sovereign lies on the hand, the latter being kept quite steady, the fore-arm is gradually and slowly raised; the tactile sensations, with all their accompaniments, remain exactly as they were. But at the same time something new is introduced; namely, the sense of effort. If I try to discover where this sense of effort seems to be, I find myself somewhat perplexed at first; but if I hold the fore-arm in position long enough, I become aware of an obscure sense of fatigue, which is apparently seated either in the muscles of the arm, or in the integument directly over them. The fatigue seems to be related to the sense of effort, in much the same way as the pain which supervenes upon the original sense of contact, when a pin is slowly pressed against the skin, is related to touch.

A little attention will show that this sense of effort accompanies every muscular contraction by which the limbs, or other parts of the body, are moved. By its agency the fact of their movement is known; while the direction of the motion is given by the accompanying tactile sensations. And, in consequence of the incessant association of the muscular and the tactile sensations, they become so fused together that they are often confounded under the same name.

If freedom to move in all directions is the very essence of that conception of space of three dimensions which we obtain by the sense of touch; and if that freedom to move is really another name for the feeling of unopposed effort, accompanied by that of change of place, it is surely impossible to conceive of such space as having existence apart from that which is conscious of effort?

But it may be said that we derive our conception of space of three dimensions not only from touch, but from vision; that if we do not feel things actually outside us, at any rate we see them. And it was exactly this difficulty which presented itself to Berkeley at the outset of his speculations. He met it, with characteristic boldness, by denying that we do see things outside us; and, with no less characteristic ingenuity, by devising that "New Theory of Vision" which has met with wider acceptance than any of his views, though it has been the subject of continual controversies.[1]

[1] I have not specifically alluded to the writings of Bailey, Mill, Abbott, and others,

In the "Principles of Human Knowledge," Berkeley himself tells us how he was led to those views which he published in the "Essay towards the New Theory of Vision."

"It will be objected that we see things actually without, or at a distance from us, and which consequently do not exist in the mind; it being absurd that those things which are seen at the distance of several miles, should be as near to us as our own thoughts. In answer to this, I desire it may be considered that in a dream we do oft perceive things as existing at a great distance off, and yet, for all that, those things are acknowledged to have their existence only in the mind.

"But for the fuller clearing of this point, it may be worth while to consider how it is that we perceive distance and things placed at a distance by sight. For that we should in truth see external space and bodies actually existing in it, some nearer, others further off, seems to carry with it some opposition to what hath been said of their existing nowhere without the mind. The consideration of this difficulty it was that gave birth to my 'Essay towards the New Theory of Vision,' which was published not long since, wherein it is shown that distance or outness is neither immediately of itself perceived by sight, nor yet apprehended or judged of by lines and angles or anything that hath any necessary connection with it; but that it is only suggested to our thoughts by certain visible ideas and sensations attending vision, which, in their own nature, have no manner of similitude or relation either with distance, or with things placed at a distance; but by a connection taught us by experience, they come to signify and suggest them to us, after the same manner that words of any language suggest the ideas they are made to stand for; insomuch that a man born blind and afterwards made to see, would not, at first sight, think the things he saw to be without his mind or at any distance from him."

The key-note of the Essay to which Berkeley refers in this passage is to be found in an italicized paragraph of section 127.

"*The extensions, figures, and motions perceived by sight are specifically distinct from the ideas of touch called by the same names; nor is there any such thing as an idea or kind of idea common to both senses.*"

It will be observed that this proposition expressly declares that extension, figure, and motion, and consequently distance, are immediately perceived by sight as well as by touch; but that visual distance, extension, figure, and motion, are totally different in quality from the ideas of the same name obtained through the sense of touch. And other passages leave no doubt that such was Berkeley's meaning. Thus in the 112th section of the same Essay, he carefully defines the two kinds of distance, one visual, the other tangible.

"By the distance between any two points nothing more is meant than the number of intermediate points. If the given points are visible, the distance between them is marked out by the number of interjacent visible points; if they are tangible, the distance between them is a line consisting of tangible points."

Again, there are two sorts of magnitude or extension:—

"It has been shown that there are two sorts of objects apprehended by sight, each whereof has its distinct magnitude or extension: the one properly tangible, *i.e.* to be perceived and measured by touch, and not immediately falling under the sense of seeing; the other properly and immediately visible, by mediation of which the former is brought into view."—§ 55.

But how are we to reconcile these passages with others which will be perfectly familiar to every reader of the "New Theory of Vision"? As, for example:—

"It is, I think, agreed by all, that distance of itself, and immediately, cannot be seen."—§ 2.

"Space or distance, we have shown, is no otherwise the object of sight than of hearing."—§ 130.

"Distance is in its own nature imperceptible, and yet it is perceived by sight. It remains, therefore, that it is brought into view by means of some other idea, that is itself immediately perceived in the act of vision."—§ 11.

"Distance or external space."—§ 155.

The explanation is quite simple, and lies in the fact that Berkeley uses the word "distance" in three senses. Sometimes he employs it to denote visible distance, and then he restricts it to distance in two dimensions, or simple ex-

on this vexed question, not because I have failed to study them carefully, but because this is not a convenient occasion for controversial discussion. Those who are acquainted with the subject, however, will observe that the view I have taken agrees substantially with that of Mr. Bailey.

tension. Sometimes he means tangible distance in two dimensions; but most commonly he intends to signify tangible distance in the third dimension. And it is in this sense that he employs "distance" as the equivalent of "space." Distance in two dimensions is, for Berkeley, not space, but extension. By taking a pencil and interpolating the words "visible" and "tangible" before "distance" wherever the context renders them necessary, Berkeley's statements may be made perfectly consistent; though he has not always extricated himself from the entanglement caused by his own loose phraseology, which rises to a climax in the last ten sections of the "Theory of Vision," in which he endeavours to prove that a pure intelligence able to see, but devoid of the sense of touch, could have no idea of a plane figure. Thus he says in section 156:—

"All that is properly perceived by the visual faculty amounts to no more than colours with their variations and different proportions of light and shade; but the perpetual mutability and fleetingness of those immediate objects of sight render them incapable of being managed after the manner of geometrical figures, nor is it in any degree useful that they should. It is true there be divers of them perceived at once, and more of some and less of others; but accurately to compute their magnitude, and assign precise determinate proportions between things so variable and inconstant, if we suppose it possible to be done, must yet be a very trifling and insignificant labour."

If, by this, Berkeley means that by vision alone, a straight line cannot be distinguished from a curved one, a circle from a square, a long line from a short one, a large angle from a small one, his position is surely absurd in itself and contradictory to his own previously cited admissions; if he only means, on the other hand, that his pure spirit could not get very far on in his geometry, it may be true or not; but it is in contradiction with his previous assertion, that such a pure spirit could never attain to know as much as the first elements of plane geometry.

Another source of confusion, which arises out of Berkeley's insufficient exactness in the use of language, is to be found in what he says about solidity in discussing Molyneux's problem, whether a man born blind, and having learned to distinguish between a cube and a sphere, could, on receiving his sight, tell the one from the other by vision. Berkeley agrees with Locke that he could not, and adds the following reflection:—

"Cube, sphere, table are words he has known applied to things perceivable by touch, but to things perfectly intangible he never knew them applied. Those words in their wonted application always marked out to his mind bodies or solid things which were perceived by the resistance they gave. But there is no solidity, no resistance or protrusion perceived by sight."

Here "solidity" means resistance to pressure, which is apprehended by the muscular sense; but when in section 154 Berkeley says of his pure intelligence—

"It is certain that the aforesaid intelligence could have no idea of a solid or quantity of three dimensions, which follows from its not having any idea of distance"—

he refers to that notion of solidity which may be obtained by the tactile sense, without the addition of any notion of resistance in the solid object; as, for example, when the finger passes lightly over the surface of a billiard ball.

Yet another source of difficulty in clearly understanding Berkeley arises out of his use of the word "outness." In speaking of touch he seems to employ it indifferently, both for the localization of a tactile sensation in the sensory surface, which we really obtain through touch; and for the notion of corporeal separation, which is attained by the association of muscular and tactile sensations. In speaking of sight, on the other hand, Berkeley employs "outness" to denote corporeal separation.

When due allowance is made for the occasional looseness and ambiguity of Berkeley's terminology, and the accessories are weeded out of the essential parts of his famous Essay, his views may, I believe, be fairly and accurately summed up in the following propositions:—

1. The sense of touch gives rise to ideas of extension, figure, magnitude, and motion.

2. The sense of touch gives rise to the idea of "outness," in the sense of localization.

3. The sense of touch gives rise to the idea of resistance, and thence to that of solidity, in the sense of impenetrability.

4. The sense of touch gives rise to the idea of "outness," in the sense of distance in the third dimension, and thence to that of space, or geometrical solidity.

5. The sense of sight gives rise to ideas of extension of figure, magnitude, and motion.

6. The sense of sight does not give rise to the idea of "outness," in the sense of distance in the third dimension, nor to that of geometrical solidity, no visual idea appearing to be without the mind, or at any distance off (§§ 43, 50).

7. The sense of sight does not give rise to the idea of mechanical solidity.

8. There is no likeness whatever between the tactile ideas called extension, figure, magnitude, and motion, and the visual ideas which go by the same names; nor are any ideas common to the two senses.

9. When we think we see objects at a distance, what really happens is that the visual picture suggests that the object seen has tangible distance; we confound the strong belief in the tangible distance of the object with actual sight of its distance.

10. Visual ideas, therefore, constitute a kind of language, by which we are informed of the tactile ideas which will or may arise in us.

Taking these propositions into consideration *seriatim*, it may be assumed that every one will assent to the first and second; and that for the third and fourth we have only to include the muscular sense under the name of sense of touch, as Berkeley did, in order to make it quite accurate. Nor is it intelligible to me that any one should explicitly deny the truth of the fifth proposition, though some of Berkeley's supporters, less careful than himself, have done so. Indeed, it must be confessed that it is only grudgingly, and as it were against his will, that Berkeley admits that we obtain ideas of extension, figure, and magnitude by pure vision, and that he more than half retracts the admission; while he absolutely denies that sight gives us any notion of outness in either sense of the word, and even declares that "no proper visual idea appears to be without the mind, or at any distance off." By "proper visual ideas," Berkeley denotes colours, and light, and shade; and, therefore, he affirms that colours do not appear to be at any distance from us. I confess that this assertion appears to me to be utterly unaccountable. I have made endless experiments on this point, and by no effort of the imagination can I persuade myself, when looking at a colour, that the colour is in my mind, and not at a "distance off," though of course I know perfectly well, as a matter of reason, that colour is subjective. It is like looking at the sun setting, and trying to persuade oneself that the earth appears to move and not the sun, a feat I have never been able to accomplish. Even when the eyes are shut, the darkness of which one is conscious, carries with it the notion of outness. One looks, so to speak, into a dark space. Common language expresses the common experience of mankind in this matter. A man will say that a smell is in his nose, a taste in his mouth, a singing in his ears, a creeping or a warmth in his skin; but if he is jaundiced, he does not say that he has yellow in his eyes, but that everything looks yellow; and if he is troubled with *muscæ volitantes*, he says, not that he has specks in his eyes, but that he sees specks dancing before his eyes. In fact, it appears to me that it is the special peculiarity of visual sensations, that they invariably give rise to the idea of remoteness, and that Berkeley's dictum ought to be reversed. For I think that anyone who interrogates his consciousness carefully will find that "every proper visual idea" appears to be without the mind and at a distance off.

Not only does every *visibile* appear to be remote, but it has a position in external space, just as a *tangibile* appears to be superficial and to have a determinate position on the surface of the body. Every *visibile*, in fact, appears (approximately) to be situated upon a line drawn from it to the point of the retina on which its image falls. It is referred outwards, in the general direction of the pencil of light by which it is rendered visible, just as, in the experiment with the stick, the *tangibile* is referred outwards to the end of the stick.

It is for this reason that an object, viewed with both eyes, is seen single and not double. Two distinct images are formed, but each image is referred to that point at which the two optic axes intersect; consequently, the two images exactly cover one another, and appear as completely one as any other two exactly similar superimposed images would be. And it is for the same reason, that, if the ball of the eye is pressed upon at any point, a spot of light appears apparently outside the eye, and in a region exactly opposite to that in which the pressure is made.

But while it seems to me that there is no reason to doubt that the extradition of sensation is more complete in the case of the eye than in that of the skin, and that corporeal distinctness, and hence space, are directly suggested by vision, it is another, and a much more difficult question, whether the notion of geometrical solidity is attainable by pure vision; that is to say, by a single eye, all the parts of which are immoveable. However this may be, for an absolutely fixed eye, I conceive there can be no doubt in the case of an eye that is moveable and capable of adjustment. For, with the moveable eye, the muscular sense comes into play in exactly the same way as in the moveable hand, and the notion of change of place, *plus* the sense of effort, gives rise to a conception of visual space, which runs exactly parallel with that of tangible space. When two moveable eyes are present, the notion of space of three dimensions is obtained in the same way as it is by the two hands, but with much greater precision.

And if, to take a case similar to one already assumed, we suppose a man deprived of every sense except vision, and of all motion except that of his eyes, it surely cannot be doubted that he would have a perfect conception of space; and indeed a much more perfect conception than he who possessed touch alone without vision. But of course our touchless man would be devoid of any notion of resistance; and hence space, for him, would be altogether geometrical and devoid of body.

And here another curious consideration arises, what likeness, if any, would there be between the visual space of the one man, and the tangible space of the other?

Berkeley, as we have seen (in the eighth proposition), declares that there is no likeness between the ideas given by sight and those given by touch; and one cannot but agree with him, so long as the term ideas is restricted to mere sensations. Obviously, there is no more likeness between the feel of a surface and the colour of it, than there is between its colour and its smell. All simple sensations, derived from different senses, are incommensurable with one another, and only gradations of their own intensity are comparable. And thus so far as the primary facts of sensation go, visual figure and tactile figure, visual magnitude and tactile magnitude, visual motion and tactile motion, are truly unlike, and have no common term. But when Berkeley goes further than this, and declares that there are no "ideas" common to the "ideas" of touch and those of sight, it appears to me that he has fallen into a great error, and one which is the chief source of his paradoxes about geometry.

Berkeley in fact employs the word "idea" in this instance to denote two totally different classes of feelings, or states of consciousness. For these may be divided into two groups, the primary feelings, which exist in themselves and without relation to any other, such as

pleasure and pain, desire, and the simple sensations obtained through the sensory organs; and the secondary feelings, which express those relations of primary feelings which are perceived by the mind; and the existence of which, therefore, implies the pre-existence of at least two of the primary feelings. Such are likeness and unlikeness in quality, quantity, or form; succession and contemporaneity; contiguity and distance; cause and effect; motion and rest.

Now it is quite true that there is no likeness between the primary feelings which are grouped under sight and touch; but it appears to me wholly untrue, and indeed absurd, to affirm that there is no likeness between the secondary feelings which express the relations of the primary ones.

The relation of succession perceived between the visible taps of a hammer, is, to my mind, exactly like the relation of succession between the tangible taps; the unlikeness between red and blue is a mental phenomenon of the same order as the unlikeness between rough and smooth. Two points visibly distant are so, because one or more units of visible length (*minima visibilia*) are interposed between them; and as two points tangibly distant are so, because one or more units of tangible length (*minima tangibilia*) are interposed between them, it is clear that the notion of interposition of units of sensibility, or *minima sensibilia*, is an idea common to the two. And whether I see a point move across the field of vision towards another point, or feel the like motion, the idea of the gradual diminution of the number of sensible units between the two points appears to me to be common to both kinds of motion.

Hence I conceive that though it be true that there is no likeness between the primary feelings given by sight and those given by touch, yet there is a complete likeness between the secondary feelings aroused by each sense.

Indeed, if it were not so, how could Logic, which deals with those forms of thought which are applicable to every kind of subject-matter, be possible? How could numerical proportion be as true of *visibilia*, as of *tangibilia*, unless there were some ideas common to the two? And to come directly to the heart of the matter, is there any more difference between the relations between tangible sensations which we call place and direction, and those between visible sensations which go by the same name, than there is between those relations of tangible and visible sensations which we call succession? And if there be none, why is Geometry not just as much a matter of *visibilia* as of *tangibilia*?

Moreover, as a matter of fact, it is certain that the muscular sense is so closely connected with both the visual and the tactile senses, that, by the ordinary laws of association, the ideas which it suggests must needs be common to both.

From what has been said it will follow that the ninth proposition falls to the ground; and that vision, combined with the muscular sensations produced by the movement of the eyes, gives us as complete a notion of corporeal separation and of distance in the third dimension of space, as touch, combined with the muscular sensations produced by the movements of the hand, does. The tenth proposition seems to contain a perfectly true statement, but it is only half the truth. It is no doubt true that our visual ideas are a kind of language by which we are informed of the tactile ideas which may or will arise in us; but this is true, more or less, of every sense in regard to every other. If I put my hand in my pocket, the tactile ideas which I receive prophesy quite accurately what I shall see—whether a bunch of keys or half-a-crown—when I pull it out again; and the tactile ideas are, in this case, the language which informs me of the visual ideas which will arise. So with the other senses: olfactory ideas tell me I shall find the tactile and visual phenomena called violets, if I look for them; taste tells me that what I am tasting will, if I look at it, have the form of a clove; and hearing warns me

of what I shall, or may, see and touch every minute of my life.

But while the "New Theory of Vision" cannot be considered to possess much value in relation to the immediate object its author had in view, it had a vastly important influence in directing attention to the real complexity of many of those phenomena of sensation, which appear at first to be simple. And even if Berkeley was, as I imagine he was, quite wrong in supposing that we do not see space, the contrary doctrine makes quite as strongly for his general view, that space can be conceived only as something thought by a mind.

The last of Locke's "primary qualities" which remain to be considered is mechanical solidity or impenetrability. But our conception of this is derived from the sense of resistance to our own effort, or active force, which we meet with, in association with sundry tactile or visual phenomena; and, undoubtedly, active force is inconceivable except as a state of consciousness. This may sound paradoxical; but let any one try to realize what he means by the mutual attraction of two particles, and I think he will find, either, that he conceives them simply as moving towards one another at a certain rate, in which case he only pictures motion to himself, and leaves force aside; or, that he conceives each particle to be animated by something like his own volition, and to be pulling as he would pull. And I suppose that this difficulty of thinking force except as something comparable to volition, lies at the bottom of Leibnitz's doctrine of monads, to say nothing of Schopenhauer's "Welt als Wille und Vorstellung;" while the opposite difficulty of conceiving force to be anything like volition, drives another school of thinkers into the denial of any connection, save that of succession, between cause and effect.

To sum up. If the materialist affirms that the universe and all its phenomena are resolvable into matter and motion, Berkeley replies, True; but what you call matter and motion are known to us only as forms of consciousness; their being is to be conceived or known; and the existence of a state of consciousness, apart from a thinking mind, is a contradiction in terms.

I conceive that this reasoning is irrefragable. And therefore, if I were obliged to choose between absolute materialism and absolute idealism, I should feel compelled to accept the latter alternative. And indeed, upon this point Locke does, practically, go as far in the direction of idealism as Berkeley, when he admits that "the simple ideas we receive from sensation and reflection are the boundaries of our thoughts, beyond which the mind, whatever efforts it would make, is not able to advance one jot."—Book II. chap. xxiii. § 29.

But Locke adds, "Nor can it make any discoveries when it would pry into the nature and hidden causes of these ideas."

Now, from this proposition, the thorough materialists dissent as much, on the one hand, as Berkeley does, upon the other hand.

The thorough materialist asserts that there is a something which he calls the "substance" of matter; that this something is the cause of all phenomena, whether material or mental; that it is self-existent and eternal, and so forth.

Berkeley, on the contrary, asserts with equal confidence that there is no substance of matter, but only a substance of mind, which he terms spirit; that there are two kinds of spiritual substance, the one eternal and uncreated, the substance of the Deity, the other created, and, once created, naturally eternal; that the universe, as known to created spirits, has no being in itself, but is the result of the action of the substance of the Deity on the substance of those spirits.

In contradiction to which bold assertion, Locke affirms that we simply know nothing about substance of any kind.[1]

[1] Berkeley virtually makes the same confession of ignorance, when he admits that we can have no idea or notion of a spirit ("Principles

"So that if any one will examine himself concerning his notion of pure substance in general, he will find he has no other idea of it at all, but only a supposition of he knows not what support of such qualities, which are capable of producing simple ideas in us, which qualities are commonly called accidents.

"If anyone should be asked, what is the subject wherein colour or weight inheres? he would have nothing to say but the solid extended parts; and if he were demanded what is it that solidity and extension inhere in? he would not be in much better case than the Indian before-mentioned, who, urging that the world was supported by a great elephant, was asked what the elephant rested on? to which his answer was, a great tortoise. But being again pressed to know what gave support to the broad-backed tortoise? replied, something, he knew not what. And thus here, as in all other cases when we use words without having clear and distinct ideas, we talk like children, who, being questioned what such a thing is, readily give this satisfactory answer, that it is something; which in truth signifies no more when so used either by children or men, but that they know not what, and that the thing they pretend to talk and know of is what they have no distinct idea of at all, and are, so, perfectly ignorant of it and in the dark. The idea, then, we have, to which we give the general name substance, being nothing but the supposed but unknown support of those qualities we find existing, which we imagine cannot exist *sine re substante*, without something to support them, we call that support *substantia*, which, according to the true import of the word, is, in plain English, standing under or upholding."[1]

I cannot but believe that the judgment of Locke is that which philosophy will accept as her final decision.

Suppose that a piano were conscious of sound, and of nothing else? It would become acquainted with a system of nature entirely composed of sounds, and the laws of nature would be the laws of melody and of harmony. It might acquire endless ideas of likeness and unlikeness, of succession, of similarity and dissimilarity, but it could attain to no conception of space, of distance, or of resistance; or of figure, or of motion.

The piano might then reason thus: All my knowledge consists of sounds and the perception of the relations of sounds; now the being of sound is to be heard; and it is inconceivable that the existence of the sounds I know, should depend upon any other existence than that of the mind of a hearing being.

This would be quite as good reasoning as Berkeley's, and very sound and useful, so far as it defines the limits of the piano's faculties. But for all that, pianos have an existence quite apart from sounds, and the auditory consciousness of our speculative piano would be dependent, in the first place, on the existence of a "substance" of brass, wood, and iron, and, in the second, on that of a musician. But of neither of these conditions of the existence of his consciousness would the phenomena of that consciousness afford him the slightest hint.

So that while it is the summit of human wisdom to learn the limit of our faculties, it may be wise to recollect that we have no more right to make denials, than to put forth affirmatives about what lies beyond that limit. Whether either mind, or matter, have a "substance" or not, is a problem which we are incompetent to discuss; and it is just as likely that the common notions about the matter should be correct as any others. Indeed, Berkeley himself makes Philonous wind up his discussions with Hylas, in a couple of sentences which aptly express this conclusion:—

"You see, Hylas, the water of yonder fountain, how it is forced upwards in a round column to a certain height, at which it breaks and falls back into the basin from whence it rose; its ascent as well as its descent proceeding from the same uniform law or principle of gravitation. Just so, the same principles which, at first view, lead to scepticism, pursued to a certain point, bring men back to common sense."

of Human Knowledge," § 138); and the way in which he tries to escape the consequences of this admission, is a splendid example of the floundering of a mired logician.

[1] Locke, "Human Understanding," Book II. chap. xxiii. § 2.

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III.—HOW LITERATURE MAY ILLUSTRATE HISTORY. By DAVID MASSON.

IV.—TWO NIGHTS IN A FRENCH PRISON DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

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ARMGART.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

SCENE I.

A Salon lit with lamps and ornamented with green plants. An open piano, with many scattered sheets of music. Bronze busts of Beethoven and Gluck on pillars opposite each other. A small table spread with supper. To FRÄULEIN WALPURGA, *who advances with a slight lameness of gait from an adjoining room, enters* GRAF DORNBERG *at the opposite door in a travelling dress.*

GRAF. Good evening, Fräulein!

WALP. What, so soon returned?
I feared your mission kept you still at Prague.

GRAF. But now arrived! You see my travelling dress.
I hurried from the panting, roaring steam
Like any courier of embassy
Who hides the fiends of war within his bag.

WALP. You know that Armgart sings to-night?

GRAF. Has sung!
'Tis close on half-past nine. The *Orpheus*
Lasts not so long. Her spirits—were they high?
Was Leo confident?

WALP. He only feared
Some tameness at beginning. Let the house
Once ring, he said, with plaudits, she is safe.

GRAF. And Armgart?

WALP. She was stiller than her wont.
But once, at some such trivial word of mine,
As that the highest prize might yet be won
By her who took the second—she was roused.

"For me," she said, "I triumph or I fail.
I never strove for any second prize."

GRAF. Poor human-hearted singing-bird! She bears
Cæsar's ambition in her delicate breast,
And nought to still it with but quivering song!

WALP. I had not for the world been there to-night:
Unreasonable dread oft chills me more
Than any reasonable hope can warm.

GRAF. You have a rare affection for your cousin;
As tender as a sister's.

WALP. Nay, I fear
My love is little more than what I felt
For happy stories when I was a child.
She fills my life that would be empty else,
And lifts my nought to value by her side.

GRAF. She is reason good enough, or seems to be,
Why all were born whose being ministers
To her completeness. Is it most her voice
Subdues us? or her instinct exquisite,
Informing each old strain with some new grace
Which takes our sense like any natural good?
Or most her spiritual energy
That sweeps us in the current of her song?

WALP. I know not. Losing either, we should lose
That whole we call our Armgart. For herself,
She often wonders what her life had been
Without that voice for channel to her soul.
She says, it must have leaped through all her limbs—
Made her a Mænad—made her snatch a brand
And fire some forest, that her rage might mount
In crashing roaring flames through half a land,
Leaving her still and patient for a while.
"Poor wretch!" she says, of any murderess—
"The world was cruel, and she could not sing:
I carry my revenges in my throat;
I love in singing, and am loved again."

GRAF. Mere mood! I cannot yet believe it more.
Too much ambition has unwomaned her;
But only for a while. Her nature hides
One half its treasures by its very wealth,
Taxing the hours to show it.

WALP. Hark! she comes.

Enter LEO *with a wreath in his hand, holding the door open for* ARMGART, *who wears a furred mantle and hood. She is followed by her maid, carrying an armful of bouquets.*

LEO. Place for the queen of song!

GRAF. (*advancing towards* ARMGART, *who throws off her hood and mantle, and shows a star of brilliants in her hair*).
A triumph, then.
You will not be a niggard of your joy
And chide the eagerness that came to share it.

ARMG. O kind! you hastened your return for me.
I would you had been there to hear me sing!
Walpurga, kiss me: never tremble more
Lest Armgart's wing should fail her. She has found
This night the region where her rapture breathes—
Pouring her passion on the air made live
With human heart-throbs. Tell them, Leo, tell them
How I outsang your hope and made you cry
Because Gluck could not hear me. That was folly!
He sang, not listened: every linked note
Was his immortal pulse that stirred in mine,
And all my gladness is but part of him.
Give me the wreath. [*She crowns the bust of* GLUCK].

LEO. (*sardonically*). Ay, ay, but mark you this:
It was not part of him—that trill you made
In spite of me and reason!

ARMG. You were wrong—
Dear Leo, you were wrong—the house was held
As if a storm were listening with delight
And hushed its thunder.

LEO. Will you ask the house
To teach you singing? Quit your *Orpheus* then,
And sing in farces grown to operas,
Where all the prurience of the full-fed mob
Is tickled with melodic impudence:
Jerk forth burlesque bravuras, square your arms
Akimbo with a tavern wench's grace,
And set the splendid compass of your voice
To lyric jigs. Go to! I thought you meant
To be an artist—lift your audience

To see your vision, not trick forth a show
To please the grossest taste of grossest numbers.

ARMG. (*taking up* LEO'S *hand, and kissing it*).
Pardon, good Leo, I am penitent.
I will do penance: sing a hundred trills
Into a deep dug grave, then burying them
As one did Midas' secret, rid myself
Of naughty exultation. O I trilled
At nature's prompting, like the nightingales.
Go scold them, dearest Leo.

LEO. I stop my ears.
Nature in Gluck inspiring Orpheus,
Has done with nightingales. Are bird-beaks lips?

GRAF. Truce to rebukes! Tell us—who were not there—
The double drama: how the expectant house
Took the first notes.

WALP. (*turning from her occupation of decking the room with the flowers*). Yes, tell us all, dear Armgart.
Did you feel tremors? Leo, how did she look?
Was there a cheer to greet her?

LEO. Not a sound.
She walked like Orpheus in his solitude,
And seemed to see nought but what no man saw.
'Twas famous. Not the Schroeder-Devrient
Had done it better. But your blessed public
Had never any judgment in cold blood—
Thinks all perhaps were better otherwise,
Till rapture brings a reason.

ARMG. (*scornfully*). I knew that!
The women whispered, "Not a pretty face!"
The men, "Well, well, a goodly length of limb:
She bears the chiton."—It were all the same
Were I the Virgin Mother and my stage
The opening heavens at the Judgment day—
Gossips would peep, jog elbows, rate the price
Of such a woman in the social mart.
What were the drama of the world to them,
Unless they felt the hell-prong?

LEO. Peace, now, peace!
I hate my phrases to be smothered o'er
With sauce of saraphrase, my sober tune

Made bass to rambling trebles, showering down
In endless demi-semi-quavers.

ARMG. (*taking a bon-bon from the table, uplifting it before putting it into her mouth, and turning away*).
Mum!

GRAF. Yes, tell us all the glory, leave the blame.

WALP. You first, dear Leo—what you saw and heard;
Then Armgart—she must tell us what she felt.

LEO. Well! The first notes came clearly firmly forth,
And I was easy, for behind those rills
I knew there was a fountain. I could see
The house was breathing gently, heads were still;
Parrot opinion was struck meekly mute,
And human hearts were swelling. Armgart stood
As if she had been new-created there
And found her voice which found a melody.
The minx! Gluck had not written, nor I taught:
Orpheus was Armgart, Armgart Orpheus.
Well, well, all through the *scena* I could feel
The silence tremble now, now poise itself
With added weight of feeling, till at last
Delight o'er-toppled it. The final note
Had happy drowning in the unloosed roar
That surged and ebbed and ever surged again,
Till expectation kept it pent awhile
Ere Orpheus returned. Pfui! he was changed:
My demi-god was pale, had downcast eyes
That quivered like a bride's who fain would send
Backward the rising tear.

ARMG. (*advancing, but then turning away as if to check her speech*). I *was* a bride,
As nuns are at their spousals.

LEO. Ay, my lady,
That moment will not come again: applause
May come and plenty; but the first, first draught!

[*Snaps his fingers.*

Music has sounds for it—I know no words.
I felt it once myself when they performed
My overture to Sintram. Well! 'tis strange,
We know not pain from pleasure in such joy.

ARMG. (*turning quickly*). O, pleasure has cramped dwelling
in our souls,
And when full being comes must call on pain
To lend it liberal space.

WALP. I hope the house
Kept a reserve of plaudits: I am jealous
Lest they had dulled themselves for coming good
That should have seemed the better and the best.

LEO. No, 'twas a revel where they had but quaffed
Their opening cup. I thank the artist's star,
His audience keeps not sober: once afire,
They flame towards climax, though his merit hold
But fairly even.

ARMG. (*her hand on* LEO's *arm*). Now, now, confess the truth:
I sang still better to the very end—
All save the trill; I give that up to you,
To bite and growl at. Why, you said yourself,
Each time I sang, it seemed new doors were oped
That you might hear heaven clearer.

LEO. (*shaking his finger*). I was raving.

ARMG. I am not glad with that mean vanity
Which knows no good beyond its appetite
Full feasting upon praise! I am only glad
Being praised for what I know is worth the praise;
Glad of the proof that I myself have part
In what I worship! at the last applause—
Seeming a roar of tropic winds that tossed
The handkerchiefs and many-coloured flowers,
Falling like shattered rainbows all around—
Think you I felt myself a *prima donna?*
No, but a happy spiritual star
Such as old Dante saw, wrought in a rose
Of light in Paradise, whose only self
Was consciousness of glory wide-diffused,
Music, life, power—I moving in the midst
With a sublime necessity of good.

LEO. (*with a shrug*). I thought it was a *prima donna* came
Within the side-scenes; ay, and she was proud
To find the bouquet from the royal box
Enclosed a jewel-case, and proud to wear
A star of brilliants, quite an earthly star,

Valued by thalers. Come, my lady, own
Ambition has five senses, and a self
That gives it good warm lodging when it sinks
Plump down from ecstasy.

Armg. Own it? why not?
Am I a sage whose words must fall like seed
Silently buried toward a far-off spring?
I sing to living men and my effect
Is like the summer's sun, that ripens corn
Or now or never. If the world brings me gifts,
Gold, incense, myrrh—'twill be the needful sign
That I have stirred it as the high year stirs
Before I sink to winter.

Gray. Ecstasies
Are short—most happily! We should but lose
Were Armgart borne too commonly and long
Out of the self that charms us. Could I choose,
She were less apt to soar beyond the reach
Of woman's foibles, innocent vanities,
Fondness for trifles like that pretty star
Twinkling beside her cloud of ebon hair.

Armg. (*taking out the gem and looking at it*).
This little star! I would it were the seed
Of a whole Milky Way, if such bright shimmer
Were the sole speech men told their rapture with
At Armgart's music. Shall I turn aside
From splendours which flash out the glow I make,
And live to make, in all the chosen breasts
Of half a Continent? No, may it come,
That splendour! May the day be near when men
Think much to let my horses draw me home,
And new lands welcome me upon their beach,
Loving me for my fame. That is the truth
Of what I wish, nay, yearn for. Shall I lie?
Pretend to seek obscurity—to sing
In hope of disregard? A vile pretence!
And blasphemy besides. For what is fame
But the benignant strength of One, transformed
To joy of Many? Tributes, plaudits come
As necessary breathing of such joy,
And may they come to me!

GRAF. The auguries
Point clearly that way. Is it no offence
To wish the eagle's wing may find repose,
As feebler wings do, in a quiet nest?
Or has the taste of fame already turned
The Woman to a Muse . . .

LEO. (*going to the table*). Who needs no supper
I am her priest, ready to eat her share
Of good Walpurga's offerings.

WALP. Armgart, come.
Graf, will you sit?

GRAF. Thanks, I play truant here,
And must retrieve my self-indulged delay.
But will the Muse receive a votary
At any hour to-morrow?

ARMG. Any hour
After rehearsal, after twelve at noon.

SCENE II.

The same Salon, morning. ARMGART *seated, in her bonnet and walking dress. The* GRAF *standing near her against the piano.*

GRAF. Armgart, to many minds the first success
Is reason for desisting. I have known
A man so various, he tried all arts,
But when in each by turns he had achieved
Just so much mastery as made men say,
"He could be king here if he would," he threw
The lauded skill aside. He hates, said one,
The level of achieved pre-eminence,
He must be conquering still; but others said—

ARMG. The truth, I hope: he had a meagre soul,
Holding no depth where love could root itself.
"Could if he would?" True greatness ever wills—
It breathes in wholeness like an unborn child,
And all its strength is knit with constancy.

GRAF. He used to say himself he was too sane
To give his life away for excellence
Which yet must stand, an ivory statuette
Wrought to perfection through long lonely years,
Huddled in the mart of mediocrities.

He said, the very finest doing wins
The admiring only; but to leave undone,
Promise and not fulfil, like buried youth,
Wins all the envious, makes them sigh your name
As that fair Absent, blameless Possible,
Which could alone impassion them; and thus,
Serene negation has free gift of all,
Panting achievement struggles, is denied,
Or wins to lose again. What say you, Armgart?
Truth has rough flavours if we bite it through;
I think this sarcasm came from out its core
Of bitter irony.

ARMG. It is the truth
Mean souls select to feed upon. What then?
Their meanness is a truth, which I will spurn.
The praise I seek lives not in envious breath
Using my name to blight another's deed.
I sing for love of song and that renown
Which is the spreading act, the world-wide share,
Of good that I was born with. Had I failed—
Well, that had been a truth most pitiable.
I cannot bear to think what life would be
With high hope shrunk to endurance, stunted aims,
Like broken lances ground to eating-knives,
A self sunk down to look with level eyes
At low achievement, doomed from day to day
To distaste of its consciousness. But I——

GRAF. Have won, not lost, in your decisive throw.
And I too glory in this issue; yet,
The public verdict has no potency
To sway my judgment of what Armgart is:
My pure delight in her would be but sullied,
If it o'erflowed with mixture of men's praise.
And had she failed, I should have said, "The pearl
Remains a pearl for me, reflects the light
With the same fitness that first charmed my gaze—
Is worth as fine a setting now as then."

ARMG. (*rising*). O you are good! But why will you rehearse
The talk of cynics, who with insect eyes
Explore the secrets of the rubbish heap?
I hate your epigrams and pointed saws

Whose narrow truth is but broad falsity.
Confess, your friend was shallow.

GRAF. I confess
Life is not rounded in an epigram,
And saying aught, we leave a world unsaid.
I quoted, merely to shape forth my thought
That high success has terrors when achieved—
Like preternatural spouses whose dire love
Hangs perilous on slight observances:
Whence it were possible that Armgart crowned
Might turn and listen to a pleading voice,
Though Armgart striving in the race was deaf.
You said you dared not think what life had been
Without the stamp of eminence; have you thought
How you will bear the poise of eminence
With dread of sliding? Paint the future out
As an unchecked and glorious career,
'Twill grow more strenuous by the very love
You bear to excellence, the very fate
Of human powers, which tread at every step
On possible verges.

ARMG. I accept the peril.
I choose to walk high with sublimer dread
Rather than crawl in safety. And, besides,
I am an artist as you are a noble:
I ought to bear the burthen of my rank.

GRAF. Such parallels, dear Armgart, are but snares
To catch the mind with seeming argument—
Small baits of likeness 'mid disparity.
Men rise the higher as their task is high,
The task being well achieved. A woman's rank
Lies in the fulness of her womanhood:
Therein alone she is royal.

ARMG. Yes, I know
The oft-taught Gospel: "Woman, thy desire
Shall be that all superlatives on earth
Belong to men, save the one highest kind—
To be a mother. Thou shalt not desire
To do aught best save pure subservience:
Nature has willed it so!" O blessed Nature!
Let her be arbitress; she gave me voice

Such as she only gives a woman child,
Best of its kind, gave me ambition too,
That sense transcendent which can taste the joy
Of swaying multitudes, of being adored
For such achievement, needed excellence,
As man's best art must wait for, or be dumb.
Men did not say, when I had sung last night,
"'Twas good, nay, wonderful, considering
She is a woman"—and then turn to add,
"Tenor or baritone had sung her songs
Better, of course: she's but a woman spoiled."
I beg your pardon, Graf, you said it.

GRAF. No!
How should I say it, Armgart? I who own
The magic of your nature-given art
As sweetest effluence of your womanhood
Which, being to my choice the best, must find
The best of utterance. But this I say:
Your fervid youth beguiles you; you mistake
A strain of lyric passion for a life
Which in the spending is a chronicle
With ugly pages. Trust me, Armgart, trust me:
Ambition exquisite as yours which soars
Toward something quintessential you call fame,
Is not robust enough for this gross world
Whose fame is dense with false and foolish breath.
Ardour, atwin with nice refining thought,
Prepares a double pain. Pain had been saved,
Nay, purer glory reached, had you been throned
As woman only, holding all your art
As attribute to that dear sovereignty—
Concentering your power in home delights
Which penetrate and purify the world.

ARMG. What, leave the opera with my part ill-sung
While I was warbling in a drawing-room?
Sing in the chimney-corner to inspire
My husband reading news? Let the world hear
My music only in his morning speech
Less stammering than most honourable men's?
No! tell me that my song is poor, my art
The piteous feat of weakness aping strength—

That were fit proem to your argument.
Till then, I am an artist by my birth—
By the same warrant that I am a woman:
Nay, in the added rarer gift I see
Supreme vocation: if a conflict comes,
Perish—no, not the woman, but the joys
Which men make narrow by their narrowness.
O I am happy! The great masters write
For women's voices, and great Music wants me!
I need not crush myself within a mould
Of theory called Nature: I have room
To breathe and grow unstunted.

GRAF. Armgart, hear me.
I meant not that our talk should hurry on
To such collision. Foresight of the ills
Thick shadowing your path, drew on my speech
Beyond intention. True, I came to ask
A great renunciation, but not this
Towards which my words at first perversely strayed,
As if in memory of their earlier suit,
Forgetful . . . . . .
Armgart, do you remember too? the suit
Had but postponement, was not quite disdained—
Was told to wait and learn—what it has learned—
A more submissive speech.

ARMG. (*with some agitation*). Then it forgot
Its lesson cruelly. As I remember,
'Twas not to speak save to the artist crowned,
Nor speak to her of casting off her crown.

GRAF. Nor will it, Armgart. I come not to seek
Other renunciation than the wife's,
Which turns away from other possible love
Future and worthier, to take his love
Who asks the name of husband. He who sought
Armgart obscure, and heard her answer, "Wait"—
May come without suspicion now to seek
Armgart applauded.

ARMG. (*turning towards him*). Yes, without suspicion
Of aught save what consists with faithfulness
In all expressed intent. Forgive me, Graf—
I am ungrateful to no soul that loves me—

To you most grateful. Yet the best intent
Grasps but a living present which may grow
Like any unfledged bird. You are a noble,
And have a high career; but now you said
'Twas higher far than aught a woman seeks
Beyond mere womanhood. You claim to be
More than a husband, but could not rejoice
That I were more than wife. What follows, then?
You choosing me with such persistency
As is but stretched-out rashness, soon must find
Our marriage asks concessions, asks resolve
To share renunciation or demand it.
Either we both renounce a mutual ease,
As in a nation's need both man and wife
Do public services, or one of us
Must yield that something else for which each lives
Besides the other. Men are reasoners:
That premiss of superior claims perforce
Urges conclusion—"Armgart, it is you."

GRAF. But if I say I have considered this
With strict prevision, counted all the cost
Which that great good of loving you demands—
Questioned my stores of patience, half-resolved
To live resigned without a bliss whose threat
Touched you as well as me—then finally,
With impetus of undivided will
Returned to say, "You shall be free as now;
Only accept the refuge, shelter, guard,
My love will give your freedom"—then your words
Are hard accusal.

ARMG. Well, I accuse myself.
My love would be accomplice of your will.

GRAF. Again—my will?

ARMG. O your unspoken will.
Your silent tolerance would torture me,
And on that rack I should deny the good
I yet believed in.

GRAF. Then I am the man
Whom you would love?

ARMG. Whom I refuse to love!
No, I will live alone and pour my pain

With passion into music, where it turns
To what is best within my better self.
I will not take for husband one who deems
The thing my soul acknowledges as good—
The thing I hold worth striving, suffering for,
To be a thing dispensed with easily,
Or else the idol of a mind infirm.

GRAF. Armgart, you are ungenerous; you strain
My thought beyond its mark. Our difference
Lies not so deep as love—as union
Through a mysterious fitness that transcends
Formal agreement.

ARMG. It lies deep enough
To chafe the union. If many a man
Refrains, degraded, from the utmost right,
Because the pleadings of his wife's small fears
Are little serpents biting at his heel,—
How shall a woman keep her steadfastness
Beneath a frost within her husband's eyes
Where coldness scorches? Graf, it is your sorrow
That you love Armgart. Nay, it is her sorrow
That she may not love you.

GRAF. Woman, it seems,
Has enviable power to love or not
According to her will.

ARMG. She has the will—
I have—who am one woman—not to take
Disloyal pledges that divide her will.
The man who marries me must wed my art—
Honour and cherish it, not tolerate.

GRAF. The man is yet to come whose theory
Will weigh as nought with you against his love.

ARMG. Whose theory will plead beside his love.

GRAF. Himself a singer, then? who knows no life
Out of the opera books, where tenor parts
Are found to suit him?

ARMG. You are bitter, Graf.
Forgive me; seek the woman you deserve,
All grace, all goodness, who has not yet found
A meaning in her life, or any end
Beyond fulfilling yours. The type abounds.

GRAF. And happily, for the world.
ARMG. Yes, happily.
Let it excuse me that my kind is rare:
Commonness is its own security.
GRAF. Armgart, I would with all my soul I knew
The man so rare that he could make your life
As woman sweet to you, as artist safe.
ARMG. O I can live unmated, but not live
Without the bliss of singing to the world,
And feeling all my world respond to me.
GRAF. May it be lasting. Then, we two must part?
ARMG. I thank you from my heart for all. Farewell!

SCENE III.—A YEAR LATER.

The same Salon. WALPURGA *is standing looking towards the window with an air of uneasiness.* DOCTOR GRAHN.

DOCT. Where is my patient, Fräulein?
WALP. Fled! escaped!
Gone to rehearsal. Is it dangerous?
DOCT. No, no; her throat is cured. I only came
To hear her try her voice. Had she yet sung?
WALP. No; she had meant to wait for you. She said,
"The Doctor has a right to my first song."
Her gratitude was full of little plans,
But all were swept away like gathered flowers
By sudden storm. She saw this opera bill—
It was a wasp to sting her: she turned pale,
Snatched up her hat and mufflers, said in haste,
"I go to Leo—to rehearsal—none
Shall sing Fidelio to-night but me!"
Then rushed downstairs.
DOCT. (*looking at his watch*). And this, not long ago?
WALP. Barely an hour.
DOCT. I will come again
Returning from Charlottenburg at one.
WALP. Doctor, I feel a strange presentiment.
Are you quite easy?
DOCT. She can take no harm.
'Twas time for her to sing: her throat is well.
It was a fierce attack, and dangerous;

I had to use strong remedies, but—well!
At one, dear Fräulein, we shall meet again.

SCENE IV.—Two Hours Later.

Walpurga *starts up, looking towards the door.* Armgart *enters, followed by* Leo. *She throws herself on a chair which stands with its back towards the door, speechless, not seeming to see anything.* Walpurga *casts a questioning terrified look at* Leo. *He shrugs his shoulders, and lifts up his hands behind* Armgart, *who sits like a helpless image, while* Walpurga *takes off her hat and mantle.*

Walp. Armgart, dear Armgart (*kneeling and taking her hands*), only speak to me,
Your poor Walpurga. O your hands are cold.
Clasp mine, and warm them! I will kiss them warm.

[Armgart *looks at her an instant, then draws away her hands, and, turning aside, buries her face against the back of the chair,* Walpurga *rising and standing near.*

Doctor Grahn *enters.*

Doct. News! stirring news to-day! wonders come thick.

Armg. (*starting up at the first sound of his voice, and speaking vehemently*). Yes, thick, thick, thick! and you have murdered it!
Murdered my voice—poisoned the soul in me,
And kept me living.
You never told me that your cruel cures
Were clogging films—a mouldy, dead'ning blight—
A lava-mud to crust and bury me,
Yet hold me living in a deep, deep tomb,
Crying unheard for ever! O your cures
Are devils' triumphs: you can rob, maim, slay,
And keep a hell on the other side your cure
Where you can see your victim quivering
Between the teeth of torture—see a soul
Made keen by loss—all anguish with a good
Once known and gone! *Turns and sinks back on her chair.*
O misery, misery!
You might have killed me, might have let me sleep
After my happy day and wake—not here!
In some new unremembered world,—not here,
Where all is faded, flat—a feast broke off—
Banners all meaningless—exulting words,

Dull, dull—a drum that lingers in the air
Beating to melody which no man hears.

DOCT. (*after a moment's silence*). A sudden check has shaken you, poor child!
All things seem livid, tottering to your sense,
From inward tumult. Stricken by a threat
You see your terrors only. Tell me, Leo:
'Tis not such utter loss. [LEO, *with a shrug, goes quietly on*
The freshest bloom
Merely, has left the fruit; the fruit itself . . .

ARMG. Is ruined, withered, is a thing to hide
Away from scorn or pity. O you stand
And look compassionate now, but when Death came
With mercy in his hands, you hindered him.
I did not choose to live and have your pity.
You never told me, never gave me choice
To die a singer, lightning-struck, unmaimed,
Or live what you would make me with your cures—
A self accursed with consciousness of change,
A mind that lives in nought but members lopped,
A power turned to pain—as meaningless
As letters fallen asunder that once made
A hymn of rapture. O, I had meaning once,
Like day and sweetest air. What am I now?
The millionth woman in superfluous herds.
Why should I be, do, think? 'Tis thistle seed,
That grows and grows to feed the rubbish heap.
Leave me alone!

DOCT. Well, I will come again;
Send for me when you will, though but to rate me.
That is medicinal—a letting blood.

ARMG. O there is one physician, only one,
Who cures and never spoils. Him I shall send for;
He comes readily.

DOCT. (*to* WALPURGA). One word, dear Fräulein.

SCENE V.

ARMGART, WALPURGA.

ARMG. Walpurga, have you walked this morning?

WALP. No.

ARMG. Go, then, and walk; I wish to be alone.

WALP. I will not leave you.

ARMG. Will not, at my wish?

WALP. Will not, because you wish it. Say no more,
But take this draught.

ARMG. The Doctor gave it you?
It is an anodyne. Put it away.
He cured me of my voice, and now he wants
To cure me of my vision and resolve—
Drug me to sleep that I may wake again
Without a purpose, abject as the rest
To bear the yoke of life. He shall not cheat me
Of that fresh strength which anguish gives the soul,
The inspiration of revolt, ere rage
Slackens to faltering. Now I see the truth.

WALP. (*setting down the glass*). Then you must see a future in your reach,
With happiness enough to make a dower
For two of modest claims.

ARMG. O you intone
That chant of consolation wherewith ease
Makes itself easier in the sight of pain.

WALP. No; I would not console you, but rebuke.

ARMG. That is more bearable. Forgive me, dear.
Say what you will. But now I want to write.

[*She rises and moves towards a table.*

WALP. I say then, you are simply fevered, mad;
You cry aloud at horrors that would vanish
If you would change the light, throw into shade
The loss you aggrandize, and let day fall
On good remaining, nay, on good refused
Which may be gain now. Did you not reject
A woman's lot more brilliant, as some held,
Than any singer's? It may still be yours.
Graf Dornberg loved you well.

ARMG. Not me, not me.
He loved one well who was like me in all
Save in a voice which made that All unlike
As diamond is to charcoal. O, a man's love!
Think you he loves a woman's inner self
Aching with loss of loveliness?—as mothers

Cleave to the palpitating pain that dwells
Within their misformed offspring?

WALP. But the Graf
Chose you as simple Armgart—had preferred
That you should never seek for any fame
But such as matrons have who rear great sons.
And therefore you rejected him; but now—

ARMG. Ay, now—now he would see me as I am,

[*She takes up a hand-mirror.*

Russet and songless as a missel-thrush.
An ordinary girl—a plain brown girl,
Who, if some meaning flash from out her words,
Shocks as a disproportioned thing—a Will
That, like an arm astretch and broken off,
Has nought to hurl—the torso of a soul.
I sang him into love of me: my song
Was consecration, lifted me apart
From the crowd chiselled like me, sister forms,
But empty of divineness. Nay, my charm
Was half that I could win fame yet renounce!
A wife with glory possible absorbed
Into her husband's actual.

WALP. For shame!
Armgart, you slander him. What would you say
If now he came to you and asked again
That you would be his wife?

ARMG. No, and thrice no!
It would be pitying constancy, not love,
That brought him to me now. I will not be
A pensioner in marriage. Sacraments
Are not to feed the paupers of the world.
If he were generous—I am generous too.

WALP. Proud, Armgart, but not generous.
Say no more.

ARMG. He will not know until—

WALP. He knows already.

ARMG. (*quickly*). Is he come back?

WALP. Yes, and will soon be here.
The Doctor had twice seen him and would go
From hence again to see him.

ARMG. Well, he knows.
It is all one.

WALP. What if he were outside?
I hear a footstep in the ante-room.

ARMG. (*raising herself and assuming calmness*).
Why let him come, of course. I shall behave
Like what I am, a common personage
Who looks for nothing but civility.
I shall not play the fallen heroine,
Assume a tragic part and throw out cues
For a beseeching lover.

WALP. Some one raps.
[*Goes to the door.*
A letter—from the Graf.

ARMG. Then open it.
[WALPURGA *still offers it.*
Nay, my head swims. Read it. I cannot see.
[WALPURGA *opens it, reads, and pauses.*
Read it. Have done! No matter what it is.

WALP. (*reads in a low, hesitating voice*).
"I am deeply moved—my heart is rent, to hear of your illness and its cruel result, just now communicated to me by Dr. Grahn. But surely it is possible that this result may not be permanent. For youth such as yours, Time may hold in store something more than resignation: who shall say that it does not hold renewal? I have not dared to ask admission to you in the hours of a recent shock, but I cannot depart on a long mission without tendering my sympathy and my farewell. I start this evening for the Caucasus, and thence I proceed to India, where I am intrusted by the Government with business which may be of long duration."
[WALPURGA *sits down dejectedly.*

ARMG. (*after a slight shudder, bitterly*).
The Graf has much discretion. I am glad.
He spares us both a pain, not seeing me.
What I like least is that consoling hope—
That empty cup, so neatly ciphered "Time,"
Handed me as a cordial for despair.
(*Slowly and dreamily*) Time—what a word to fling as charity!
Bland neutral word for slow, dull-beating pain—

Days, months, and years!—If I would wait for them!

[*She takes up her hat and puts it on, then wraps her mantle round her.* WALPURGA *leaves the room.*

Why, this is but beginning. (WALP. *re-enters.*) Kiss me, dear.
I am going now—alone—out—for a walk.
Say you will never wound me any more
With such cajolery as nurses use
To patients amorous of a crippled life.
Flatter the blind: I see.

WALP. Well, I was wrong.
In haste to soothe, I snatched at flickers merely.
Believe me, I will flatter you no more.

ARMG. Bear witness, I am calm. I read my lot
As soberly as if it were a tale
Writ by a creeping feuilletonist and called
"The Woman's Lot: a Tale of Everyday:"
A middling woman's, to impress the world
With high superfluousness; her thoughts a crop
Of chick-weed errors or of pot-herb facts,
Smiled at like some child's drawing on a slate.
"Genteel?" "O yes, gives lessons; not so good
As any man's would be, but cheaper far."
"Pretty?" "No; yet she makes a figure fit
For good society. Poor thing, she sews
Both late and early, turns and alters all
To suit the changing mode. Some widower
Might do well, marrying her; but in these days! . . .
Well, she can somewhat eke her narrow gains
By writing, just to furnish her with gloves
And droschkies in the rain. They print her things
Often for charity."—O a dog's life!
A harnessed dog's, that draws a little cart
Voted a nuisance! I am going now.

WALP. Not now, the door is locked.

ARMG. Give me the key!

WALP. Locked on the outside. Gretchen has the key:
She is gone on errands.

ARMG. What, you dare to keep me
Your prisoner?

WALP. And have I not been yours?

Your wish has been a bolt to keep me in.
Perhaps that middling woman whom you paint
With far-off scorn . . . . .

ARMG. I paint what I must be!
What is my soul to me without the voice
That gave it freedom?—gave it one grand touch
And made it nobly human?—Prisoned now,
Prisoned in all the petty mimicries
Called woman's knowledge, that will fit the world
As doll-clothes fit a man. I can do nought
Better than what a million women do—
Must drudge among the crowd and feel my life
Beating upon the world without response,
Beating with passion through an insect's horn
That moves a millet-seed laboriously.
If I *would* do it!

WALP. (*coldly*). And why should you not?

ARMG. (*turning quickly*). Because Heaven made me royal—
wrought me out
With subtle finish towards pre-eminence,
Made every channel of my soul converge
To one high function, and then flung me down,
That breaking I might turn to subtlest pain.
An inborn passion gives a rebel's right:
I would rebel and die in twenty worlds
Sooner than bear the yoke of thwarted life,
Each keenest sense turned into keen distaste,
Hunger not satisfied but kept alive
Breathing in languor half a century.
All the world now is but a rack of threads
To twist and dwarf me into pettiness
And basely feigned content, the placid mask
Of women's misery.

WALP. (*indignantly*). Ay, such a mask
As the few born like you to easy joy,
Cradled in privilege, take for natural
On all the lowly faces that must look
Upward to you! What revelation now
Shows you the mask or gives presentiment
Of sadness hidden? You who every day
These five years saw me limp to wait on you,

And thought the order perfect which gave *me*,
The girl without pretension to be aught,
A splendid cousin for my happiness:
To watch the night through when her brain was fired
With too much gladness—listen, always listen
To what *she* felt, who having power had right
To feel exorbitantly, and submerge
The souls around her with the poured-out flood
Of what must be ere she were satisfied!
That was feigned patience, was it? Why not love,
Love nurtured even with that strength of self
Which found no room save in another's life?
O such as I know joy by negatives,
And all their deepest passion is a pang
Till they accept their pauper's heritage,
And meekly live from out the general store
Of joy they were born stripped of. I accept—
Nay, now would sooner choose it than the wealth
Of natures you call royal, who can live
In mere mock knowledge of their fellows' woe,
Thinking their smiles may heal it.

ARMG. (*tremulously*). Nay, Walpurga,
I did not make a palace of my joy
To shut the world's truth from me. All my good
Was that I touched the world and made a part
In the world's dower of beauty, strength, and bliss;
It was the glimpse of consciousness divine
Which pours out day and sees the day is good.
Now I am fallen dark; I sit in gloom,
Remembering bitterly. Yet you speak truth;
I wearied you, it seems; took all your help
As cushioned nobles use a weary serf,
Not looking at his face.

WALP. O, I but stand
As a small symbol for a mighty sum—
The sum of claims unpaid for myriad lives
I think you never set your loss beside
That mighty deficit. Is your work gone—
The prouder queenly work that paid itself
And yet was overpaid with men's applause
Are you no longer chartered, privileged,

But sunk to simple woman's penury,
To ruthless Nature's chary average—
Where is the rebel's right for you alone?
Noble rebellion lifts a common load;
But what is he who flings his own load off
And leaves his fellows toiling? Rebel's right?
Say rather, the deserter's. O, you smiled
From your clear height on all the million lots
Which yet you brand as abject.

ARMG. I was blind
With too much happiness: true vision comes
Only, it seems, with sorrow. Were there one
This moment near me, suffering what I feel,
And needing me for comfort in her pang—
Then it were worth the while to live; not else.

WALP. One—near you—why, they throng! you hardly stir
But your act touches them. We touch afar.
For did not swarthy slaves of yesterday
Leap in their bondage at the Hebrews' flight,
Which touched them through the thrice millennial dark?
But you can find the sufferer you need
With touch less subtle.

ARMG. Who has need of me?

WALP. Love finds the need it fills. But you are hard.

ARMG. Is it not you, Walpurga, who are hard?
You humoured all my wishes till to-day,
When fate has blighted me.

WALP. You would not hear
The "chant of consolation:" words of hope
Only embittered you. Then hear the truth—
A lame girl's truth, whom no one ever praised
For being cheerful. "It is well," they said:
"Were she cross-grained she would not be endured."
A word of truth from her had startled you;
But you—you claimed the universe; nought less
Than all existence working in sure tracks
Towards your supremacy. The wheels might scathe
A myriad destinies—nay, must perforce;
But yours they must keep clear of; just for you
The seething atoms through the firmament
Must bear a human heart—which you had not!
For what is it to you that women, men,

Plod, faint, are weary, and espouse despair
Of aught but fellowship? Save that you spurn
To be among them? Now, then, you are lame—
Maimed, as you said, and levelled with the crowd:
Call it new birth—birth from that monstrous Self
Which, smiling down upon a race oppressed,
Says, "All is good, for I am throned at ease."
Dear Armgart—nay, you tremble—I am cruel.

ARMG. O no! hark! Some one knocks. Come in!

Enter LEO.

LEO. See, Gretchen let me in. I could not rest
Longer away from you.

ARMG. Sit down, dear Leo.
Walpurga, I would speak with him alone.

[WALPURGA *goes out.*

LEO (*hesitatingly*). You mean to walk?

ARMG. No, I shall stay within.

[*She takes off her hat and mantle, and sits down immediately. After a pause, speaking in a subdued tone to* LEO.

How old are you?

LEO. Threescore and five.

ARMG. That's old.
I never thought till now how you have lived.
They hardly ever play your music?

LEO. (*raising his eyebrows and throwing out his lip*). No!
Schubert too wrote for silence: half his work
Lay like frozen Rhine till a summer came
That warmed the grass above him. Even so!
His music lives now with a mighty youth.

ARMG. Do you think yours will live when you are dead?

LEO. Pfui! The time was, I drank that home-brewed wine
And found it heady, while my blood was young:
Now it scarce warms me. Tipple it as I may,
I am sober still, and say: "My old friend Leo,
Much grain is wasted in the world and rots;
Why not thy handful?"

ARMG. Strange! since I have known you
Till now I never wondered how you lived.
When I sang well—that was your jubilee.
But you were old already.

LEO. Yes, child, yes:
Youth thinks itself the goal of each old life;

Age has but travelled from a far-off time
Just to be ready for youth's service. Well!
It was my chief delight to perfect you.

ARMG. Good Leo! You have lived on little joys.
But your delight in me is crushed for ever.
Your pains, where are they now? They shaped intent
Which action frustrates; shaped an inward sense
Which is but keen despair, the agony
Of highest vision in the lowest pit.

LEO. Nay, nay, I have a thought: keep to the stage,
To drama without song; for you can act—
Who knows how well, when all the soul is poured
Into that sluice alone?

ARMG. I know, and you:
The second or third best in tragedies
That cease to touch the fibre of the time.
No; song is gone, but nature's other gift,
Self-judgment, is not gone. Song was my speech,
And with its impulse only, action came:
Song was the battle's onset, when cool purpose
Glows into rage, becomes a warring god
And moves the limbs with miracle. But now—
O, I should stand hemmed in with thoughts and rules—
Say "This way passion acts," yet never feel
The might of passion. How should I declaim?
As monsters write with feet instead of hands.
I will not feed on doing great tasks ill,
Dull the world's sense with mediocrity,
And live by trash that smothers excellence.
One gift I had that ranked me with the best—
The secret of my frame—and that is gone.
For all life now I am a broken thing.
But silence there! Leo, advise me now.
I would take humble work and do it well—
Teach music, singing, what I can—not here,
But in some smaller town where I may bring
The method you have taught me, pass your gift
To others who can use it for delight.
You think I can do that?

[*She pauses with a sob in her voice.*

LEO. Yes, yes, dear child!

And it were well, perhaps, to change the place,
Begin afresh as I did when I left
Vienna with a heart half broken.

ARMG. (*roused by surprise*). You?

LEO. Well, it is long ago. But I had lost—
No matter! We must bury our dead joys
And live above them with a living world.
But whither, think you, you would like to go?

ARMG. To Freiburg.

LEO. In the Breisgau? And why there?
It is too small.

ARMG. Walpurga was born there,
And loves the place. She quitted it for me
These five years past. Now I will take her there.
Dear Leo, I will bury my dead joy.

LEO. Mothers do so, bereaved; then learn to love
Another's living child.

ARMG. O, it is hard
To take the little corpse, and lay it low,
And say, "None misses it but me."—She sings—
I mean Paulina sings Fidelio,
And they will welcome her to-night.

LEO. Well, well,
'Tis better that our griefs should not spread far.

August 1870.

PATTY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE PORTRAIT.

PAUL was ushered into a room on the ground-floor of the house in Park Lane.

A gentleman sat near the fire at a small table covered with newspapers and reviews, but the room itself attracted Mr. Whitmore's notice before he so much as glanced towards its occupant.

It was large enough for a library, but there was a lack of books and bookshelves; there were cabinets filled with old china and other quaint rarities, a few good oil pictures on the walls, but the decoration of the room itself was more attractive than its contents: the walls were divided into large square panels, the dull red ground of these relieved at wide intervals by gold stars, the panel mouldings of satin-wood and ebony; the wainscoting was of pure ebony, and the mouldings at top and bottom of satin-wood. The ceiling was covered with arabesques in blue and red, relieved by gold bosses.

It was too full of colour and splendour to be quite in good taste. But Paul had not time to take in the details of this magnificence; he merely guessed that the proprietor of such a mansion must be very wealthy, and that he was probably fond of art.

There was a complacent, well-kept air about Mr. Downes, which gave the notion of acquired wealth; his clothes, his very hair and whiskers, had the look of being newly put on.

"Good morning, Mr. Whitmore"—he bowed, but not as to an equal; "you painted a portrait for my cousin, Mrs. Winchester, which I am much pleased with; Mrs. Winchester recommended you to me, in fact. You are a portrait painter, I conclude?"

"No" (a smile began to curve Paul's mouth), "I am not a portrait painter; I painted Mrs. Winchester to please a friend of mine."

Mr. Downes looked slightly discomposed.

"Ah! but you will have no objection to paint Mrs. Downes, I suppose?"

"I object to paint a mere portrait, but I shall be glad to make a picture of Mrs. Downes so long as I do it my own way."

"Dear me, what a very foolish person—he does not know how to get on in his profession at all." Aloud Mr. Downes said: "Ah, indeed, I leave you to settle that part of the business with Mrs. Downes; I fancy no one can help making a picture of her."

Mr. Downes went to the bell and rang it.

"She's a beauty, I suppose," Paul thought; "or her husband thinks she is."

"When will it suit you to have the first sitting, Mr. Whitmore? Mrs. Downes will prefer being painted at home."

"Yes," said Paul, "that will suit me best." Since his marriage he had avoided receiving sitters at the studio in St. John Street. "This day week about this time—I could not begin sooner."

Mr. Downes sent up a message to his wife, and while he waited for the answer he graciously condescended to show Paul his pictures.

Here he admitted equality; and Paul's manner softened as he grew interested, for some of the pictures were remarkable; but still his first impression of Mr. Downes remained, and when he went away that gentleman repeated to himself—

"Very foolish, conceited person that; I shall not tell Elinor how abrupt he is, or she may change her mind about the portrait. She was unwilling enough at

first to let him do it, but I must have it: I never saw a picture that I liked so much as that likeness of Henrietta. He's clever; but what high-flown nonsense these artists talk! They should be thankful to get a commission instead of laying down the law how it shall be executed. Lucky for Mr. Whitmore that I saw his likeness of Henrietta before I saw him."

Mr. Downes was very much in love with his wife, and he considered the artist a fortunate fellow indeed who was honoured by a commission to paint her loveliness.

He went up to her sitting-room to ask her if she were quite sure that the day he had fixed suited her. But when he opened the outer door there was a sound of angry voices; he drew back and shut it again.

"Poor dear Elinor, I never heard her speak so loud before. I feel sure that Miss Coppock is tiresome; really Elinor's championship of that woman is most surprising; I can't bear the sight of her, she is so ugly. I believe all ugly females should be destroyed when children: we might copy the Greeks in this respect with advantage."

When Mr. Downes reached his writing-room again, he looked round it with complacency.

"Ah! I saw that fellow's eyes taking in the decoration. Yes, I don't fancy many rooms in London will beat this style of thing as a whole. I wish I had shown him the other rooms—and yet I don't know; those sort of people live in such a small circle, and have such restricted notions, that he might think I was proud of my house. Well, considering what a sum it has cost to ornament it in this way, I suppose a mere vulgar, moneyed man would be proud."

Mr. Downes went back to his newspaper with the comfortable reflection that, at any rate, his hands had never been soiled by making money.

His wife's words, if he had heard them, would have troubled him more than their loudness of tone did.

"I thought it was quite understood, Patience, that you are to forget all I do not wish remembered. Mr. Whitmore will paint my portrait quite as well as any other artist, I suppose; and if my husband chooses him, I really cannot refuse to employ him."

Mrs. Downes, as she spoke, stood looking at herself in a tall narrow mirror between the windows of her room. It was difficult to feel angry before such a lovely picture; her long trailing black velvet robe gave her height, and suited perfectly with the calm dignity with which she reproved Miss Coppock; the only betrayal of anger had been in the raised tone of voice.

Miss Coppock was seated by the fireside, warming her feet; she had regained her old paleness, but all evenness of skin had left her face, and her eyes had lost their fire; her dress was ill chosen—a ruby silk with elaborate trimmings and frillings; its want of repose added to her gaunt, haggard appearance.

At Mrs. Downes's last words a slight flush came into Patience's face.

"Oh, Patty, how can you! Why ar'n't you honest? You know you want Mr. Whitmore to see your grandeur."

"Miss Coppock,"—Mrs. Downes turned her head, so as to get a distinct view of her face in a new position,—"I wish you would try to remember my name; pet names are well enough for children, but I have left off being a child."

"You never were a child:"—this was muttered between Patience's set teeth; she made a struggling effort to compose herself before she answered.

"I don't often advise you now; I'm willing to admit you are capable of guiding yourself;" a sudden parting of Patty's lovely lips gave a hint that she too had been mastering some impatience; "but at your age, you can't know men as well as I do, and I'm sure it's neither fair to your husband nor to Miss Beaufort—I mean Mr. Whitmore's wife—for you to give him these sittings."

"You said something of this kind once before, Miss Coppock, and I told

you then that you mistook your office. One would think"—Patty broke out into a laugh, which brought back all the old winning look into her face—"you'd been born in Spain, where, I believe, women always have a female gaoler; but as I'm not likely to forget my position or what I owe to it, you needn't play duenna, or whatever it is, here. Now don't be cross; if you didn't run away so pertinaciously as you do from Mr. Downes, I should say you were in love with him; you are always taking his part."

It was happy for Patience that Patty's mind was bent on deciding which was the best side of her own face; and she did not look round at her companion. The blood rushed up to Miss Coppock's forehead, the dull eyes lightened for a moment with an expression that was very like hatred for the bright, beautiful creature sunning herself in the glow of her own reflected loveliness, actually feasting on the picture made by her flower-like skin and blue eyes and fair gleaming hair. A casual looker-on might have thought Mrs. Downes had a dangerous companion, and that in all probability this ugly, ill-tempered woman would work her a mischief: but if the looker-on had waited, this idea would have fled. Every movement of Mrs. Downes was soft and easy, in keeping with the exquisite repose of her beauty, but there was nothing undecided about her. She walked across the room to the sofa with a firm step, and seated herself in an attitude full of grace and yet full of self-possession. But with Patience, the spasm of jealous fury faded into a sad, downcast look, and a quivering of the pale lips that told of indecision, even in her dislike. She muttered something about orders to give, and went out of the room.

Patty's face clouded over at once. "One always has to pay a price for rising in life, I suppose, and so I have to swallow that woman's insolence. How dare she venture to say such a thing? If I hadn't been quite sure before, I'm determined to see Paul now." She sat thinking; the cloud faded, and a thoughtful look came into her deep blue eyes—a look Patty never wore for the observation of others, and yet one which since her marriage had been her habitual expression when alone; it was so different to her playful, child-like sweetness that it would have puzzled Mr. Downes; it seemed to make her a full-grown woman at once.

"What did I marry for?" she said at last; "certainly not for the mere sake of Maurice,"—a fretful droop here of the full scarlet under-lip. "I mean to fulfil all that my position requires, of course; in De Mirancourt's last letter she says, 'Be sure to keep well with your husband, it makes a woman so looked up to;' but I might as well have done without education or refinement, if I am to keep to the commonplace 'all for love' idea: nobody does, I'm sure; it's a mere sham only found in books: if I'd believed in it, of course I'd have waited, and then what would have happened? First, as an unmarried woman not knowing anybody, I shouldn't have got into society at all, or at least only on the footing of an adventuress, and then directly my money got known about, I should have been a prey to all kinds of imposition. No, a husband is a shield and an introduction, and those were just the two things I wanted, and Maurice is very indulgent, and has a good deal of *savoir faire.* Of course I must have admirers,—I could not escape them if I tried," she smiled; "and why not Paul among the others? I owe him something for having forgotten me so soon—that is, if he did forget me. I can't believe he really fell in love with that pale-faced, half-asleep girl; it was pique, I know it was; by this time he is less romantic and unlike other people, and he'll be able quite to understand that he can admire me, though he is married, without any harm done. I suppose he reads French novels as other men do. Poor Patience, I ought to make some excuse for her; it's her vulgar bringing-up that gives her these notions—as if any possible harm could come to me from the admiration of any man, married or single. De Mirancourt

always said—and she knew everything—that it is horribly underbred to fancy impropriety where none exists. I can't live without admirers, unless I shut myself up for the whole of the season. What does a woman dress for? why does she show herself in public, unless she means to be looked at? But I'm as silly as poor Patience herself, to trouble my head with her vulgar notions."

Patty's thoughts went off to plan, first, the dress in which she should receive Paul, and then how she should dispose of Miss Coppock, so that she might not be present during the first interview with him.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE FIRST SITTING.

There are, and always will be, plenty of people who do not believe in presentiments of either coming joy or evil; but Nuna was not one of these sceptics; and after she had kissed Paul and watched him from the window till he was out of sight, she felt oppressed to sadness with a vague sense of trouble. Paul was never very communicative, and he had taken an instinctive dislike to Mr. Downes, and, man-like, he kept his dislikes to himself: he purposely avoided any mention of his visit to Park Lane. So when he left Nuna on the morning he had fixed for the first sitting, he only said, "I have one or two places to go to to-day—don't wait dinner, darling."

There was nothing in this to depress her; she was accustomed to see him go away for hours. Mr. Pritchard had not come back from Spain, but Paul had plenty of artist friends, and he often painted away from home. There had been a group of horses in his last picture, and these he had been obliged to study from at their stables; but that had been for his Academy picture, and Nuna knew it had been sent in.

She tried to occupy herself in painting: she had made great progress lately, but she could not concentrate her mind on her work this morning. She was following Paul in spirit, and the load at her heart grew heavier every hour.

When Paul reached Mr. Downes's, he was struck with the evident care that had been taken in receiving him. The room into which he was shown was in the same style as the writing-room, but the colouring was more subdued; it was chiefly white and gold, with an occasional admixture of scarlet. The curtains were in scarlet velvet, and Paul noted approvingly that the shutters of one window had been closed so as to avoid any crossing of light. He also saw that the canvas he had ordered to be sent was carefully placed on an easel, and that a chair had been raised so as to imitate the arrangement in his own studio.

"Ah, Mrs. Downes knows something, she has been painted before; well, so much the better: she will know how to sit."

A closed photograph case lay on one of the small tables, and Paul stretched out his hand for it lazily, as he sat leaning back in one of the easy chairs. Patty had placed it there herself. She wanted Paul to be prepared to see her; but she had counted on quicker movements on his part. Before he had got the case open she came into the room.

Paul rose, and then stood still; he did not bow or speak, but his blood rushed up in tumult to his face; he was stunned by this unexpected meeting.

His eyes were fixed on Patty; she, too, stood motionless: she had not been able quite to plan her part, but she took it at once from him. Her eyes drooped; her whole attitude became dejected, and at last she looked up with a timid, imploring sweetness.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Whitmore; won't you shake hands?"

The words came so tenderly, so softly, that Paul's anger seemed to be slipping away. He tried hard to keep it; he saw that she was more beautiful than ever, and he frowned.

"I ought to have been told," he said.

"I was afraid." Patty spoke sorrowfully—except for the changed accent,

she might have been Patty Westropp. There was the drooping head, the child-like voice, and the little hands were pressed plaintively together. "I thought if you knew it was me, you wouldn't have come." She looked with such a helpless pleading in her sweet blue eyes, that Paul felt their old power coming over him. He still fought against it, and answered almost audibly,

"No, I don't think I should."

"And then," she went on in the same soft imploring tone, "I could not be sure you would recognize me. I thought you might have forgotten all about me; I am so altered, am I not—so aged?"

She looked up at this and spoke impressively, as if to remind him of her changed position. Paul bowed, with a sort of scorn in his deference.

"Yes, you are altered; but you could scarcely think I could forget you."

He went up to the easel, and looked at the canvas.

"Is my dress the sort of thing you like?" said Mrs. Downes.

But Paul did not even look round at her: he stood thinking.

"Your dress is of little consequence to-day, so far as its colour is concerned," he said at last, "but I don't think I will paint you."

The colour sprang to Patty's face. "Oh, please do;" she spoke imploringly, without any of her newly gained repose of manner; "it is my husband's wish that you should paint me; what will he think?"

She looked so humble, so sweet, so utterly unlike the false Patty he had so long pictured, that Paul's impulses made him yield while he thought he was yielding to Mrs. Downes's arguments.

It was an entirely false position, but he must make the best of it; after all, it was perhaps better to show Patty how indifferent he felt.

"Very well."

He stooped over the table on which he had placed his materials, and selected a piece of charcoal; he thought he was really quite indifferent.

"Ah but, Mr. Whitmore,"—Patty had gone back to her old playful manner,—"why need you be so dreadfully industrious? Don't be in such a hurry to begin; we haven't had a bit of talk; I haven't even asked after Mrs. Whitmore."

Mrs. Downes felt horribly piqued. She fancied her beauty would assert its old magic over Paul, and instead of any devotion, he was treating her like a culprit. He did not seem at all impressed by the state of life in which he found her.

"I must make him feel it," she said to herself; "I won't submit to insolence, even from him."

"How is Mrs. Whitmore?" she said, politely.

Paul was conscious of a change in her manner; he was vexed to have betrayed his own vexation: he smiled, and tried to speak in a more natural voice.

"Thank you, she is quite well; but you must excuse me if I ask you to sit. I have no time to lose—you forget that *I* am only a rising artist, and have still to work hard for my living." He emphasized the word "I," and then felt himself silly.

Patty was relieved; Paul did still care for her; he must, or he would be more at ease, more indifferent. She answered, as simply as if she had not felt the sting under his words—

"Are you really? I'm so sorry: I never thought of you as being obliged to work hard; I looked upon you as a gentleman who followed art more as an amusement than anything else; but indeed I'll be careful not to waste your time now."

Almost without any help from Paul she placed herself so that it seemed impossible to improve on her attitude. It did not occur to the artist that this happy easy grace was the result of study, and that Mrs. Downes had spent hours in deciding how she would be painted—he only saw a fresh beauty in it: he despised Patty from the bottom of his heart, but he thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. The past year and a half had matured and perfected her loveliness: she had gained so much, too, in expression; she had, as a Frenchwoman would say, so much

more physiognomy, and yet she had not surrendered one physical charm. Even in the arrangement of her rich chestnut hair, the natural irregular wave which had given so much wild grace to it in former times was preserved. Patty rather bent fashion to serve her beauty than yielded herself up to its trammels. Her dress this morning suited her exactly: it was a striped blue and white silk; she had felt sure it would not paint well, but she preferred to give Mr. Whitmore the opportunity of advising and directing her taste. Miss Coppock was possibly right when she said she had had a larger experience in dealing with men than Mrs. Downes had; but experience can never match the instinctive quickness and artistic power of such a nature as Patty's. She read Paul's mood truly, and she saw that for the present at least he must be left to himself.

So the sitting progressed silently enough: "A little more to the right—thank you," from the artist, and sometimes, "Do I keep still enough—are you sure I do?" from the sitter, and then his thanks.

Every now and then Mrs. Downes stole a glance at Paul. How rapt he was in his work: he frowned slightly, but more as if he were concentrating straying thoughts than as if he were angry.

"Is he happy, I wonder? Why did he marry—how could he marry without money?" Patty gave a little shudder as she summoned up the picture of a poor artist's home. Poverty among folk of the class from which she herself sprang did not seem a hardship to Mrs. Downes. She told herself that the shrinking she had felt from poor, mean ways was a sure proof she had always been intended for a higher position. "I know I was a lady born," was an axiom she loved to repeat. Poor people, as poor people, ought to be content with their lot, she thought, but poverty to a man like Paul Whitmore must be dreadful—so lowering and debasing; for, to Patty, the possession of wealth was in itself a sort of brevet rank, and those who had not got it were only pretenders when they aspired to equality with rich people. There was quite a criminal presumption in such refinement and uppishness as she remembered at Ashton Rectory, considering that Mr. Beaufort could not even afford a carriage or a saddle-horse for his daughter.

Her feelings against Nuna took their old bitterness as she looked at Paul. In the excitement of her own hurried marriage—hurried because she feared her father might gain knowledge of her proceedings—in her triumphant exaltation at the state and splendour to which she saw her husband was habituated, and also in her satisfaction at the easy sway she held over him, Mrs. Downes had forgiven the Rector's daughter for marrying Paul Whitmore. There was a tender corner in her heart where she pleased herself with thinking he still dwelt, but she had not counted on seeing him again, and when she thought of him it was with a sort of regretful pity for the mistake he had made in marrying Nuna Beaufort.

But the sight of her old lover had stirred Patty strangely, stirred the atmosphere of worldliness that was around her: glancing at him as she sat there alone in his presence, feeling that presence nearer from the almost oppressive silence, a throb rose in Patty's bosom—a throb of wild, sudden anguish. She stifled the sigh in which it showed itself, and in a moment she looked as calm and sweet as the face rapidly taking shape on the canvas.

But this stifling brought pain with it, and Patty had no notion of bearing her own quota of pain: if she suffered, some one else must bear the penalty, and at that moment she hated Nuna with an intensity that De Mirancourt would have stigmatized as low-bred. It seemed to Patty, in the sudden passion of her soul, that Nuna had taken Paul and his love from her. "I had him first! What right had she to come between us?"

She gave another quick, sidelong glance, her eyes glowing with the mingled passions she could not keep out of

them. Till now she had seen Paul's face in profile, his eyes bent on his work; but this time their gaze met fully.

Paul looked away as suddenly and sharply as if he had seen something loathsome.

There was a tap at the door. "May I come in?"—but Mr. Downes did not attempt to enter until his wife's soft voice answered.

Then he came in, and wished Mr. Whitmore good morning in an unctuous, benevolent voice—a voice that seemed to say, "My good fellow, I'm so sorry that you have to earn your own bread, that I must show you my compassion somehow."

He placed himself directly between the artist and Patty, and peered at the canvas through his eyeglass.

"Capital! really, do you know, you've quite caught that pose of the head which is peculiar to my wife. Upon my word I think, if you go on as you have begun, that you'll make something of this picture, Mr. Whitmore."

"I hope so."

Patty saw the curl on Paul's lip, and she writhed in silence. How insignificant her husband was in her eyes! For the first time since her rise in life Mrs. Downes realized that there are things unpurchaseable by money.

"I should have preferred the full face being represented." Mr. Downes was still scrutinizing the sketch through his eyeglass, his under-lip pursed up, and his head on one side. "I suppose it's easy enough to alter, Mr. Whitmore; what do you think, Elinor, eh?"

Paul glanced up suddenly at the unusual name: a dim glimmering came to him that Mr. Downes was ignorant of his wife's early history.

"Mr. Whitmore must know best," Patty said, much more to Paul than to her husband.

"Well, I don't know. We should always try to have the best even of a good thing. I'm sure Mr. Whitmore will agree with me in thinking that I must know the best view of your face, and every turn and variety of your expression, better than he can, on such very recent acquaintance. I don't mean to say it makes as much difference in your case as it would in that of others." Mr. Downes's smile made the words a compliment.

Patty was thankful that she might cast down her eyes and blush at praise before a stranger. She could not help blushing; she felt very disconcerted: her husband's words had told to Paul all that she least wanted him to know—that she had been false and deceitful, and had concealed her early history; and that moreover, if Paul chose to speak, he might ruin her for ever with her purse-proud, punctilious husband.

She was too much confused to listen to Mr. Downes's next words, but she saw that Paul was gathering his materials together. She longed to escape, but she dared not just then leave Mr. Whitmore alone with her husband. It was an unspeakable relief when Paul went away.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"It is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new."

PAUL had hardly thought at all while he remained in Patty's morning-room.

At any time the very violence of his impulses made concentrated thought a slow process; feeling had to be given time to subside before judgment could begin to act. When he saw Patty he felt the need of immediate self-control, and he sought it by throwing himself into his work with a strength that might have been impossible to an inferior man. But Paul was a true Artist. He had chosen to follow Art, not only because he loved it and as a means of livelihood, but because it was embodied in him, it was his mode of speech for the gift he found within him; he worshipped Art as an abstract reality, and now in this moment of need his devotion stood him in good stead; he found himself armed against Patty and her attempts at reconciliation.

But outside the house, fairly on the way to his own home, the charm was over.

A feeling of strong indignation against Patty, against her husband, and against himself for having submitted to such a false position, flamed up.

"I am a fool, a weak irresolute fool! Just because I had the canvas there and everything ready, to let myself be led on to do that which I believe to be absolutely wrong. I'll throw the thing up; by what that simpleton said he knows nothing of his wife's beginnings, and of course she expects me to connive at her deceit." He gave a shudder here. "What a false creature she has been all through;" and then his thoughts went over the past. A deep sigh came, a sigh of relief, of thankfulness; he had been contrasting Nuna and Mrs. Downes; and Patty's conduct grew blacker in his eyes.

"Well, she has got her punishment in a man like that; one would not wish her worse off: it's easy to see that he is a slave to conventionalities and forms of all sorts. Her life must be a perpetual subterfuge: if he ever does find her out, I don't envy her. I should not like to be the woman dependent on Mr. Downes's clemency. Poor little Patty: what a fate!" Under this new light Paul Whitmore's heart softened; he had been very hard on her after all; it was not fair to judge her by Nuna's standard. Patty's trial had been so exceptional that it could hardly be judged by ordinary rules; it was plain she did not love her husband, but under her peculiar circumstances an early marriage must have been a necessity.

"She could not possibly have stayed with that miserly old father. Poor girl! with another man she might have had a chance."

Paul did not tell himself that Patty still loved him; he would not allow himself to dwell for an instant on the look which he had surprised in her eyes; but a strong feeling rose in his heart and quieted away his anger, a feeling of pity for the beautiful wife of "that old fool," as he termed Mr. Downes, and a resolution that he would not paint her portrait.

"And I will say nothing to Nuna about the matter; she behaved nobly when I told her of my folly with Patty, but women are all alike on one point, they are never quite easy about a man's previous love unless she is older and uglier: and it is not from jealousy either —rather in such a nature as Nuna's it would be from her humble notion of herself; she would feel completely inferior to Patty now. No, I shall say nothing about it. I shall write and get out of the whole affair, and there's an end of it. We are not likely to meet these Downeses; Nuna dislikes grand parties as much as I do, and the Downeses only visit swells, of course."

A load rolled off Paul's heart at this resolution, and yet it was the first time since their marriage that he had resolved to keep anything from Nuna,—her frankness had so far won him from his habitual reserve.

In his impulse to prove Nuna's superiority to Patty—it may be as a shield against the remembrance of that passionate glance, a shield which, if his love for his wife had been full and perfect, he never would have needed—Paul quite forgot that he had told Nuna not to expect him till evening.

He went on fast to St. John Street, impatient to be with his wife, and to show her that he truly valued her love and her truth; it seemed to him they had never shone out so brightly as they did in contrast with Patty's deceit. "Sweet, truthful little darling!" he said to himself.

He went softly upstairs that he might enjoy her eager look of delight at his unexpected appearance.

A sound of scrubbing made him pause. He opened the door.

He looked down on a face upturned to him—a face with a strong resemblance to a King Charles' spaniel; large dark eyes, a pug nose, and a bunch of black curls on each side of the face: here the canine likeness ended, except that, as the body belonging to the face was on all-fours, the attitude might be called in keeping. A black gown was tucked tightly round this anomalous

being, most of it hidden by a canvas apron tied behind: beside her stood a steaming pail, and she held up a scrubbing brush at Paul as if she thought he looked in want of it.

"What's the meaning of all this?" Paul spoke dreamily: he was not quite sure he was in his own studio. The room was bare—cleared for action, except that in one corner was a barricade, a heterogeneous piled-up heap, of precious articles.

At this sight Paul gasped.

"By whose orders are you doing this?" He spoke angrily: he thought the owner of the house had been interfering and making suggestions to Nuna and her maids.

The black eyes sparkled and the curls waggled, while their owner got up nimbly and began to wipe her hands and arms on her apron.

"Missis's, sir, if you please." The woman drew in her pinched lips in such a spasmodic attempt at a smile that Paul thought she was laughing at him while she curtsied.

"Who do you mean by Missis?" He spoke very imperiously.

"Lord bless us, sir, why *your* Missis, to be sure, and a sweet young lady she his: she said as you wouldn't be coming anear the place till tea-time, and I was to clean up as much as I could so long as I got done by six." The charwoman felt herself the aggrieved person.

"And did you move all those things yourself?" Paul said ruefully: he had just caught sight of a pile of heavy books on the face of a half-completed picture.

"Missis did some, sir, and I helped. You see, sir," she added confidentially, looking up in Paul's face as if she had earned his everlasting gratitude, "the place was in that awful muck and litter as it warn't fit for pigs, let alone Christians. As to them there plaster casts, it took me a good hour or more to get the rough dirt off, though I did use the brush. That's all I've broke, sir;" she pointed to the chimney-piece—"I don't fancy it's of much account: it's only a nose, sir, hoff o' that little brown image; I put it safe on the mantel."

Paul could not speak: he walked up to the "little brown image," an exquisite statuette in terra-cotta he had brought from Italy. The nose was gone, the face scratched, and every fold of drapery, every wave of hair, encrusted with soap, which clung to the surface tenaciously, and entirely filled up all the delicate modelling.

"I'm sorry you've come in so soon, sir;"—Black-eyes looked sharply at her scrubbing-brush: she wanted to get on with her work;—"you see, you'd have knowed nothin' about it if you'd stayed hout, and what the heye don't see, sir, as you know, the 'art never feels, though that's not allus true, 'cos one don't see when one's master goes to the public, but one feels it all a same."

"And a loving husband who comes home to his wife gets this kind of reception," said Paul to himself; "why, it's death and destruction to everything in the shape of art. What awful recklessness! How could Nuna do it!"

He felt almost beside himself with anger. He had come home, longing for the domestic joy which he believed was unknown in the splendid mansion of Mr. Downes—for a quiet afternoon's work, with Nuna beside him reading to him or sympathising in the progress of his picture; and instead, he had found his studio in disorder and steaming with soapsuds; so wet that it would be scarcely habitable by evening, and he could hardly calculate how much mischief done besides.

"Such petty, womanish fussiness." He fumed up and down the room; he had too much reticence to let the charwoman hear his angry words. "What can it matter about the corners of a room? I'm sure the table and all the centre was clean: it's so beggarly and wretched. to have this kind of thing going on. I never saw it in my mother's house; I don't believe the rooms were ever cleaned in such a way, and yet she was particular enough."

His thoughts went back to the

exquisite room he had just left—a room where nothing looked formal or precise, and yet where all was spotless and well-placed.

"It will take me a month to sort everything I want out of that Douglas larder:" he went up to the window and looked out.

Black-eyes felt relieved when he turned his back; it was the next best thing to going away.

"Oh my!" She went down on her knees, and began to scrub again vigorously. "Ain't he got a temper, and no mistake! My! and they ain't been married but a few months or so. There's no pleasin' men, that's the long and short on it; they can't abide sluts, none of 'em can't, and it seems to me this here one ain't fond o' cleanliness neither. I'm sure if some a' them partfolers in the corners hadn't been brushed and rubbed, they'd have walked by theirselves, they was that standin' in dust. Poor young lady! she's got a horkard temper to deal with: now I suppose he'll take hisself off in a huff to the public—gentlefolks calls 'em clubs, I believe, but I take it it's the same meanin' in the hend, to the wives as is left at home by theirselves."

Paul stood thinking a few minutes, and then he rang the bell.

Even the usually trim, prim parlour-maid seemed to be participating in the general disarray. She looked soiled and untidy.

She stood at the door, but Paul frowned, and beckoned her across the wet floor.

"Where's your mistress?"

"Mistress said, sir, I was to tell you, if you came in, sir, that she got a note this morning, asking her to take luncheon with a lady from Ashton, at the Langham Hotel, sir. Mistress said she felt sure you wouldn't come in till late, but I was to say so if you did."

"Did you hear the lady's name?" said Paul.

"Mrs. Bright, I think, sir." The girl had never heard Mr. Whitmore speak so harshly. She looked at the door.

"Can't you make that woman leave off this miserable slopping?" he said, "and can't you and Anne set to work to make the room straight at once? I won't have that woman touch even a portfolio."

"Yes, sir," said the girl demurely, but inwardly she laughed.

It was so likely she and Anne would put the carpet on the wet floor, and work themselves like horses in moving those great lumbering things, when Missis was going to pay the woman on purpose that they mightn't have to do rough work; the parlour maid said this to herself, with the usual contempt inherent in the servant mind for the domestic interference of masters, while she held the door open for Mr. Whitmore to pass out, with more than ever of "prunes and prism" in the set of her demure mouth.

Paul fulfilled the charwoman's prediction, by dining at his club, and then he went off to the rooms of two young artists at the other end of London, where he got laughed at for his quiet, domestic ways, till he began to think himself a pattern husband.

He was not in a hurry to go home; the remembrance of the studio came to him with a shudder, and he shrank too from seeing Nuna.

"I wish that old chattering Mrs. Bright had stayed at home; she is sure to say or do something foolish."

Paul was vexed that Nuna should have gone off in this sudden way without consulting him. It did not occur to him that his unpunctual habits had made his wife secure of his absence, and delighted to shorten one of her long, solitary days, by a chat with her old friend.

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH PAUL "TREATS" RESOLUTION.

It was growing dark when Paul once more set out on his way home.

When he came into the hall, the gas was not lighted; it seemed to him he heard Nuna's voice on the staircase, and

a sudden gladness came back to him: he ran upstairs; a tall man coming down nearly knocked him over.

It was Will Bright. The two men begged pardon, and then recognized each other in the dim light.

"I've brought Nuna home," said Will; "she stopped talking with my mother in hopes you would come and fetch her; we should have been so glad to see you."

"Thank you:" Paul spoke stiffly: then he added, "Won't you come up and have some supper?"

"No, thank you," and the two men shook hands and parted.

"Poor darling," Will sighed to himself, "is this the way that fellow neglects her? I'd like to give him a good thrashing."

"Great stupid lout," said Paul as he went upstairs, all the glad light gone from his eyes. "How could Nuna bring the fellow here? She knows I can't bear him."

Nuna ran to him as soon as he opened the door.

She was radiant: she had had a delightful day; the Brights had been so kind; they had taken her to see exhibitions and for a drive in the park; she had so enjoyed herself. Paul listened; he was pleased she had been happy, but his discomfiture had not passed away; and in the midst of her animated flow of talk Nuna checked herself.

"Doesn't Paul like me to enjoy myself without him? Yes, it was selfish of me;" and a double flow of tenderness came to her voice.

"What have you been doing all day, darling? I was half in hopes you would get home before I did, and come to fetch me. You would have come if you had known in time, wouldn't you?"

"No; I did come home, Nuna. I came home to dinner. To tell you the truth, I was so savage at the mess I found the room in, and at the damage and mischief done, that I was in no hurry to come home again."

He spoke gravely and as he thought very leniently, considering all he had suffered, and the terrible mistake his wife had made in setting such an outrageous proceeding on foot without duly consulting him; and if Nuna had been sitting indoors moping after her usual fashion, she would have taken his reproof to heart, and expressed due contrition; but the open-air drive, the sight of her friends and their kindness, had brought back her old girlish spirits.

She laughed heartily in Paul's face, and then nestled close up to him.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, darling; but, you dear old fidget, why didn't you stay away, and then you never would have known anything? I meant to tell you, of course:" she blushed at Paul's look of annoyance. "And I am very, very sorry I was not in when you came, but stay at home to-morrow instead, darling, won't you? and we'll be so happy. It feels all so clean and comfortable; now do sit down and listen; I have so much to tell you still."

Paul sat and listened, while Nuna rattled on full of the sparkle of happy feelings; but he was silent; he was profoundly vexed, and yet too proud to show his vexation.

"There is nothing like association," he said to himself. "A few hours with these commonplace people, and Nuna is quite changed; I could not have believed she would laugh at me when she must have seen I was vexed. I won't damp her spirits now, but I'll take care that this sort of upset is not repeated; if it is, I paint away from home."

"Poor old Will," said Nuna. "I wish you would call on him, darling, and be a little kind to him."

"I don't mind calling," Paul smiled, "but I don't think I can be very pleasant society for him, and to tell you the truth I think he's a lout."

Nuna blushed: she thought Paul the least bit ungenerous. "Poor Will, you are hard on him; he asked very kindly after you;" and then she left off talking about the Brights.

She was so thoroughly gay and happy that the evening passed over without

any further cloud. Paul wisely kept his eyes off his treasures: but as soon as he was left alone he took a lamp and gave a rapid glance at the new arrangements.

So far as he could see, everything was much as usual, but when he remembered the clay statuette he felt as angry as ever.

"It was unjustifiable. So much mischief might have been done. I wish those confounded Brights had stayed at home. That's the worst of country acquaintance: they come upon you when you wish for them least. Nuna will want to spend every day with that silly old chatterbox."

Next morning was full of sunshine, and Paul even was forced to admit that the studio was all the pleasanter from the absence of dust: he was mollified, too, by finding his wife had carefully stowed away his chief rarities in her own little room—a tiny retreat hardly bigger than a large closet, a striking contrast to Patty's luxurious sitting-room.

It seemed to Paul this morning that he had been unreal and exaggerated in his ideas of Mrs. Downes and himself. There could be no greater harm in his going to Park Lane to paint her portrait, than in the pleasure Nuna showed in talking of Will Bright.

"From what Mr. Beaufort said to me, that fellow will go on loving Nuna in his calf-like way to his dying day, and yet she evidently considers herself free to talk to him and walk with him. The truth is I am too strait-laced in my notions: I did not know I was such a prig. Why should I lose the money I mean to make that fellow Downes pay for his wife's portrait, just for a squeamish scruple? I'm sure she can't care a rap for me, and I can answer for myself. When the picture's done I shall go my way, and Patty will go hers, and I can't see that we shall be the worse for having met again."

He tore up the note he had written at the club to Mr. Downes, and resolved that he would keep the appointment he had made with Patty.

To be continued.

HOW LITERATURE MAY ILLUSTRATE HISTORY.

BY DAVID MASSON.

SOME of the ways in which Literature may illustrate History are obvious enough. In the poems, the songs, the dramas, the novels, the satires, the speeches, even the speculative treatises, of any time or nation, there is imbedded a wealth of direct particulars respecting persons and events, additional to the information that has been transmitted in the formal records of that time or nation, or in its express histories of itself. "It has often come to my ears that it is a saying too frequently in your mouth that you have lived long enough for yourself:" so did Cicero, if the speech in which the passage occurs is really his, address Cæsar face to face, in the height of his power, and not long before his assassination, remonstrating with him on his melancholy, and his carelessness of a life so precious to Rome and to the world. If the words are any way authentic, what a flash they are into the mind of the great Roman in his last years, when, *blasé* with wars and victories, and all the sensations that the largest life on earth could afford, he walked about the streets of Rome, consenting to live on so long as there might be need, but, so far as he himself was concerned, heedless when the end might come, the conspirators in a ring round him, the short scuffle, the first sharp stab of the murderous knife!

Let this pass as one instance of a valuable illustration of Biography and History derived from casual reading. Literature teems with such; no one can tell what particles of direct historical and biographical information lie yet undiscovered and unappropriated in miscellaneous books. But there is an extension of the use for the historian of the general literature of the time with which he may be concerned. Not only does Literature teem with yet unappropriated anecdotes respecting the persons and events of most prominent interest in the consecutive history of the world; but, quite apart from this, the books, and especially the popular books, of any time, are the richest possible storehouses of the kind of information the historian wants. Whatever may be the main thread of his narrative, he has to re-imagine more or less vividly what is called the general life of the time, its manners, customs, humours, ways of thinking, the working of its institutions, all the peculiarities of that patch of the never-ending, ever-changing rush and bustle of human affairs, to-day above the ground, and to-morrow under. Well, here in the books of the time he has his materials and aids. They were formed in the conditions of the time; the time played itself into them; they are saturated with its spirit; and costumes, customs, modes of eating and drinking, town-life, country life, the traveller on horseback to his inn, the shoutings of mobs in riot, what grieved them, what they hated, what they laughed at, all are there. No matter of what kind the book is, or what was its author's aim; it is, in spite of itself, a bequest out of the very body and being of that time, reminding us thereof by its structure through and through, and by a crust of innumerable allusions. It has been remarked by Hallam, and by others, how particularly useful in this way, for the historian, as furnishing him with social details of past times, are popular books more especially of the humorous order—comic dramas and farces, poems of occasion, and novels and works of prose-fiction generally.

How the plays of Aristophanes admit us to the public life of Athens! How, as we read the Satires and Epistles of Horace, we see old Rome, like another huge London, only with taller houses, and the masons mending the houses, and the poet himself, like a modern official in Somerset House, trudging along to his office, jostled by the crowds, and having to get out of the way of the ladders and the falling rubbish, thinking all the while of his appointment with Mæcenas! Or, if it is the reign of George II. in Britain that we are studying, where shall we find better illustration of much of the life, and especially the London life, of that coarse, wig-wearing age, than in the novels of Fielding and Smollett?

These, and perhaps other ways in which Literature may illustrate History, are tolerably obvious, and need no farther exposition. There is, however, a higher and somewhat more subtle service which Literature may perform towards illustrating History and modifying our ideas of the Past.

What the historian chiefly and finally wants to get at, through all his researches, and by all his methods of research, is the *mind* of the time that interests him, its mode of thinking and feeling. Through all the trappings, all the colours, all the costumes, all those circumstances of the picturesque which delight us in our recollections of the past, this is what we seek, or ought to seek. The trappings and picturesque circumstances are but our optical helps in our quest of this; they are the thickets of metaphor through which we push the quest, interpreting as we go. The metaphors resolve themselves; and at last it is as if we had reached that vital and essential something—a clear transparency, we seem to fancy it, and yet a kind of throbbing transparency, a transparency with pulses and powers—which we call the mind or spirit of the time. As in the case of the individual, so in that of a time or a people, we seem to have got at the end of our language when we use this word, mind or spirit. We know what we mean, and it is the last thing that we can mean; but, just on that account, it eludes description or definition. At best we can go to and fro among a few convenient synonyms and images. Soul, mind, spirit, these old and simple words are the strongest, the profoundest, the surest; age cannot antiquate them, nor science undo them; they last with the rocks, and still go beyond. But, having in view rather the operation than the cause, we find a use also in such alternative phrases as "mode of thinking," "mode of feeling and thinking," "habit of thought," "moral and intellectual character or constitution," and the like. Or, again, if we will have an image of that which from its nature is unimaginable, then, in our efforts to be as pure and abstract as possible, we find ourselves driven, as I have said, into a fancy of mind as a kind of clear aërial transparency, unbounded or of indefinite bounds, and yet not a dead transparency, but a transparency full of pulses, powers, motions, and whirls, capable in a moment of clouding itself, ceasing to be a transparency, and becoming some strange solid phantasmagory, as of a landscape smiling in sunshine or a sky dark with a storm. Yet again there is another and more mechanical conception of mind which may be of occasional use. The thinking power, the thinking principle, the substance which feels and thinks, are phrases for mind from of old; what if we were to agree, for a momentary advantage, to call mind rudely the thinking apparatus? What the advantage may be will presently appear.

Mind, mode of thinking, mode of thinking and feeling, moral and intellectual constitution, that mystic transparency full of pulses and motions, this thinking apparatus,—whichever phrase or image we adopt, there are certain appertaining considerations which we have to take along with us.

(1.) There is the consideration of differences of degree, quality, and worth. Mind may be great or small,

noble or mean, strong or weak; the mode of thinking of one person or one time may be higher, finer, grander than that of another; the moral and intellectual constitutions of diverse individuals or peoples may present all varieties of the admirable and lovely or the despicable and unlovely; the pulses and motions in that mystic transparency which we fancy as one man's mind may be more vehement, more awful, more rhythmical and musical, than are known in that which we fancy as the mind of some other; the thinking apparatus which A possesses, and by which he performs the business of his life, may be more massive, more complex, more exquisite, capable of longer reaches and more superb combinations, than that which has fallen to the lot of B. All this is taken for granted everywhere; all our speech and conduct proceed on the assumption.

(2.) Somewhat less familiar, but not unimportant, is a consideration which I may express by calling it the necessary instability of mind, its variability from moment to moment. Your mind, my mind, every mind, is continually sustaining modifications, disintegrations, reconstructions, by all that acts upon it, by all it comes to know. We are much in the habit, indeed, of speaking of experience, of different kinds of knowledge, as so much material for the mind —material delivered into it, outspread as it were on its floor, and which it, the lord and master, may survey, let lie there for occasion, and now and then select from and employ. True! but not the whole truth! The mind does not stand amid what it knows, as something distinct and untouched; the mind is actually composed at any one moment of all that it has learnt or felt up to that moment. Every new information received, every piece of knowledge gained, every joy enjoyed, every sorrow suffered, is then and there transmuted into mind, and becomes incorporate with the prior central substance. To resort now to that mechanical figure which I said might be found useful: every new piece of information, every fact that one comes to apprehend, every probability brought before one in the course of life, is not only so much new matter for the thinking apparatus to lay hold of and work into the warp and woof of thought; it is actually also a modification of the thinking apparatus itself. The mind thinks *with* what it knows; and, if you alter the knowledge in any one whit, you alter the thinking instrumentality in proportion. Our whole practice of education is based on this idea, and yet somehow the idea is allowed to lurk. It may be brought out best perhaps, by thinking what may happen to a mind that has passed the period of education in the ordinary sense. A person of mature age, let us say, betakes himself, for the first time, to the study of geology. He gains thereby so much new and important knowledge of a particular kind. Yes! but he does more. He modifies his previous mind; he introduces a difference into his mode of thinking by a positive addition to that instrumentality of notions *with* which he thinks. The geological conceptions which he has acquired become an organic part of that reason, that intellect, which he applies to all things whatsoever; he will think and imagine thenceforward with the help of an added potency, and, consequently, never again precisely as he did before. Generalize this hint, and let it run through history. The mind of Man cannot remain the same through two consecutive generations, if only because the knowledge which feeds and makes mind, the notions that constitute the thinking power, are continually varying. In this age of a hundred sciences, all tramping on Nature's outside with their flags up, and marching her round and round, and searching her through and through for her secrets, and flinging into the public forum their heaps of results, how is it possible to call mind the same as it was a generation or two ago, when the sciences were fewer, their industry more leisurely, and their discoveries less frequent? Nay, but we may go back, not a generation or two only, but to

generation beyond generation through a long series, still, as we ascend, finding the sciences fewer, earth's load of knowledge lighter, and man's very imagination of the physical universe which he tenants cruder and more diminutive. Till two hundred years ago the Mundus, or physical system of things, to even the most learned of men, with scarcely an exception, was a finite spectacular sphere, or succession of spheres, that of the fixed stars nearly outermost, wheeling round the central earth for her pleasure; as we penetrate through still prior centuries, even this finite spherical Mundus is seen to shrink and shrink in men's fancies of it till a radius of some hundreds of miles would sweep from the earth to the starry roof; back beyond that again the very notion of sphericity disappears, and men were walking, as it seemed, on the upper side of a flat disc, close under a concave of blue, travelled by fiery caprices. How is it possible to regard man's mode of thinking and feeling, man's mind, as in any way constant through such vicissitude in man's notions respecting his very housing in space, and the whole encircling touch of his physical belongings?

(3.) A third consideration, however, administers a kind of corrective to the last. It is that, though the last consideration is not unimportant, its importance practically, and as far as the range of historic time is concerned, may be easily exaggerated. We have supposed a person betaking himself to the study of geology, and have truly said that his very mode of thinking would be thereby affected, that his geological knowledge would pass into his reason, and determine so far the very cast of his mind, the form of his ability. Well, but he might have betaken himself to something else; and who can tell, without definite investigation, but that out of that something else he might have derived as much increase of his mental power, or even greater? There are thousands of employments for all minds, and though all may select, and select differently, there are thousands for all in common. Life itself, all the inevitable activity of life, is one vast and most complex schooling. Books or no books, sciences or no sciences, we live, we look, we love, we laugh, we fear, we hate, we wonder; we are sons, we are brothers, we have friends; the seasons return, the sun shines, the moon walks in beauty, the sea roars and beats the land, the winds blow, the leaves fall; we are young, we grow old; we commit others to their graves, we see somewhere the little grassy mound which shall conceal ourselves:—is not this a large enough primary school for all and sundry; are not these sufficient and everlasting rudiments? That so it is we all recognise. Given some original force or goodness of nature, and out of even this primary school, and from the teaching of these common rudiments, may there not come, do there not come, minds worthy of mark—the shrewd, keen wit, the upright and robust judgment, the disposition tender and true, the bold and honest man? And though, for perfection, the books and the sciences must be superadded, yet do not the rudiments persist in constant overproportion and incessant compulsory repetition through all the process of culture, and is not the great result of culture itself a reaction on the rudiments? And so, without prejudice to our foregone conclusion that mind is variable with knowledge, that every new science or body of notions conquered for the world modifies the world's mode of thinking and feeling, alters the cast and the working trick of its reason and imagination, we can yet fall back, for historic time at least, on the notion of a human mind so essentially permanent and traditional that we cannot decide by mere chronology where we may justly be fondest of it, and certainly cannot assume that its latest individual specimens, with all their advantages, are necessarily the ablest, the noblest, or the cleverest. In fact, however we may reconcile it with our theories of vital evolution and progressive civilization, we all instinctively agree in this style of sentiment. Shakespeare lived and died, we may say, in the pre-scientific period;

he lived and died in the belief of the fixity of our earth in space and the diurnal wheeling round her of the ten spectacular spheres. Not the less was he Shakespeare; and none of us dares to say that there is now in the world, or has recently been, a more superb thinking apparatus of its order than his mind was, a spiritual transparency of larger diameter, or vivid with grander gleamings and pulses. Two hundred and fifty years, therefore, chock-full though they are of new knowledges and discoveries, have not been a single knife-edge of visible advance in the world's power of producing splendid individuals; and, if we add two hundred and fifty to that, and again two hundred and fifty, and four times two hundred and fifty more without stopping, still we cannot discern that there has been a knife-edge of advance in that particular. For at this last remove we are among the Romans, and beyond them there lie the Greeks; and side by side with both, and beyond both, are other Mediterranean Indo-Europeans, and, away in Asia, clumps and masses of various Orientals. For ease of reference, let us go no farther than the Greeks. Thinking-apparatuses of first-rate grip! mental transparencies of large diameter and tremulous with great powers and pulses! What do we say to Homer, Plato, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Thucydides, Aristotle, Demosthenes, and the rest of the great Hellenic cluster which these represent? True, their cosmology was in a muddle (perhaps *ours* is in a muddle too, for as little as we think so); but somehow they contrived to be such that the world doubts to this day whether, on the whole, at any time since, it has exhibited, in such close grouping, such a constellation of spirits of the highest magnitude. And the lesson enforced by this Greek instance may be enforced, less blazingly perhaps, but still clearly, as by the light of scattered stars, by instances from the whole course of historic time. Within that range, despite the vicissitudes of the mode of human thought caused by continued inquisitiveness and its results in new knowledges, despite the change from age to age in mankind's very image of its own whereabouts in space, and the extent of that whereabouts, and the complexity of the entanglement in which it rolls, it is still true that you may probe at any point with the sure expectation of finding at least *some* minds as good intrinsically, as strong, as noble, as valiant, as inventive, as any in our own age of latest appearances and all the newest lights. I am aware, of course, where the compensation may be sought. The philosophical historian may contend that, though some minds of early ages have been as able intrinsically as any minds of later ages, these later minds being themselves the critics and judges, yet an enormous general progress may be made out in the increased *number* in the later ages of minds tolerably able, in the heightening of the general level, in the more equable diffusion of intelligence, in the gradual extension of freedom, and the humanizing of manners and institutions. On that question I am not called upon to enter now, nor is my opinion on it to be inferred from anything I am now saying. I limit myself to the assertion that within historic time we find what we are obliged to call an intrinsic co-equality of *some* minds at various successive points and at long-separated intervals, and that consequently, if the human race *is* gradually acquiring a power of producing individuals more able than their ablest predecessors, the rate of its law in this respect is so slow that 2,500 years have not made the advance appreciable. The assertion is limited; it is reconcilable, I believe, with the most absolute and extreme doctrine of evolution; but it seems to be both important and curious, inasmuch as it has not yet been sufficiently attended to in any of the phrasings of that doctrine that have been speculatively put forward. No doctrine is rightly phrased, I would submit, when, if it were true according to that phrasing, it would be man's highest duty to proceed as if it weren't.

History itself, the mere tradition and records of the human race, would have authorized our assertion. Pericles, Epaminondas, Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne: would not the authenticated tradition of the lives and actions of these men, and others of their order, or of other orders, prove that possible capacity of the individual mind has not, for the last 2,500 years of our earth's history, been a mere affair of chronological date? But it is Literature that reads us the lesson most fully and convincingly. Some of those great men of action have left little or no direct speech of themselves. They mingled their minds with the rage of things around them; they worked, and strove, and died. But the books we have from all periods, the poems, the songs, the treatises, the pleadings — some of them from men great also in the world of action, but most from men who only looked on, and thought, and tried to rule the spirit, or to find how it might be ruled—these remain with us and can be studied yet microscopically. If what the Historian wants to get at is the mind of the time that interests him, or of the past generally, here it is for him in no disguised form, but in actual specimens. Poems, treatises, and the like, are actual transmitted *bits* of the mind of the past; every fragment of verse or prose from a former period preserves something of the thought and sentiment of that period expressed by some one belonging to it; the masterpieces of the world's literature are the thought and feeling of successive generations expressed, in and for each generation, by those who could express them best. What a purblind perversity then it is for History, professing that its aim is to know the mind or real life of the past, to be fumbling for that mind or life amid old daggers, rusty iron caps and jingling jackets, and other such material relics as the past has transmitted, or even groping for it, as ought to be done most strictly, in statutes and charters and records, if all the while those literary remains of the past are neglected from which the very thing searched for stares us face to face!

There is a small corollary to our main proposition. It is that ages which we are accustomed to regard as crude, barbarous, and uncivilized, may turn out perhaps, on due investigation and a better construction of the records, to have been not so crude and barbarous after all, but to have contained a great deal of intrinsic humanity, interesting to us yet, and capable, through all intervening time and difference, of folding itself round our hearts. And here I will quit those great, but perhaps too continually obtrusive, Greeks and Romans, and will take my examples, all the homelier though they must be, from our own land and kindred.

The fourteenth century in our island was not what we should now hold up as a model age, a soft age, an orderly age, an instructed age, a pleasant age for a lady or gentleman that has been accustomed to modern ideas and modern comforts to be transferred back into. It was the age of the three first Edwards, Richard II., and Henry IV. in England, and of the Wallace Interregnum, Bruce, David II., and the two first Stuarts in Scotland. Much was done in it, as these names will suggest, that has come down as picturesque story, and stirring popular legend. It is an age, on that account, in which schoolboys and other plain uncritical readers of both nations revel with peculiar relish. Critical inquirers, too, and real students of history, especially of late, have found it an age worth their while, and have declared it full of important facts and powerful characters. Not the less the inveterate impression among a large number of persons of a rapid modern way of thinking is that all this interesting vision of the England and Scotland of the fourteenth century is mere poetical glamour or antiquarian make-believe, and that the real state of affairs was one of mud, mindlessness, fighting and scramble generally, no tea and no newspapers, but plenty of hanging, and murder almost *ad libitum*. Now these are most

wrong-headed persons, and they might be beaten black and blue by sheer force of records. But out of kindliness one may take a gentler method with them, and try to bring them right by æsthetic suasion. It so chances, for example, that there are literary remains of the fourteenth century, both English and Scottish, and that the authors of the chief of these were Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English literature proper, and John Barbour, the father of the English literature of North Britain. Let us take a few bits from Chaucer and Barbour. Purposely, we shall take bits that may be already familiar.

Here is Chaucer's often-quoted description of the scholar, or typical student of Oxford University, from the Prologue to his *Canterbury Tales:*—

A clerk there was of Oxenford also,
That unto logic haddè long ygo,
As lenè was his horse as is a rake,
And *he* was not right fat, I undertake;
But looked hollow, and thereto soberly,
Full threadbare was his overest courtepy;
For he had getten him yet no benefice,
Ne was not worldly to have office;
For him was liefer han at his bed's head
A twenty books, clothèd in black and red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie
Than robès rich, or fiddle, or sautrie.
But, albe that he was a philosópher,
Yet haddè he but little gold in coffer;
But all that he might of his friendès hent
On bookès and on learning he it spent,
And busily 'gan for the soulès pray
Of hem that gave him wherewith to scholay.
Of study took he moste cure and heed;
Not ae word spake he more than was need;
And that was said in form and reverence,
And short and quick, and full of high sentence;
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

Or, take an out-of-doors' scene from one of Chaucer's minor poems. It is a description of a grove or wood in spring, or early summer:—

In which were oakès great, straight as a line,
Under the which the grass, so fresh of hue,
Was newly sprung, and an eight foot or nine
Every tree well fro his fellow grew,
With branches broad, laden with leavès new,
That sprungen out agen the sunnè-sheen,
Some very red, and some a glad light green.

Or, for a tidy scene indoors, take this from another poem:—

And, sooth to sayen, my chamber was
Full well depainted, and with glass
Were all the windows well yglazed
Full clear, and not an hole ycrased,
That to behold it was great joy;
For wholly all the story of Troy
Was in the glazing ywrought thus,
Of Hector and of King Priamus,
Of Achilles and of King Laomedon,
And eke of Medea and Jason,
Of Paris, Helen, and Lavine;
And all the walls with colours fine
Weren paint, both text and glose,
And all the Rómaunt of the Rose:
My windows weren shut each one,
And through the glass the sunnè shone
Upon my bed with brighte beams.

Or, take these stanzas of weighty ethical sententiousness (usually printed as Chaucer's, but whether his or not does not matter):—

Fly from the press, and dwell with soothfastness;
Suffice unto thy good, though it be small;
For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness,
Press hath envy, and weal is blent in all;
Savour no more than thee behovè shall;
Rede well thyself that other folk canst rede;
And truth shall thee deliver, it is no drede.

Painè thee not each crooked to redress
In trust of her that turneth as a ball.
Great rest standeth in little busìness;
Beware also to spurn against an awl;
Strive not as doth a crockè with a wall;
Deemè thyself that deemest others dead;
And truth shall thee deliver, it is no drede.

That thee is sent receive in buxomness;
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness:
Forth, pilgrim! forth, beast, out of thy stall!
Look up on high, and thanke God of all:
Waivè thy lusts, and let thy ghost thee lead;
And truth shall thee deliver, it is no drede.

Or, finally, take a little bit of Chaucer's deep, keen slyness, when he is speaking smilingly about himself and his own poetry. He has represented himself as standing in the House or Temple of Fame, observing company after company going up to the goddess, and petitioning for renown in the world for what they have done. Some she grants what they ask, others she dismisses crestfallen, and Chaucer thinks the *levée* over:—

With that I gan aboute wend,
For one that stood right at my back
Methought full goodly to me spake,

And said, "Friend, what is thy name?
Art *thou* come hither to have fame?"
"Nay, forsoothe, friend," quoth I;
"I came not hither, grammercy,
For no such causè, by my head.
Sufficeth me, as I were dead,
That no wight have *my* name in hand:
I wot myself best how I stand;
For what I dree or what I think
I will myselfe all it drink,
Certain for the more part,
As farforth as I ken mine art!"

Chaucer ranks to this day as one of the very greatest and finest minds in the entire literature of the English speech, and stands therefore on a level far higher than can be assumed for his contemporary Barbour. But Barbour was a most creditable old worthy too. Let us have a scrap or two from his *Bruce*. Who does not know the famous passage which is the very key-note of that poem? One is never tired of quoting it:—

Ah! freedom is a noble thing;
Freedom makes man to have liking;
Freedom all solace to man gives;
He lives at ease that freely lives.
A noble heart may have nane ease,
Ne ellys aught that may him please
Gif freedom faileth; for free liking
Is yearnit ower all other thing;
Nor he that aye has livit free
May not know weel the propertie,
The anger, ne the wretched doom,
That is coupled to foul thirldom;
But, gif he had essayèd it,
Then all perquére he should it wit,
And should think freedom mair to prize
Than all the gold in the world that is.

Or, take the portrait of the good Sir James, called "The Black Douglas," the chief companion and adherent of Bruce, introduced near the beginning of the poem, where he is described as a young man living moodily at St. Andrews before the Bruce revolt:—

Ane weel great while there dwellit he:
All men loved him for his bountie;
For he was of full fair effere,
Wise, courteous, and debonair;
Large and loving also was he,
And ower all thing loved loyauty.
Loyautie to love is gretumly;
Through loyautie men lives richtwisely;
With a virtue of loyautie
Ane man may yet sufficiand be;
And, but loyautie, may nane have prize,
Whether he be wicht or be he wise;
For, where *it* failis, nae virtue
May be of prize, ne of value
To mak ane man sae good that he
May simply callit good man be.
He was in all his deedès leal;
For him dedeignit not to deal
With treachery ne with falsét.
His heart on high honóur was set,
And him contened in sic manére
That all him loved that war him near.
But he was not soe fair that we
Culd speak greatly of his beautíe.
In visage was he somedeal grey,
And had black hair, as I heard say;
But of his limbs he was well made,
With banès great and shoulders braid;
His body was well made leanlíe,
As they that saw him said to me.
When he was blythe, he was lively
And meek and sweet in company;
But wha in battle micht him see
All other countenance had he.
And in speech lisped he somedeal;
But that set him richt wonder weel.
To good Hector of Troy micht he
In many things likenit be.
Hector had black hair as he had,
And stark limbès and richt weel made,
And lispèd also as did he,
And was fulfilled of loyautie,
And was courteous, and wise, and wicht.

My purpose in quoting these passages from Chaucer and Barbour will have been anticipated. Let me, however, state it in brief. We hear sometimes in these days of a certain science, or rather portion of a more general science, which takes to itself the name of *Social Statics*, and professes, under that name, to have for its business—I give you the very phrase of those who define it—the investigation of "possible social simultaneities." That is to say, there may be a science of what can possibly go along with what in any social state or stage; or, to put it otherwise, any one fact or condition of a state of society being given, there may be inferred from that fact or condition the sum of the other facts and conditions that must necessarily have co-existed with it. Thus at length perhaps, by continued inference, the whole state of an old society might be imaged out, just as Cuvier, from the sight of one bone, could infer with tolerable accuracy the general structure of the animal. Well, will *Social Statics* be so good as to take the foregoing passages, and whirr out of

them their "possible social simultaneities?" Were this done, I should be surprised if the England and Scotland of the fourteenth century were to turn out so very unlovely, so atrociously barbarian, after all. These passages are actual transmitted bits of the English and Scottish mind of that age, and surely the substance from which they are extracts cannot have been so very coarse or bad. Where such sentiments existed and were expressed, where the men that could express them lived and were appreciated, the surrounding medium of thought, of institutions, and of customs, must have been to correspond. There must have been truth, and honour, and courtesy and culture, round these men; there must have been high heart, shrewd sense, delicate art, gentle behaviour, and, in one part of the island at least, a luxuriant complexity of most subtle and exquisite circumstance.

The conclusion which we have thus reached vindicates that mood of mind towards the whole historical past which we find to have been actually the mood of all the great masters of literature whenever they have ranged back in the past for their themes. When Shakespeare writes of Richard II., who lived two hundred years before his own time, does he not overleap those two hundred years as a mere nothing, plunge in among Richard's Englishmen as intrinsically not different from so many great Elizabethans, make them talk and act as co-equals in whom Elizabethans could take an interest, and even fill the mouth of the weak monarch himself with soliloquies of philosophic melancholy, and the kingliest verbal splendours? And so when the same poet goes back into a still remoter antique, as in the council of the Greek chiefs in his *Troilus and Cressida*. We speak of Shakespeare's anachronisms in such cases. There they are certainly for the critic to note; but they only serve to bring out more clearly his main principle in his art, his sense or instinct, for all historic time, of a grand over-matching synchronism. And, indeed, without something of this instinct—this sense of an intrinsic traditional humanity persisting through particular progressive variations, this belief in a co-equality of at least some minds through all the succession of human ages in what we call the historic period—what were the past of mankind to us much more than a history of dogs or ruminants? Nay, and with that measure with which we mete out to others, with the same measure shall it not be meted out to ourselves? If to be dead is to be inferior, and if to be long dead is to be despicable, to the generation in possession, shall not we who are in possession now have passed into the state of inferiority to-morrow, with all the other defunct beyond us, and will not a time come when some far future generation will lord it on the earth, and we shall lie deep, deep down, among the strata of the despicable?

TWO NIGHTS IN A FRENCH PRISON DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

WANDERING about among the *avant-postes* of a besieging army, or, indeed, of an army in the field at all, is not a particularly safe or prudent amusement. If the army in question happens to be a semi-disloyal French army engaged in a furious civil war, such a proceeding approaches to the bounds of madness. Let it not be supposed, then, that the following pages are meant as an appeal to the sympathy or condolence of Britannic readers, or that the writer, having gone in for so insensate an amusement, looks for any such consolation. On the contrary, he neither deserves nor expects any other comment upon its consequences than the true verdict of "serve him right." But that need not prevent him from relating a few of his experiences of the amenities of prison life, as it existed a few days back among the "Versaillais." In return for the board and lodging so kindly furnished by these "loyalists," he owes them a small debt of gratitude; and it is by the publication of the following true story that he hopes to pay it off.

There is a sort of fascination in the feeling of being under fire—only known to those who have been in that situation—which naturally keeps a man from turning back, and urges him on open-eyed to his destruction. Curiosity, no doubt, is the motive power, and a ridiculous motive enough it is; but, laugh at it as you will, it constitutes a vague impulse which prompts one with an almost irresistible force to get nearer and nearer to the scene of action. Thus, during the bombardment of Paris, have I seen an old gentleman and his wife tottering along with white faces and trembling limbs towards a dangerous barricade. Their fear was inordinate; but their curiosity was paramount. A wound, or the sight of a nasty "accident," will check the feeling or keep it within bounds, but it will not eradicate it; inhabitants of a bombarded city will tell you that one of their keenest trials was the necessity of stifling their curiosity to go out and see what was going on.

This feeling, and the assurance of soldiers and peasants, that nothing but the shells and bullets were to be feared, encouraged me to set forth rashly to investigate the lines of the besieging army. Having explored on the other side of the river the line of defences manned by the Federals, it was doubly interesting to get an idea of the assailant works and operations going on in the other camp. Then the delightful liberty in which one wandered round the insurgent *avant-postes*, without any other obstacle than a warning to be careful of one's precious life, lulled one into a dangerous want of caution as to the perils to be met with on the other side. Thus, in fatal security, did I prolong my rather objectless walk far into the black country, where shells fell thick around, and the cottages stood or lay in unsightly ruins along the path. On the right hand rolled the omnibuses on the high road to Versailles; on the left cracked the rifles and the exploding shells, and bellowed the iron voice of the batteries. But the sights and scenes of that devastated country are not to be told here, nor the stories recounted by the peasants and soldiers collected in the several villages. Everywhere one met with French politeness, and as it turned out French insincerity. "Ah, a stranger may go on, without

doubt; only take care you do not 'catch' a piece of shell or '*essuyer*' a volley of Chassepôt bullets." And so—chatting and fraternizing along the left bank of the Seine towards the great, grim, noisy fortress of the west—past Colombes, with its garrison of swallow-tailed, goat-bearded gendarmes—now dignified with the title of marching regiments, and fighting for the cause of the Republic with Imperialism in their hearts; past Asnières, with its ruined bridges and unburied corpses, where the Chassepôts cracked merrily from the loopholed walls of the park; right on to Becon, where the shells fell half-a-dozen to the minute round and upon the twice-pillaged, twice-bombarded château. It was beyond Becon, between there and the great battery of Courbevoie, that imprudence met its fate. There was a smaller battery established right across the road just to the westward of the park. Beside it was a piquet of line soldiers and a couple of officers, young, foppish, and consequentially bumptious. An undisguised Britannic accent, and Granville passport perfectly *en règle*, were wholly ineffectual against the suspicion of these veterans. They had had their spell of prison life very lately in Germany, and they thought it was their turn to play the other game: "Seulement il faut régulariser la chose; on vous amenera devant le maire pour être plus sûr."

A private soldier was commissioned to conduct me before the mayor of Courbevoie. As he walked me across a ploughed field on the road to the head-quarters of the "place," I had a happy thought of leaving him to drag his short legs *solus* to the office of the worthy official. He had no weapon but his side arms, and ten minutes would have put me out of his sight, safe on the high road to Versailles. But a false reliance on his assurance that the mayor would be *gentil* and provide a pass, made me abandon the design. Of course the natural consequence followed in due form. The mayor took the opportunity to insult *perfide Albion* and the rest of the cursed stranger nations. It remained to appeal to the commanding officer of the place. He was very sorry; it was *très-ennuyant*, but he could not interfere with the orders of the civil power. Then to the commander of the Gendarmerie. He was *désolé*, but what was he to do? He had no authority. "Would he send to the ambassador? Would he telegraph?" "Alas! there are no wires." A French army has no means of communication between its staff officers and its commander-in-chief. But he would send me on to Versailles at the first opportunity. In the meantime, there would be no maltreatment; it was only a matter of form. "One sees very well that you are not a spy." A few hours in a barrack prison did not seem a very formidable affair. I was hardly prepared for the sequel, less still for its opening scene.

Passing across the courtyard of the barracks, the bang of exploding *obus* sounded pretty thick all around. The prison consisted of a stone hut facing towards Paris and the east. In it were half a dozen peasants of the regular French type. Communicative as Frenchmen only are, they had soon divulged their different stories. I was anxious to know among what sort of criminals fate had cast in my unexpected lot. But their cases failed to impress me with an idea of the heinousness of their guilt, or to inspire me with any great horror of the accused, as rebels, conspirators, and enemies of the State. Two of them—ragged, ignorant old *ouvriers* of the lowest class—had been seized for the crime of collecting *éclats d'obus* about the fields; another for collecting something even still more dangerous and suspicious — common snails for the subsistence of his family. The same hunger which had driven this unfortunate into the fields to gather up this rather primitive kind of food, had persuaded another peasant to leave the safe shelter of his cottage, and to bring back from the next baker's shop, some distance away, a store of loaves for himself and his children during the coming hostilities. The suspicious circumstance of carrying loaves was to the Versaillist

officer a convincing proof of guilt; and the wretched peasant, for attempting to save his family from starvation, was condemned to long days of misery in a worse than felon's prison, and may not improbably be languishing there to this very day. Another man was imprisoned for having walked out of Paris, and two others who came in subsequently, for wearing the uniform of the National Guard. Although they had the clearest proof that they belonged to the party of order, and had escaped with difficulty and danger from the Communists, the fact of their being clad in the obnoxious garb was amply sufficient to convict them of being spies. It never seemed to occur to these clever officials and officers that a real spy or guilty person would choose any costume rather than the suspected uniform in which to carry out his plans. But the French, with all their cry and fuss and spy-hunting mania, rarely arrest the real offenders. A very little caution enables a clever spy to throw them off the scent, and in this case the innocent most commonly suffer for the guilty, and fools pay the penalty for knaves. The poor creatures amongst whom I found myself came so clearly within the former category, that it was impossible to doubt their story. They were much too stupid to have invented or maintained a clever lie, and a few minutes' cross-examination would have utterly demolished their attempts to "stick to it." The plain, unvarnished tale of their offences amused me heartily; I should not have laughed so loud had I known the sequel to their arrest and summary imprisonment.

The big door was open towards the court; round it were several of the gendarmes quartered in the barracks. On my arrival, the captain and lieutenant in command of the depôt came up to the door to see the newly-captured spy. Surprised at not being answered in a cringing tone of supplication, they resorted to insolent menaces, and, ordering the gendarme in charge to keep a special eye on "that tall insurgent," were about to leave the spot, when their course was effectually arrested by a strange and effectual intrusion. The few seconds which succeeded are not very easy to describe. There was a tremendous noise, a great shock, a smoke, a strong smell, and a considerable loss of breath, and I found myself against the wall, looking down upon a number of writhing bodies. They were the mutilated forms of men, or what had been men, a moment before. Of the whole group collected just outside the door, hardly one was left standing upright. As for the captain and lieutenant, who had been standing close to the threshold, they presented an awful sight indeed. The former, pale as death, was bleeding in torrents from his foot, a great part of which had been blown to atoms, and had disappeared utterly. The latter lay like a heap, amongst a litter of rags and scraps of flesh. One of his legs, with the scarlet trouser that once belonged to it, was literally cut to pieces. The stump, torn and jagged by the cruel iron, quivered with a sickening agony. Pools of blood began to trickle on to the gravel soil, while the other victims, struggling and crawling about like reptiles over the ground, marked it with ghastly trails of crimson in the agonies of their pain. Meanwhile the groans and yells of pain alarmed the whole barrack yard. The soldiers rushing to the spot found the ground strewed with horrid fragments. Pieces of boot with their hideous red contents lay here and there—almost all the victims had been hit in the feet or legs:—fragments of iron and stone were scattered around, with rags of red uniform. It was some seconds before we had the heart to examine the real cause of the "accident." A percussion shell had fallen against the very door-post of the building. It had blown away part of the stone doorway, and its fragments had distributed themselves with awful effect both inside and outside the prison. Of the prisoners one only was badly hit; a large piece of iron had entered and left itself within his thigh. Two more were slightly wounded,—one with an *éclat*, the other

with a piece of the masonry. Of course the officers and gendarmes were carried off straight to the hospital. Their comrades silently cleared away the ghastly evidences of the "accident." As for our wounded fellow-prisoner, he was only an insurgent. He lay there feebly moaning without sympathy. The soldiers were rather inclined to curse him and us as the cause of the occurrence than waste any assistance or sympathy upon us. It was impossible to bind up the wound of this unfortunate: he could not bear a hand near the wounded place. He lay with the blood drying on his drenched clothes, and with his wound stiffening in the raw air, till some one of the gaolers, more merciful than his race, happened to bestow a thought upon him. It was deemed advisable to shift his quarters to the hospital, and he was rather roughly lifted on to a tumble-down litter with no head-rest on it, and carried off out of our sight. I shall not forget the look with which he stretched out a feeble hand and grasped gratefully those of his fellow-prisoners. Probably he thought, poor wretch, that it was his last chance of exchanging a kindly greeting, and that he was saying farewell to the last person from whom in this world he would receive the little kindnesses that the dying prize so much.

We were removed into an adjoining cell, as I supposed for greater safety's sake, but as it turned out, merely that the *débris* caused by the explosion and the blood of the wounded man might be cleared away for our accommodation. We were restored before nightfall to the scene of the little incident which had disturbed us, and which had attended so promptly my introduction to the delights of prison life. Our warder, a surly but not bad-hearted Corsican, enabled me to procure some food, a rough sort of *galantine* of meat and two bottles of *vin ordinaire*, with which we all did our best to restore our spirits and keep up an attempt at conversation. The bronze wealth of the wretched French prisoners had been confiscated when they were searched. I don't know why my more precious metals had escaped, but this piece of good luck materially acquired me huge popularity. More fortunately still, the officials had missed finding my return ticket from St. Denis to Paris, which would have been a conclusive proof of guilt. I had saved also a good store of cigarette papers; and a supply of tobacco, furnished by the good offices of our friend the Corsican, set us in a fair state to spend the night without over-great *ennui*. Meanwhile, fresh captives kept arriving, almost all of them victims to the zeal of the same youthful captain who had arrested me "for greater certainty." One of the late arrivals was a young peasant farmer who had fought in the *chasseurs à pied* during the Prussian siege, a man "of an excellent wit," who enlivened marvellously our long hours of durance vile. He had been arrested for being a Frenchman, and though well known in the neighbourhood, where he had a little *propriété*, could not succeed in proving his innocence. Even his brother, who came to visit him, and the priest of a neighbouring village, who sent him a certificate, were unsuccessful in procuring his release. This gentleman refreshed us with some new and admirable anecdotes of the siege, and confessed to an accusation which I fear in this country will utterly deprive him of the sympathy of my readers, that of being a cannibal. "Ah, it's all very well," said he to a real or pretending squeamish hearer, "you have not tried what it was at the outposts during the siege. If you had had nothing to eat for a day or two, with the frost gnawing into your bones, you wouldn't be so particular. What harm does it do anyone, I should like to know?"

The provision made at the Courbevoie prison for passing the night was not sumptuous or expensive. Our bed consisted of a row of rough planks very much covered with a sort of whitish brick-dust. There was no straw, far less a pillow or a bench; we were lucky not to be condemned to the cold earth. But then, as there was a great hole in

the doorway where the fragments of the shell had entered, and the glass of the tiny windows had been all blown out by the shock, we had nearly enough draughts to keep us wide awake; and if that did not suffice, there was the music of the *obus* exploding all around, one of which would very possibly pay us a visit before morning. The wretched cowardly peasants cowered and shivered at every loud discharge; and as those great humming-tops, the 48-pounders, went growling and whizzing over our heads, one could feel in the darkness the flinching of these poor terrified boors, as they crept closer beneath the shelter of the wall. One of them, the oldest, ugliest, and perhaps most innocent, walked up and down almost incessantly, smoking uninterruptedly the supplies of *caporal* which I was able to afford for his consolation, and muttering about his wife, who was at that moment hunting dismally for his corpse. It was not a comfortable night, and when we arose in the morning, very brickdusty and rather sore in the bones, we did not feel much refreshed or inclined to dispense with performing a toilette. But this was a luxury far too great to expect. It was a great boon that we got some fresh water to drink,—wine was no longer obtainable.

Late in the morning I thought it might be worth while to try the effect of an epistle to the commanding officer, reminding him of the orders, which to my knowledge he had received, to forward one prisoner at least immediately; and suggesting that a safer place might possibly be found if we were to be retained indefinitely in his custody. The result was a removal to a loathsome dungeon somewhere deep down beneath the barracks. Two of our number were told off on pain of starvation to clear out this mouldy habitation. With herculean labour they expelled the spiders, cockroaches, centipedes, and other inmates of this undesirable lodging-place, and scraped off some little of the slimy crust that covered its mouldy wall and floor. We then descended *en masse*, and dragging in with us each a damp unsavoury straw mattress, ensconced ourselves at our best ease on them, round the tallow candle which faintly illuminated the den. We formed a scene truly worthy of Rembrandt. A dozen as ill-assorted individuals as fate could bring together—lying, sitting, or now and then standing,—there was not room enough to walk a step; sleeping, smoking, talking, or chewing the black bread which was cast to us in lumps, we made up a picture wholly indescribable. In costume, in face, and in the manner of braving our captivity, we differed variously. Besides the actual darkness of the dungeon, the utter want of ventilation increased the picturesque horror of the scene, for a veil of foul air mixed with the fumes of tobacco added to the dimness of the atmosphere, and almost overwhelmed the feeble rays of the wretched candle that flickered in the midst. As the hours rolled slowly on, the "bears" who had betted against our release on that day began to prevail over the "bulls" who had backed us to escape, and at three we had almost given up all hopes, when the order came to mount to the upper air. It was a veritable resurrection; the fresh air of heaven smelt like the fragrance of a paradise. We were to march under escort to Mount Valerien, and thence be sent on straight to Versailles.

Our walk from Courbevoie between a double file of gendarmerie was festive and hilarious. It resembled rather a triumphal march than a procession of doomed criminals. Yet had we known what fate was reserved for us at the Royal City, we should have walked in with heavy hearts and dire forebodings, or even regretted our mouldy quarters in the barrack cellar. But of our march and its sights—not few nor uninteresting—I must not pause to give account. It must be imagined how we were hooted by the populace, and cursed by the passers-by: how we were shelled in descending Mount Valerien by the Communist batteries in Paris, who, naturally enough, took us and our gallant escort for a hostile company of infantry issuing from the fort. It was here that our cannibal, the man of excellent wit, shone to

marvellous advantage, retorting upon our revilers with chaff of irresistible efficacy, and turning the gall and bitterness of our various escorting guards into laughter and civility. At the last stage where we changed escort, we fell to the lot of half-a-dozen mounted gendarmes. It was getting dark, and in consideration of our ferocious character and heinous offences, we were chained two and two together. The fool of the party, being odd man—in both senses—without a pair to be chained unto, was attached by a cord as a sort of *dexioseiros* to the cannibal and his associate. The trio led the way, and we thus marched up the street of Versailles attended by a huge *queue* of yelling "loyalist" rabble.

Arrived at the cavalry barracks and before the *pro tem.* Commissaire de Police, our miseries very speedily recommenced. I had been assured by everyone at Courbevoie, Mount Valerien, and everywhere else, that immediately on reaching Versailles my letter would be forwarded to the Embassy. I applied therefore with *empressement* to the dignitary before whom we were presented for inspection, to send on my little note without loss of time. "Do you think then," responded this polite authority, "that I am here as a postman, or that I have men to send about on errands for you or the like of you?" Perhaps a gendarme might be persuaded for a napoleon to do this very moderate service. No, the eye of the stern man of justice was upon him, and he was incorruptible. We were thrust down, dusty and footsore with our twelve miles' walk, into another dungeon deeper even than the one which we had so lately and so hopefully quitted.

Here once more I feel how powerless are words to convey a picture of the scene to which I was introduced: "a long, low-roofed corridor lined with a whole regiment of grimy faces of every form and type, from the degraded and semi-idiotic visage of the French country boor to the delicate and intelligent features of the born Parisian—from the scowl of crime and vice to the open mien of manifest innocence. The denizens of this frightful abode crowded towards the foot of the dark staircase to scrutinize the new arrivals. Far away into the black darkness of the inner dungeon the rows of dirty faces could be seen. It was an event in their miserable lives, the coming of a new batch of unfortunates. They were not sorry to have more companions in misery; but, on the other hand, every new arrival diminished the amount of space and air, and added its quota to the horrible closeness of the imprisoned atmosphere. Even in this abyss of misery I did not wholly despair of getting my letter taken out. "Is there any one going up of this hole to-night?" I shouted as a last chance, holding up my letter and my napoleon. The wretches around me laughed with a grim ridicule, "Ha, ha! on ne sort pas d'ici, citoyen. Parbleu! la poste ne fonctionne pas ici-bas. Eh? nom de Dieu!" But the bystanders had a certain sympathy for the tall Englisher. And a man with a napoleon who could write a letter might, after all, be a useful friend. If he *did* get out, he might carry letters, or at all events take messages. But the world of *ici-bas* was very incredulous as to any chance of sending a letter out by fair means. In truth I had never expected to see so good a realization of one's idea of the Inferno, and it began to seem as if Dante's motto might really be truly written over its subterranean portals —"All hope abandon, ye who enter here!"

A short *reconnaissance*, under the guidance of one of the *habitués* of this hell, revealed its horrors in their full extent. The vaults had once served as cellars to a royal palace. "You will have the satisfaction," said my guide, "of saying that you have visited the cellars of Henri IV." "Thank you, that is a pleasure rather dearly bought. I should prefer to visit them when their bins are stored with some of your French wines, than when they are crammed with your French unwashed humanity." The side alleys or galleries of these vaults branched off from the main corridors, and into them "gave" the square dens which once had been

stored with the several vintages, but now were tenanted by parties of the more lucky captives. I say lucky, for those who were too late to occupy a place in one of these dens, or not strong enough to save it from invasion, had to sleep on the damp, rotten floor outside. Such was the lot of most of my fellow-travellers who arrived with me from Courbevoie. As for me, I was fortunate again. My London-built coat, or my irreproachable hat, or some other peculiarity, recommended me immediately to the hospitality of a Garde National. "Will you have a place in my *appartement*, citizen? it is at your disposal; here, No. 6, in the Rue St. Pierre." For even in this dismal scene the facility of French wit had already named the different filthy corridors. There was the "Rue des Martyrs," by which you entered first; the "Avenue de la Grande Armée," where the gendarmes on duty stood; at the far end, beyond the third and last tallow candle, the "Champs Elysées," over whose horrors I will permit myself to draw a veil, and—most appropriate, as I thought, of all—the grand "Boulevard d'Enfer."

Over these vaulted unventilated passages tallow candles stuck against the wall threw their dim unwholesome rays. The wretched lights struggled almost unsuccessfully against the foul air which encompassed them. By day a faint glimmer of daylight forced its way down some narrow chinks at the very edge of the roof on one side of the vault; but neither by night nor by day would there have been light enough to read, had there been anything to read. Along the galleries hung and floated in loathsome slothfulness clouds of noxious air and horrible odours, poisoning the air one breathed, and oppressing the lungs with a sickly feeling that seemed as if it must produce some horrible pestilence. The creatures who had been living for days *là-bas* had got quite accustomed to it, and minded it apparently no more than rats whose home is in the sewers. One animal there was—he had put off almost all semblance of humanity—possessed of some loathsome and, it was said, ontagious disease. This wretch, who was also idiotic in mind, or perhaps wholly devoid of that incumbrance, was shunned as a pestilence, and exiled somewhere to the Champs Elysées. At times he would appear like a phantom stalking along the passages, when his approach was heralded by loud shouts of warning, and a stampedo ensued, every one fleeing before his path. I shuddered as the spectral figure passed down outside our den.

Into the square apartment to which I had been admitted as the sixth occupant, the *propriétaire* had collected a good store of straw. I was informed that this luxury had quite lately been added to the furniture of the dungeon. But there was very little of it, and that little had all been appropriated long ago to the luckiest and strongest householders. In the other apartments and in the corridors the miserable prisoners crouched down on the dank slimy earth, or walked about by night, waiting for the day to get a lodging in the apartment of some compassionate, *propriétaire*. Our chamber was, therefore, comparatively luxurious. It was tenanted by some of the most respectable of the "criminals," two of them being Gardes Nationaux. At bedtime the door was barred by an ingenious contrivance to provide against a nocturnal invasion of the destitutes. In the morning there was conversation, joined in by each in turn as he gave up his hopes of a longer sleep. By this talk I found out that almost all the prisoners here had been arrested on the same frivolous and unfounded charges as those which had lost my companions their liberty. There was a Dutchman there, a very intelligent fellow, who had been in gaol nine days. He was not accused of anything except of not being a Frenchman, and not being where he ought to have been. Then there was a Belgian; and a Spaniard from the Indian colonies had been brought in the same day that I arrived. There had been an American, but he had been released; the rest were all Frenchmen, and, including the whole number of prisoners, there must have been very near upon a hundred in this one prison. The said prison was only one, as I was assured, of fifty then exist-

ing at Versailles; whether the accommodation was the same in their case as it was in ours I have no means of knowing.

The diet prescribed in our peculiar dungeon was of a very simple kind, consisting of black bread, rather similar to that to which we were treated in Paris in the last days of the Prussian siege. My kind host offered me a hunch from a private store which he had hidden away in his "apartment." "Nay, don't refuse," said he, as I assured him that I was not hungry. "You may be glad of it to-morrow. They only give it us out once a day, in the afternoon; and precious little of it when they do." As for drink, the most bibacious of mankind would hardly have indulged very freely in this place. There was a single huge can set on the floor in the Boulevard d'Enfer, to which every one applied his lips when he had occasion. I did not see it replenished with fresh water as long as I was in the dungeon; but I believe that, before it was absolutely drained to the dregs, a complaisant gendarme would generally have it filled again. Whether the leper, or diseased outcast, whatever he may have been, ever got access to the water, I do not know. I should imagine it was "defended" to him to drink until the rest of the world were satisfied. Of course washing was an impossible luxury. It was beyond the thoughts of anyone. The unshaven beards and matted dirty hair of all the "criminals" added greatly to the general effect of their appearance.

Yet even in this veritable hell one could not help observing the inextinguishable vivacity of the national character. Amidst even this pestilential and oppressive darkness there shone out occasionally the sparkle of French wit, and there went on continuously the hum of light cheerful conversation, and the raillery that we stigmatize with the name of chaff. Your true Parisian must always be *acting* before the public eye. He must keep up his part even in a dungeon; and there his part as a philosopher is naturally the *rôle* of *toujours gai*. So he hides his tears and chagrin behind some corner in the dark, and he airs his *bon-mots* and his affected gaiety before his audience with creditable assiduity. The *grande nation* has its defects, and we have seen them pretty clearly just latterly; but for a partner in temporary misery, and a cheerful companion even up to the very steps of the scaffold, commend me to a modern Gaul of the freethinking school. Of all remarkable differences which struck me as existing between these occupants of the French prison and a similar motley collection, if such could have been found, of our Britannic countrymen, the greatest was this—the almost utter absence of all blasphemous or obscene language. In an English prison the air, pestilential as it was, would have seemed doubly so by reason of the volleys of oaths that would too surely have flooded the passages. The English common people, and more especially the common soldiers, can hardly open their mouths without an oath; and their ordinary language is such, that no lady and no decent woman can venture within earshot of them. But the Parisians don't care for swearing any more than they do for praying or for getting drunk. The lowest of the low have a certain pride in talking respectably and "Frenchly," as they call it. There were few moments when anyone in the prison at Versailles need have stopped his ears to the talk around him.

It is not necessary to detail the steps by which I ultimately obtained my release. Still more superfluous would be a tribute paid to the kindness and prompt attention of the British Ambassador. I will confess that my satisfaction at escaping was tempered with a regret at leaving so many more innocent victims buried in this disgusting tomb. There was some excuse for my confinement, but for the greater part of them there could be none at all. As I heard several of their *procès verbaux* read, I felt if possible more ashamed than ever of French justice and French common sense. I will just quote the pass which was given me on being discharged by the Provost Marshal: it is rather a curious legal document. "Le nommé ———, sujet anglais, est mis en liberté, *aucune inculpation* n'ayant été *relevée* à sa charge."

POPE AND COWPER.[1]

THE almost simultaneous publication of the first volume of Mr. Elwin's long-expected and magnificent edition of Pope, and of the more compact but not less useful Globe Edition of Cowper, invites a comparison between the two poets, and between their respective epochs, which, though not now attempted for the first time, is still far from being exhausted. Indeed the very remarkable character of the introduction which Mr. Elwin has prefixed to his first volume, as it seems to have finally closed one of the most important of the many controversies of which Pope has been the centre by deciding it against the poet on evidence apparently overwhelming, has imparted some real novelty into the subject; and suggests, so to speak, a kind of literary commission to rehear and report upon the whole question. For the purpose of this article, however, we shall assume it to be settled; as we entertain little or no doubt of the justice of Mr. Elwin's conclusions: and we have therefore to consider the interesting problem presented by a man not only of the highest intellectual powers, for in that would be nothing remarkable, but of the keenest sensibility combined, if we may judge by his friendships, with an amiable and even noble nature, deliberately perpetrating frauds, not to say forgeries, of which it is difficult to say if the littleness of the motive or the dirtiness of the means predominated; and contriving machinery to fix a false charge upon one of his oldest friends, who could no longer defend himself, in order to find a pretext for the gratification of his own effeminate vanity. Can this be the man, we may exclaim, who was the centre of that exalted circle which used to meet at Twickenham and Dawley; the beloved companion of gallant soldiers and refined gentlemen, of eminent statesmen, wits, and scholars, of Mordaunt and Wyndham, of Bolingbroke and Arbuthnot, of Atterbury, Swift and Gay? Could all these have been deceived in him, or we all have been deceived in them? Because we have no longer to do with surmises and suspicions: no longer only with facts on which two constructions can be placed: no longer with such a general aspect of the case as admits of palliation or extenuation; but with acts of downright knavery. The compilation of Pope's correspondence by his own hand, if the real history of it is now given to the public, is certainly one of the most extraordinary proofs to be found, in the whole history of human nature, of the contradictory elements which are able to coexist in one character when subject to the control, as Pope himself would have explained it, of a strong ruling passion.

The charge against Pope in general terms is as follows: That he was prompted by vanity to publish his own correspondence; that he wished to conceal the truth, and make it appear that the publication was forced upon him by the unprincipled or careless conduct of other people who were giving to the world garbled or spurious fragments of it; that in effecting this object he was himself his own agent, robbed himself of his own letters, surreptitiously conveyed them to a publisher, and then accused others of the theft; that he did not scruple, in pursuit of this stratagem, to tax even Dean Swift, who was then imbecile, with what he knew to be untrue, namely, having given away his letters improperly; and that, having thus prepared the world for what he called his genuine correspondence, he presented it with one that

[1] The Works of Alexander Pope, &c. &c. By Whitwill Elwin. John Murray, 1871.
The Globe Edition of Cowper, &c. Macmillan & Co., 1870.

has been proved to be utterly fictitious; —letters which at his own request were returned him by his correspondents having been rewritten, redated, and re-addressed to different persons who seemed likely at the time to bring more credit to the writer. One of Pope's friends, Mr. Caryl, when asked to return his letters, took the precaution beforehand of copying them all out: and these manuscript originals being compared with the published ones are found to sustain the charge.

Those who wish to investigate the matter for themselves will find numerous specimens of this Medean system of composition in the first volume of the letters just published, and doubtless many more are to come. But Mr. Elwin has given the pith and marrow of the whole case in his Introduction, p. cxxii. *sqq.*, which the majority of readers will probably find quite sufficient for their purpose. But we must say that after the first warmth of resentment provoked by Mr. Elwin's strictures has had time to cool, and we can look back upon the whole affair in a dispassionate mood, we feel inclined after all rather to laugh than to weep over it. The spectacle of a great man detected in a mean imposture ought perhaps to be more painful than ridiculous. But in this particular case there is something so monkeyish, so grotesque, so utterly contemptible, that we cannot sustain ourselves at the high pitch of moral indignation which Mr. Elwin, not however without some semblance of straining, keeps up throughout. We confess that the whole business reminds us of nothing so much as the detective's story in "Oliver Twist," relating to the keeper of a public-house who gave out that he had been robbed of three hundred pounds, and was relieved by very liberal subscriptions got up for him by his neighbours. He went so far as to have an officer in his house, who "for a long time saw nothing at all, and listened to everything without seeming to, which showed he understood his business. But one morning he walked into the bar, and taking out his snuff-box said, 'Chickweed, I've found out who's done this here robbery.' 'Have you?' said Chickweed; 'oh, my dear Spyers, only let me have wengeance and I shall die contented.' 'Come,' said Spyers, offering him a pinch of snuff, 'none of that gammon—you did it yourself,' and so he had too, and a pretty bit of money he made by it." The picture of Conkey Chickweed always rises up between ourselves and the righteous anger which ought to be awakened in us by the notorious P. P. transaction.

The above is not a minute or exhaustive summary of the case against the poet; but it gives the back-bone of it: and assuming it to be true, yet remembering the high character which Pope always bore among his friends, and the kindness and magnanimity which he certainly displayed at times, we are led to consider if there was anything in the position of Pope which has not yet been duly weighed to account for so portentous a phenomenon.

The demoralization of English society begun by the Rebellion, augmented by the Restoration, and extended far and wide by the Revolution, has been underrated. All that has been admitted has been that the rationalism which triumphed in the Government triumphed likewise in the Church and in the schools; and that the three reacting on each other produced a general scepticism. But united with this was a spirit of political infidelity which produced a much worse effect. The appeal from loyalty to expediency, and from faith to common sense, though it might indicate the decline of idealism, was perfectly consistent with virtue. But a state of things in which most men hung between the two, and swayed to this or that according to the convenience of the moment, was not favourable to it; for it implied that there was no difference at bottom for which it was worth while to make sacrifices. A man may honestly believe that transcendental considerations are out of place in civil government; and that expediency is the only rule by which statesmen can be guided. He may also honestly

believe that, if we accept Reason as our guide when she leads to faith, it is not fair to reject her when she leads to doubt. In either case he acts upon a principle. But the man who acts as if it did not signify what he thought, as if truth and falsehood were conventional distinctions under the protection rather of positive than of natural laws, may indeed be honest as Jonathan Wild was honest, who sincerely believed what he practised, but what the world agrees to call dishonesty will be largely propagated by his example. And what first applies only to politics will soon spread to morality. Now, speaking roughly from about the accession of William the Third to the accession of George the Third, such a state of things did prevail in England. The transition from the Caroline to the Georgian theology and philosophy, so admirably described by Dr. Pattison, was gradual, and was traceable up to the Reformation. But the shock of the political transition was infinitely more sudden and violent, and resulted in either a general indifference to all ties, or in the concealment of one set of opinions under the open profession of another. Hence an epoch of political dissimulation and corruption to which England affords no parallel either before or since. And the first, of course, led directly to the second: for men who had no principles must clearly be secured by interest. Both Whigs and Tories corresponded with the Stuarts while professing devotion to the Guelphs: and in most cases we should fear such conduct sprang from selfish motives, and not from a mistaken sense of loyalty. It was the desire to provide for themselves in case of a counter revolution which led men like Marlborough and Walpole to delude the exiles with fair promises and false hopes. It was no profound faith in hereditary right which led Bolingbroke to waste a brilliant genius on a broken cause. He saw in its recovery the only chance of his return to the great position he had lost. In this there was no dishonesty and no concealment; on the contrary we have never had a doubt but what Bolingbroke had sincerely persuaded himself that the Whigs were ruining the country; and that the despotic power of a minister, veiled under the forms of the constitution and supported by the corruption of Parliament, was more dangerous to liberty than the despotic power of a king seen in all its naked rudeness and exerted in defiance of the laws. But still in this there was none of the high-souled and romantic loyalty of the old cavaliers, which might have acted as a corrective to the gross materialism of the age. Nor could it have escaped so acute an observer as Pope, the poet of the "Patriots," that even among the honourable and high-minded gentlemen, able and eloquent as they were, who led the party so named, there was what we should now call the "want of a distinct policy." Much of their declamation must have seemed to him hollow and unreal. The abuses which they denounced were unquestionably real enough; but the remedies which they proposed were vague and intangible. Doubtless they contained the crude germ of that principle which was destined in time to extinguish the reign of corruption. To the writings of Bolingbroke we owe both George the Third and Mr. Pitt, and the Tory reaction of 1784. But the Patriots, like all true prophets, did not understand themselves, nor is it probable that their contemporaries understood them any better. They had got a set of general maxims on which they rung the changes; and though they were not barren objectively, still they were so to *them*. Continual contact with men, however able and honourable, who on great public affairs habitually mistake words for things, and who are lifelong illustrations of the cheat which lurks in generalities, cannot but exercise an injurious effect on the mind of the man who looks up to them. How much more so when that mind is such a mind as Pope's!

Thus we see that Pope must have habitually breathed an atmosphere that was either highly artificial and unreal,

or else cynically profligate. For more than half a century no one rose up to give a higher tone to public life or private morals. Then came the turn. Wesley and Johnson began to preach and to write. A king came to the throne who, whatever his defects, was a man of fixed principles, spotless character, and determined courage. The gentlemen of the country again thronged the Court and the House of Commons, and brought with them a healthy country air to purify the tainted precincts. The voice of philanthropy began to make itself heard. A new day began to dawn. But Pope died while Cowper was a boy at Westminster; and was, in a greater degree than the latter, what his age made him. His natural character was one common enough in the annals of art and literature. He had even more than his share of caprice, shiftiness, irritability, and love of effect. He mingled in his own person the fierce pugnacity of Haydon with the girlish vanity of Goldsmith. The moral tone of the revolutionary epoch acting on such a temperament as this, naturally did its work. It aggravated all the bad points in his character, and distorted the good ones. Love of *finesse* became indifference to truth; in him vanity, as in others ambition, became the parent of unscrupulous selfishness; intellectual subtlety was expended on glittering rhetoric and verbal antitheses exactly as it was in Parliament; and his fine fits of moral indignation too frequently recall to us Lord Byron's description of the moon. Yet if we can only be on our guard to separate Pope's real contempt of folly and dulness from his affected hatred of vice and immorality, we shall still be able to take the warmest pleasure in his writings. For here he was in earnest. The age had a real respect for cleverness, a real contempt for anything that did not pay. It was to this very spirit that Bishop Butler appealed in his Analogy. And Pope had no difficulty in believing that misers, drunkards, and libertines made a bad bargain for themselves even in this life. Of stupidity and pomposity his hatred was perfectly natural. Ambition he classes as a blunder. But then Bolingbroke was living in retirement. Of the intrinsic badness, however, of bad things, of the impurity of moral evil, apart from its practical consequences, he seems to have had no real appreciation. And wherever he appears to launch out against it, it is but an appearance. Vice, says he, is

> "A monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen."

But we doubt if Pope had ever seen it. The original source of this illustration is, as our readers are aware, in Plato. It has been borrowed by numerous writers. But Pope probably got it either from the Patriot King, or, as Mr. Elwin suggests, from Dryden's "Hind and Panther." We cannot believe it is an image that would ever have occurred to himself. And we now reach the point at which the contrast between Pope and Cowper rises to its full height. Poetry with Pope was an end in itself; and he only made ethics and religion his subject-matter, because they were the topics of the day. With Cowper poetry was as much a means as an end: "*facit indignatio versum.*" The poetic impulse in him was far less strong than in Pope; the moral one much stronger. Of Pope we may say, "*materiam superabat opus;*" of Cowper, the reverse. His versification is careless without being easy, and rough without being vigorous. But we feel in every page the inestimable advantage of his moral superiority, which goes far to outweigh even the matchless elegance of his predecessor.

Another charge brought against Pope, and repeated in stronger terms than ever by Mr. Elwin, is that he was prurient and indelicate. Here, too, we trace the influence of his age and his associates. Of feeble health and deformed person, circumstances had thrown him into the society of the gay, the fashionable, and the profligate. Instead of being estranged from it, he adopted himself into it, and sought to catch its tone and spirit. In doing this he was sure

to run into extremes, or make mistakes of some kind. A man who really practises profligacy at least scorns to dwell upon it, or to indulge in those unctuous inuendoes peculiar to Low Church clergymen in the society of middle-aged widows. But Pope hovers about the subject with the fidgety restlessness of one who is afraid if he does not remind you that you will forget his pretensions to gallantry. Yet something must undoubtedly be set down to the coarseness of the age in which he lived. Nor can we quite take in all that Mr. Elwin says of Arabella Fermor, the heroine of the "Rape of the Lock." That Pope gave offence instead of pleasure to both herself and her family by the poem may be quite true, though there is evidence to the contrary; and so did Tennyson give offence to the head waiter at the Cock by Will Waterproof's Monologue. But it was for the liberty taken, not for the description given. "He (Pope) made Belinda the subject of some gross double meanings, which provoked the ribald comments of the critics; and unless a morbid love of notoriety had extinguished feminine purity, she must have been deeply outraged by being associated with these licentious allusions." (Vol. ii. p. 121.) As Mr. Elwin says that the critics did make these comments, they doubtless did; but the "double meanings" of which anything ribald could be made without doing violence to the sense are very few, nor are we absolutely sure of more than one line which we can believe Pope to have meant as a "*double entendre*," and even that is so much in the tone of the modish conversation of the day, and so veiled by the mock-heroic atmosphere of the whole passage, that we should feel very doubtful of its power to deeply outrage a young lady who was conversant with the Court of Queen Anne, and whose standard of decorum must have been much about the same as that of the beautiful maids of honour who twenty years later figure in the correspondence of Lady Suffolk. Both the tone of the age and the particular company which he affected exaggerated the natural effects of the artificial hothouse kind of life which Pope always led; and his very weakness turned him to prurience, as it has done other men to piety.

But in comparing the two characters of Pope and Cowper we are conscious of a strongly-marked difference between them of another kind than any that has yet been mentioned. Cowper was a gentleman, a thorough gentleman, both by birth, education, and natural disposition; Pope was not. The difference is one to be felt, not defined. What other people call prurience and indecency, we should often set down to want of taste. For if there is one surer test of a gentleman than another it is his mode of handling topics of this nature. A public-school and university education would have done Pope incalculable good. He would have learned no evil there which he did not learn afterwards in the world, while with the bane he would likewise have got the antidote. There is at school and college, even at their worst, a frank and manly tone, a healthy ideal of life, a robust appreciation of truth and falsehood, sincerity and affectation, refinement and vulgarity, which exercise a peculiarly wholesome influence over such characters as Pope. Without sisters or brothers to correct his morbid tendencies; without the physical strength perhaps to endure a large school; self-educated, self-conscious, spoiled, petted, and vain, the son of the retired linendraper is thrown early into a circle of eminent patricians, whose genius shed a lustre upon vice, and whose *savoir vivre* it became his darling object to acquire, whatever the inevitable result. He never became more than a parody on the man of wit and pleasure; and herein we believe lies the explanation of much that Mr. Elwin complains of in both the "Rape of the Lock" and "Eloisa to Abelard." There is a freemasonry in these things as in everything else. All conversation on such topics is a wrong kind of conversation, but of its kind it may be good or bad, like murder. And should a bagman

overhear a company of gentlemen discussing womankind without reserve, and then strike in and try to imitate them, how grossly offensive he would make himself! Something of the same kind was Pope's imitation of Bolingbroke. We cannot help picturing to ourselves Cowper as he was in his earlier and unclouded days, when he drank punch with Thurlow, wrote squibs for the *Connoisseur*, and supped at the Nonsense Club with Lloyd and Colman; and considering how he would have handled such topics, he must have been, we should think, as delightful a talker as Addison, and as genial a comrade as Steele. Above all, we may be sure he was thoroughly simple and natural, thoroughly pure and cleanly both in mind and body, and able, as a gentleman should be, to touch pitch without being defiled. In several of these respects what a marked contrast to Pope!

We have already pointed out, however, that Cowper was favoured by his age. Had the England of 1780 been the same as the England of 1730, we should hardly have ridden out the great storm which followed. But it was not so. In politics, in literature, in religion, and in private life, greater earnestness, disinterestedness, purity and simplicity, were everywhere perceptible. There was plenty of hypocrisy, selfishness, and sensuality still left to employ the pen of a satirist, and when will there not be? But the tide had turned. The highest places were everywhere held by men in whom morality was not another name for mediocrity. People were fighting for realities. And the poet of the day was naturally moulded by these influences. He was a better man and a better bred man than Pope. But then it is utterly idle to contend that he came within leagues of him as a poet. It is in prose that we must look for the characteristic excellence of Cowper. Our own opinion is that, had he taken to prose, he might have rivalled the *Spectator*, as if Addison had taken to poetry he might have equalled the "Task." Cowper's humour is pure and playful. His style is a model of unlaboured elegance. His letters are marked by all that fresh, healthy simplicity which at once proclaims the English gentleman; so different from the scent and the rouge, the studied leer and the practised shrug, which everywhere greet us in Pope. What has been said of Addison, and even of Horace, is equally applicable to Cowper. Had he written a novel, the world would have hung on it with rapture. Nature meant him to be the novelist of his age. Had he escaped those mysterious visitations which flung so dark a cloud over his blameless life; had he been fortunate in his early love; and for the unnatural petting of a female coterie, in which he resembled Richardson, experienced the manly happiness of married life and the rational pleasures of general society, he would have given us pictures of manners and portraits of character to which we doubt if anything we now have in literature would have been considered equal. We might then have had a Tom Jones and a Humphrey Clinker which women could read without a shudder: a Sir Charles Grandison, a Clarissa, and a Pamela which men could read without a sneer. We should have had in fact a masculine Miss Austen. "*Disaliter visum.*" Disappointed affection became first despondency, and then despair; despair led him to religion, and religion took him from the world. His beautiful hymn upon Retirement expressed, we may be sure, the normal condition of his mind.

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise."

And it ought likewise to be said that in being what he was Cowper was more truly the representative of his own age than if he had been what we have fancied. He was the poet of the religious or enthusiastic reaction, as Pope was the poet of the sceptical or common-sense reaction. Cowper indeed only represented half of this—the theological. Political rationalism was created by the Whigs. And there was no reaction in Cowper's mind against Whiggery. He was true to his family creed; believed in Fox's India Bill, compared George the Third to Charles the First, and abused Mr. Pitt for being false to the principles of his father. The combination is rather remarkable, a *spirituelle* Whig being a decided rarity. But politics with Cowper were a mere tradition. On the really earnest side of his nature he was thoroughly in accordance with his age.

Of Pope, too, it may be proper to remark that the spirit of which he was the exponent in literature was represented in politics and divinity not by Atterbury and Wyndham, but by Tillotson and Walpole; and that while Cowper's political friendships, had they corresponded to his moral nature, ought to have been Tory, Pope's political friendships, had they corresponded to his moral nature, ought to have been Whig.

As a poet Cowper's place is fixed. We allow his moral superiority to the other great poet of the century. We love him better than it is possible to love Pope. But he had neither Pope's imagination nor yet his intellectual power. He has a tender plaintive note as he sings about his mother's picture, or sits among the ruins of the poplar grove,

> "And thinks of the frailty of man and his joys."

But his bursts of moral indignation, though they possess the enormous advantage of being more sincere than Pope's, will never be remembered like his; while in those passages where he *is* in earnest, Pope is as far ahead of Cowper as Milton is of Pope. To repeat what we have said in other words, poetry by Cowper was pressed into the service of morals, while morals by Pope were pressed into the service of poetry. What we mean is, that we can conceive the one not having written as a poet at all, unless prompted to it by the influence of retirement and meditation. Of the other we cannot conceive this. We can imagine poetry with Cowper having remained in the potential stage. We know at what an early day with Pope it passed into the actual. Whatever had been the dominant ideas of his epoch, he would have approached them with poetical intentions.; and the whole strength of his nature would have been expended on the task. With Cowper this was not so; and though his literary career was a faithful reflection of some of the leading characteristics of his own times, we doubt if it is upon the whole the most favourable reflection of himself.

It is remarkable that four of the leading literary men of the last century should have formed exceptional relations with women; Swift, Pope, Richardson, and Cowper. Of these Richardson's only seem to have had no tinge of romance in them. Of Swift's we shall say nothing. But it is still a moot point whether Pope made love to the Blounts, and whether Cowper made love to Lady Austen. And moot points these will probably remain for ever. Both lived on terms of exceptional intimacy with women of considerable attractions, both personal and mental. Pope quarrelled with his Teresa, and Cowper quarrelled with his Anna. Mrs. Unwin grew jealous of Lady Austen, and Martha Blount grew jealous of her sister. But the part which in each of these cases was played by the poet remains doubtful. Scandal has said the worst of Pope's intimacy with both the sisters. The latest editor of Cowper, Mr. Benham, believes that he was guilty of paying attentions to Lady Austen, which could only have one meaning; that for fear of offending Mrs. Unwin, his oldest and kindest friend, he abandoned all

design of marriage; and that Lady Austen left the field in chagrin: not certainly unnatural. Southey, on the contrary, ridicules this story, and thinks it impossible Lady Austen could have wanted to marry a man turned of fifty. But this is rather a severe view of two score years and ten. Lady Austen was a widow. We don't know when she was born. But we do know when she died; and that was in 1802, only eighteen years after she left Olney. Unless therefore she died in middle age, which is not recorded, she could not have been so much younger than Cowper as to have made their ages unsuitable. Say she was five or six and thirty, she would not have been the first woman of that age by hundreds who had married a man of fifty-three, and married him from pure affection. Be this however as it may, the coincidence remains: the curious fact that neither Pope, Swift, nor Cowper were exactly on ordinary terms with the other sex; that each formed sentimental attachments which some have called Platonic, and some otherwise; and that each quarrelled with, and is said to have ill-treated, the woman who was fond of him.

Of the care and labour expended on both of these editions it would be difficult to speak too highly. Every source of information has been explored, every commentator has been consulted, and the ultimate conclusions at which Mr. Elwin has arrived attest, generally speaking, the soundness of his judgment as much as the extent of his research.

The last volume published, which contains the correspondence between Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, and Gay, shows a quick perception of character, and a thorough knowledge of the period. A remark on Lord Bolingbroke at page 328 struck us as particularly good. "He was much too passionate for philosophical speculation. The best metaphysics roused his anger at the first approach, and he stormed against doctrines he had not the patience to comprehend." This remark applies both to his metaphysical and his theological scepticism. The same even has been enforced at greater length by a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, Oct. 1865, who observes of his scepticism, that "it arose not from conviction, but from feeling; not from research, but from impatience;" and also points out that even to understand what the scholastic philosophy means requires an early and accurate training to it, which Bolingbroke never had, and the want of which can never be repaired in middle age. His political annotations are perhaps Mr. Elwin's weakest point. For instance, many readers not acquainted with the peculiar state of politics in 1730 would be considerably startled at finding that Swift always called himself a Whig. The meaning of this can only be understood by reference to the "Dissertation on Parties," in which Bolingbroke makes out that Ministers were violating the Constitution, and that opposition in protesting against corruption was not protesting against arbitrous power in another form; hence it was not unfrequent for the Tory party at the time to hold the same language about themselves as Swift held. Their opposition to "management" was like the Whig opposition to prerogative. A few little omissions of this kind we have detected; but very few. And if we add that we think the general tone of Mr. Elwin's remarks both on poor Pope and his associates might be softened with advantage, we have exhausted hostile criticism. Mr. Thackeray's estimate of the brilliant intellectual circle which surrounded Pope, the

> "Chief out of war and statesman out of place,"

is more to our liking than Mr. Elwin's, whose revenge seems rather artificial

PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS' RESIDENCE IN IRELAND.

BY JOHN HAMILTON OF ST. ERNAN'S.

III.

EDUCATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

When I was a young man, the part of my landed property which most interested me was a considerable extent of moor, or as it is called here, without any regard to elevation, mountain, which was pretty well stocked with grouse.

It is a district which ought not to be populous, and its soil pays ill for cultivation; but the unhappy legislation which made leases of the value of forty shillings a year give a vote for the county representative, had led my forefathers to encourage subdivision to such a degree, that instead of five or six substantial tenants I found nearly half as many hundred. That they were poor I need not say. But they paid their rents duly, and were a more civilized folk than under the circumstances, and in a very remote corner of a very remote county, could be expected.

One trait I will mention which both surprised and pleased me much.

There is no village, much less a town, within many miles of them. The position is far from the proprietor's residence, and sixty years ago, and before it, there was no idea of taking any care for the education of these people.

But, poor and ill-circumstanced as they were, they had spirit and energy to provide for the education of their children; and their custom was, under the advice of the priest to whose communion they all belonged, to depute one or two of the most trusted among them to go into the more civilized parts and engage a teacher to come for two years, and teach all the children from four or five years old to ten or twelve, generally alternately a male and a female teacher, so that occasionally the girls might learn to sew. The teacher lived from house to house, and was well cared for, and was paid a salary too. A curious assortment of books was provided. There was no school-house, but in summer a barn, and in winter a kitchen in one of the larger cabins, gave a place of education. There was then an interval of about four years, and again a couple of years of education. The result was that a greater proportion of intelligent readers and intelligible writers was to be found among these people than I think is to found in most districts well provided with regular schools. Care has long since been taken to have means of education brought to their doors, but I question if it is as much valued or as effectual as the ruder method of a former time. In education, as much or more than in other departments, the endeavour to force forward improvement will always be a failure. It requires patient perseverance to lead a population to progress, and those who have tried it have found how severely tried that patience generally is; for the heart that earnestly desires the improvement of a people would fain see a rapid advance—and there seems no reasonable reason why the advance should not be rapid, the means and opportunity being brought to the people's door, and urged upon their acceptance for their own weal. But so it is. He that would be an improver of his race must wait, and watch, and work, and then wait, watch, and work on. So he will at last make some pro-

gress—sure, if slow; but that progress, which is imperceptible as it goes on, like the hour-hand of a watch, will in the long-run make itself seen and felt. Perhaps nothing has tended more to retard Ireland's advance than the comparison suggested by the vicinity of countries more advanced, and the consequent efforts to bring Ireland *speedily* into as satisfactory a condition. Efforts well meant—devotedly carried on, but too impatiently—and the consequent failure, have disheartened many who truly desire Ireland's prosperity, but who, looking at these failures and judging too hastily and harshly those so slow to take up new ideas and operations, have overlooked the errors of those whose mistaken enthusiasm expected to do what cannot be done.

IV.

THE FAMINE OF 1846 AND FOLLOWING YEARS.

TERRIBLE as the word Famine is in itself, and trebly terrible to anyone who has witnessed its progress and its ghastly consequences—still that famine did not fail to bring out some traits of character which have left *pleasant* remembrances.

This district is on the western coast—the side of Ireland which suffered most—but our people, nevertheless, did not suffer as much as in some other parts. Still it was terrible.

The Government was taken aback, and seemed not to know what to do. Apathy and spasmodic action alternated, and the result was that those landlords who did least came off best.

A person having property in two parishes found fellow-landlords in one of them who united to meet the Government proposal that their contribution for the relief of the sufferers should be met by an equal sum. Several hundred pounds were raised, and augmented by as much from the Government; so far good.

In the other parish the proprietors declined to join him in raising a sum, and the destitution was altogether met by the Government alone. These both were only temporary measures, and did not involve large outlay, merely stopping absolute starvation till plans could be formed to meet the emergency.

Then road-making was resorted to, and loans which were not at the choice of the borrowers to take or decline.

The roads were laid out by officials, who paid little regard to the mischief they did by running the roads through the fields, or to the probable usefulness of the roads if finished, or to the prospect of their ever being completed, which very many never have been to this day.

One instance is before me. An estate had been lately relet to tenants, the farms and fields laid out square and fenced. The omnipotent officials laid out a road diagonally through the lands, cutting both farms and fields into triangles, and leaving the landlord no redress to his expostulations, no alternative but such as would deprive the destitute in that neighbourhood of the prospect of earning a living. The road begins in a field and ends in a field; there is no access to it at either end. By cuttings and fittings it makes a permanent hindrance to tillage, and abides to this day one of hundreds of the monuments to *red tape* in the Irish famine.

Having a property in a district which is divided among several proprietors, who did not all make any effort to maintain the people—it was in vain at first for a few to do so, as, besides maintaining the destitute, or those likely to become so on their own estates, they were chargeable with the maintenance of those on all the others—we were therefore compelled to accept a loan from Government to open charity stores and soup kitchens for gratuitous distribution to the destitute.

Soon after this a few of us borrowed each several thousand pounds from the Government, and began extensive land improvement works under the Board of Works; employing not only the poor on our own properties—who were by no means numerous—but all without distinction.

This soon caused a great reduction in the application for relief from the poor-rates—upon which the previous loan was charged—and immediately a demand was made for *repayment* of the money advanced a few months before.

I represented that we could not *then* commence repayment, and was answered that the rule was that, when a district had only a certain amount of rate called for to support its poor, it should at once rapay the advance.

I replied that the only cause of the diminution of poor-rate was that a few proprietors in the district had borrowed money from the Government, and were employing the poor on all the estates; that it was plain that we had no means to repay the late advance, or we should not be borrowers, and still less could our tenants, in the midst of famine, do so.

The answer was that such was the rule.

I replied, if I pay this demand, it must be out of the funds with which I am employing the poor, and I must discharge about a hundred persons, who will be driven, some on the rates and some to die.

The repayment was insisted on immediately. The poor were discharged of necessity, and I am certain death was the consequence in several cases.

One of the *reddest* cases of *tapeism* did not end in so sad a way, but was a curious instance of the system, while it brought out a bright instance of Irish character.

All the destitute within a certain distance of a road which was making under Government officials were appointed to work at it.

The Ordnance map had not the mountain elevations then marked, which I suppose is the excuse for the clerk at his desk, who included in the list of persons (women as well as men) who were to work at this road, the inhabitants of valleys separated from it by mountain ranges.

However, these poor people did put in an appearance at the required place, and those who lived nearer came and worked at it.

At the end of the week they expected to be paid; but no paymaster appeared.

It was Saturday evening, and I think Christmas eve, when, happening to be in the little town of D——, I saw a crowd of hungry-looking mortals ankle deep in the snow, surrounding the Government official, a young artillery officer, who was endeavouring to pacify them.

They were the workers at this road, which was five or six miles off, and they had come to him as the ostensible manager of the concern.

He was in great trouble—deeply moved with pity—"but," said he, "what can I do? I must send up the accounts of all the roads to the Office in Dublin. I have to make them up after I receive them from the various overseers, which will take time; and I shall receive orders to draw the money and pay the people probably by this day week."

A groan rose from the crowd: "This day week! We were destitute a week ago; we have struggled through the week working on starvation" (and their faces showed it), "and now we are to wait another week. Oh-oh-oh!"

"Good God, sir," said the officer, "what can I do? It is really terrible."

After a minute's thought I said, "I see a way through it. I will pay the men, and when the money comes you can just hand it to me."

"God bless you, sir," replied he. And I verily think he was as thankful as any of the poor hungry souls before us.

I managed to borrow from the shops in the town about forty pounds, as near as I remember, and sent the poor fellows away contented, though many had ten weary miles through the snow to their homes.

Three days after I went to the officer, who met me with a doleful face.

"I don't know," said he, "how to look at you; I have got into a sad scrape myself, but I chiefly regret having drawn you into it too. I have orders *not* to pay you your advance, but to pay each labourer; and my application to have the pay sent down each week is refused, and I am reprimanded for

the 'irregularity' of our proceedings on Saturday! So you see the poor fellows can't, if they would, desire me to give it to you, nor can they hand it to you when they get it, for I shall not have it for them till Saturday, and then another week is due."

Remonstrance was in vain; the Government never repaid me.

But I was repaid with that interest which is invaluable to one who loves and respects his poor neighbours.

They could not, as was plain, repay me at once; but these poor fellows appointed one of themselves, who each pay day took an appointed proportion from each, and handed it to me. So that all those who lived through the work repaid me in full. Some failed, having died very soon after this occurrence, and a few fell off from the work and only paid part, but fully seven-eighths of the sum advanced was repaid with every expression of gratitude.

The deaths from actual immediate starvation were few that came to my knowledge. It was the effect of long privation in breaking down the constitution that was so fatal.

One of the saddest cases of death from famine was in a family of a small tenant not far from me. He had several children. They and his wife seemed to support the privation tolerably, but the father was failing fast—a hale, middle-aged man, and one who would make every effort, submit to every hardship, rather than go upon the rates.

He died. The doctor said nothing ailed him that he should die, and it was known that his little store of potatoes was not quite exhausted. He and his family were seen making a scanty meal of them daily. The doctor made an examination to discover his malady, and found that he was full of indigestible potato-skins, of which he had been in the habit of making his meals—giving the inside to his loved ones.

One of the good effects of the famine was—in this district at least—to draw together all the educated and wealthier part of the people—parson, priest, landlord, merchant. And the individual knowledge of the priests among the poorer portion made their hearty aid doubly valuable.

After the famine was over, though we were still smarting from the wound, the Government sent some gentlemen round the country (I do not remember under what designation) to inquire into the state of the people.

One of these officers came to me, and saying that my name having been mentioned in the report of the Board of Works, he begged of me to allow him to make use of me in his investigation.

Among other things, he asked me if, among the many labourers he saw I still had at work, I could show him one, not living on my land, who had worked with me steadily through the three bad years, 1846-7-8, and begged of me to let him speak to the man without my interfering at all.

We went to my farm, and I pointed out such a man to him.

He accosted him. The man rested on his spade and returned his salute.

"How long have you been working here?"

"Pretty regular these three years, sir."

"How much are your wages?"

"Why, sir, you see, we work all by measure. Tenpence a day used to be the pay."

"And is that what you can make now?"

"Oh no, sir. If we work as much as the leading squad, whose work sets the price of whatever is doing, we get eighteenpence. But I have a bit of land, and it suits me and the rest of us to work by measure, for we can come and go as it is convenient, and need not leave our little industry at home behind. But I and my son work here pretty regular, and generally have twelve or fourteen shillings a week to take home with us."

"Did you ever get any of the relief meal?"

"Is it the charity meal that they

gave to them that were starving? No, sir, I thank God I never did."

"Did any of your neighbours get any of that meal?"

"Well, I suppose they did."

"Why did they prefer that to coming to work?"

"I'm sure I don't know. It's nothing to me. They might have come if they'd liked, for the work was open to all."

"Maybe they got more by the way they took. How many of a family have you?"

"Nine of us, sir, altogether."

"Could you think of any neighbour who got the charity meal, who had about as many?"

"Just as many. I do know of such a one."

"Now do you know how much worth of meal his allowance was weekly for nine people?"

"To be sure I don't. What's it to me?"

"Well, I will tell you." (And taking out his pencil and pocket-book, he calculated the quantity and price.) "Just one or two shillings worth more than you got by working. So which do you think was best off—you and yours, or he and his?"

My man looked very indignant, and was silent for a minute, and then said, "Ay, poor fellow, he might have more meat in his belly, but can he have the soul of a man left in him?"

And he turned abruptly away to his work.

The inquirer said to me, "I would gladly have come all the way from London to hear that fine fellow's words. He has a sense of what he is saved from by the opportunity of earning his support, and by the manliness to choose the earned bread rather than the gratuitous. I daresay there are many others who would give nearly the same answers?"

I assured him that such was my belief.

Then I followed my man to speak to him. He accosted me gruffly. "I wonder, sir, what made you bring that Englishman here to insult us; the way he talked about us taking the charity meal!"

But when I explained the matter to him, he said, "Well, then, I'll forgive him. But he needn't think too hardly of them that took it. There's many a one, besides a poor labouring man, that would be tempted if he'd be offered more for idling than working. Only I thank God I did earn all I got, and with His blessing I will do so."

This is one of the very many instances in which the poor peasantry show a character which commands respect much more than it excites compassion.

Unfortunately the violent, hot-headed, misled, or the broken-spirited, pauperized, beggarly portion of the population, being naturally in the position to attract most attention, have been taken as the samples of Irish peasantry. This has occasioned scant respect to be shown or felt towards the mass of the people; and it must be confessed that the want of respect shown even by benefactors, who exhibit pity and benevolence enough, has tended to lower the respectability of the people.

If these reminiscences shall lead some of their readers to believe in the existence of a high, noble, virtuous spirit in my poorer fellow-countrymen, and to respect them accordingly, I shall be thankful to have been able thus to discharge a little of the debt of obligation to those among whom I have lived so long, and whose kindly and neighbourly intercourse and behaviour not merely makes me their friend, but makes me proud to call them my friends.

To be continued.

DER RUHM,

OR THE WRECK OF GERMAN UNITY.

THE NARRATIVE OF A BRANDENBURGER HAUPTMANN.

He was grinding the dusty gravel on the side walk of a Strasse near the Potsdam Bahnhoff—a tall, lean old man with a snow-white beard. His step was feeble and tottering, and his shoulders were bent; yet in the carriage of the old man was something that told he had been a soldier. As he came short right about and mechanically straightened himself when I spoke to him, it seemed possible for me to believe what the drosky driver had said, as I yesterday drove past the gaunt old promenader: "Old white-beard there is Hauptmann von Scharzhoff, the first man into Flavigny the day of the Schlacht bei Vionville in the old war of eighteen hundred and seventy."

The methodically-courteous Hauptmann was ready with his "Ich habe die Ehre" when I handed him the card which was my letter of introduction; and we fell easily into talk. He was Hauptmann no longer, he said, and he would rather not be thus addressed. "Yes, Potsdam was a pleasant town, and there was the drill-ground close by, no doubt; but he did not care to see drilling now, and the pavements were very bad." Such was his talk—of trivialities with a dash of regretful sadness through it; but of the past the old man was very wary. The ice in that direction seemed very thin, and he could not find it in his heart to trust himself on it.

Now and then his eye brightened and a light came into his sad face as a boy or a girl came romping out of the house with a cheery salute for "der Grossvater."

"Carl," he cried to a bright boy of fourteen who came out holding in the palm of his hand something at which he was gazing curiously; "Carl, dear boy, what hast thou there?"

"I know not, Grossvater; I found it in the bottom of your old chest—it is a little black cross edged with white, and in the middle has the letter W, with 1870 below it. See; tell me, I pray you, what the little thing is."

It was painful to see the old man. The red blood rushed into his withered face, as with flashing eye he reared his head and threw back his shoulders. From between the parted lips came as if involuntary the words "Gott im Himmel—das eiserne Kreuz!" He clutched it from the boy, and gazed on it with a look of such proud wistfulness; and then his face broke and the tears began to drop on the bit of iron. Just then a grandchild-girl in the garden began to sing an old nearly forgotten *Lied*, "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?"

"Ach mein Gott, mein Gott, will you tear me to pieces, then, my children? you are stabbing me to the quick with worse than knives." And then in his extremity the old warrior took to swearing quaint passionate oaths of the Lager and the bivouac; for in truth he was deeply moved, and emotion in military men has a trick of working itself off in such language as that to which our troops were addicted in Flanders.

His grandchildren hung about him in penitent, bewildered concern. I put in a word where there seemed an opportune chance, and at length the old man became comparatively calm. Curious to say, garrulity succeeded the spasm of emotion, and the old soldier seemed eager to speak on the very topics which he had disappointed me by shunning. The sluice-gate of reticence was raised.

The grandchildren and myself followed him into the arbour at the bottom of the garden, where we all seated ourselves; and then the GrossvaterHauptmann, having taken his pipe from Carl in token of reconciliation, began a long and surely not uneventful history.

"No wonder," said he, "that the sight of that Iron Cross moved me. It reached me on the very day of the culmination of German ascendancy and unity; on the very day on which Wilhelm—you have heard of Kaiser Wilhelm, my children—accepted the dignity of Emperor of Germany. The old man stood there in the Salle des Glaces in the Schloss at Versailles, the successor of 'der alter Barbarossa,' with Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons, Würtemburgers, with representatives of all Germany cheering for him and for German Unity. Presently the war was finished and the real work of unification was commenced. Ah, what a man was that Bismarck—the first, and the last but one, Chancellor of the German Empire! A pitiless, clever, plotting, daring, bluff man, with a mind like a vice, a will like a sledge-hammer, a heart like a flintstone. And Bismarck was honest, too; he had no self-seeking; he was the most capable of administrators; and the meaning and aim of his life was to achieve and consummate German Unity.

"For my part I wished for peace, and for lasting peace, for what more could war bring me than the Iron Cross; and had I not a wife and children? It gladdened me, then, that when on his way home from the war Bismarck, in reply to a Frankfort citizen, said in his bluff off-hand way, that Germany would make no more war while he and the citizen lived. Then came the triumphal entry into Berlin, of which you may read in Treskow's or Wickede's histories. It was a gallant spectacle truly, and there were emblems of peace; and all the people, while hailing the war victors, seemed so joyous because there was once more peace, that when I returned at night to my bivouac on the Kreuzberg, my heart was serene within me, to think of years to come when, with your grandmother in our happy home, I should till those acres of which you may have heard your father speak. I laughed at that croaking foreboder Feldwebel Schmidt, who had been gloomy ever since he buried his last brother under the garden wall at Artenay. In the gladness of my heart I bade him drink a glass to the future of Germany. Schmidt tossed off the Branntwein,—he never refused drink,—but as he put down the glass, his sententious words were, 'Ach, Herr Hauptmann, zum Teufel! der Ruhm is getting into the head of Germania.' I thought the cognac had got into Schmidt's head, and bade him go to the devil for an old raven.

"We left the Kreuzberg and went into quarters here in Potsdam. There seemed an universal breathing of peace and prosperity. Old Kaiser Wilhelm was bluff, fresh, and hearty as if he had taken a fresh lease of life. I went into the Reserve and took to farming, never thinking that I should have to buckle on sabre more. Miraculous Bismarck, appointed by the Reichstag to a seemingly irresponsible dictatorship over Alsace and Lorraine, was reported to be regenerating these provinces into a Germanhood which was almost enthusiastic. Alexander of Russia, stirred from his misanthropical apathy by the intensity of his admiration for his uncle Kaiser Wilhelm, almost lived in Germany, drinking the waters at Ems, attending reviews at Berlin, Königsberg, or Breslau, and striving to have everything in Russia moulded after the German pattern. King Ludwig of Bavaria, King Johann of Saxony, stupid Karl of Würtemburg, were all in Berlin at one time, and the Court festivities were the talk of Europe. Bismarck stalked along the alleys of the Thiergarten, making the leaves quiver with his stentorian laugh; to see and hear him you would think him a man whose life was a holiday. But somehow events seemed to ripen toward his consummation of a Pan-Germanic union. One morning it was quietly announced that Luxemburg was now a

portion of the German Empire. France was too much in the mire to do more than make a plaintive remonstrance, to which Bismarck did not take the trouble to reply. I remember England talked rather big on the subject. The *National Zeitung* quoted a bullying article from the *Times*, which was, as it is still, I suppose, the leading journal in England, and followed the quotation with a truculent comment (reported to be inspired), reviving the dormant cry for an immediate cession of Heligoland, and asking England how she would like to see a couple of German army corps marching on London. Somehow the bother died out. England's chief Minister in those days was one Gladstone—I heard he was afterwards made a Lord—a man whose measure was taken in Germany as one whose turn for economy was so strong as to blind him to the fact that to fight is sometimes the cheapest thing that a nation can do. So we had Luxemburg without a drop of blood; and then there came first hints, and then outspoken assertions in the press and elsewhere, that Holland was as much German as Luxemburg, and that the German Empire must have an eligible sea-board. And we were not allowed to forget that elsewhere there were Germans who were not of the German unity, nor under the sway of the Deutsches Kaiserreich. The newspapers never ceased writing of the nine million Germans in Cisleithan Austria, who panted to be incorporated in the German unity, and some of the journals were so free in their reproaches against Bismarck for not having emancipated these our brethren in the settlement of 'six-and-sixty,' that men not behind the scenes wondered at the licence accorded to them. Meanwhile, the military organization of the Empire was continually being strengthened and improved. Moltke—you have all heard of Moltke, surely—was getting very feeble, but he still worked hard; and his right-hand man was a General Göben, who was said to have distinguished himself much in the Amiens campaign of the 1870 war. I met Schmidt at one of the annual trainings to which all the German troops were subjected in those days; and I jeered him about his forebodings respecting 'der Ruhm.' 'Herr Hauptmann,' replied Schmidt, with a wag of his bullet-head, 'the air is thick with clamours for more Ruhm; be sure you have a good Vogt.'

"Croaking Schmidt was a true prophet, with a murrain to him. Gortschakoff—that was misanthropically-apathetic Alexander of Russia's right-hand man—and our Bismarck had not been gossiping together for nothing in the shady walks of the Kursaal garden at Ems. Gortschakoff in his master's name suddenly picked a quarrel with Turkey, a territory in those days nominally Mahommedan and ruled over by a certain Sultan Abdul Aziz—he and his have long disappeared from history into infinite space. The Sclavonic element was, however, strong in Turkey and in its nominal or quasi-nominal dependencies; and Russia, the Pan-Sclavonic champion, made Pan-Sclavism one of her pretexts for the aggression. Turkey fought, for though sick nigh unto death, there was fight in the Moslem to the last gasp; and he cried aloud unto Western Europe for succour, basing his demands on the articles of the 'Treaty of Paris' which constituted the settlement after the Crimean War. But it seemed there had been a certain 'London Conference' in 1871, the terms agreed to at which left Western Europe a hole through which to creep out of the obligations of the 'Treaty of Paris.' France had no power to succour, had she been ever so inclined. The nation of Britain was very pugnacious in print and at public meetings. A well-known diplomatist of those days, one Odo Russell, declared point-blank that England must fight Russia in this quarrel, if she fought single-handed; and his single-sighted bluntness drove him for a time out of the public service. Gladstone, who was still England's Prime Minister, had no fight in him. It was not his line. He avoided fighting on various pretexts: all Europe, he

contended, was equally with England bound to fight; and if none of the rest of Europe regarded the treaty-obligations, why should they be binding on England? But the London Conference had weakened the treaty-obligations, so that they were only binding in certain contingencies which had not arisen. Treaty-obligations, as he finally expressed himself with much periphrase, had come in those days to be things of expediency, to be held binding or not binding as best suited the exigency of statesmanship. In short, England would not make nor meddle in the mêlée. It was said at the time that England had the cue from Prussia that it was best to leave this chestnut to toast on the hob, and it was left accordingly. But Austria could not keep out of the fray, if she were to exist at all. The essence of her being had come to be Sclavonic. From Saxony after six-and-sixty there came to Austria one Beust,—a clear-sighted, yet not penetrating statesman. He, accepting as inevitable the consummation of German Unity, had accepted as equally inevitable the loss to Austria of her nine million German subjects in Cisleithania, and had thenceforward concentrated himself on conciliating Hungary to the Hapsburgs—Hungary the Sclavonic. But Russia's Pan-Sclavonic assertions manifestly threatened Sclavonic Hungary, and Austria had to fight for even a fragmentary existence. It was when Austria was buying horses fiercely and calling out her Landwehr, that Schmidt's warning came home to me among my corn-fields. An order came out from Göben—Moltke by this time, although still alive, was a kindische Greis—for the reserve to be called up quietly, and everything to be put in readiness for war at an hour's notice. Then there was a scene between Kaiser Wilhelm and the Austrian ambassador at Berlin; the Berliners afterwards spoke familiarly of the Austrian ambassador as 'Bennedettig'—and next morning the German Empire declared war against Austria.

"The war lasted longer than was at first expected. Austria made a gallant fight of it with us; but the chief retardment of victory was caused by the obstinate resistance of the Turks. The Russians had hard work with them, and Kaiser Wilhelm had to march an army to Constantinople. The old man died there—I may say in his boots, for he had not two days' illness. Of the military operations in this war I can tell you but little, for I had the charge of an Etappen Commando in one of our own frontier towns and saw none of the fighting. But I saw the *cortége* pass homeward with old Wilhelm's body, and his son Fritz, very mournful, with little Blumenthal by his side. Although there was no triumphal entry this time, on account of the national mourning, there was universal exultation over our victories, and 'der Ruhm' was in everybody's mouth. I remember well the day that Bismarck announced to the Reichstag the grand consummation of German Unity. The nine millions of Cisleithan Germans were now in the Deutsches Kaiserreich. Bismarck shed tears as he concluded his speech with an adaptation of Simeon's words—'Germania, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy Unity.' The same day he resigned all his offices; and Berlin saw the bluff set face of him no more. It was said that he and the new Emperor had never become reconciled after their quarrel in the Prefecture at Versailles.

"Emperor Fritz was not as Kaiser Wilhelm had been. Germany expected much of him, and with confidence: he disappointed her. There never was a more amiable man, and we had thought he had force of character too; but if he had this once, the scenes of earlier Ruhm through which he had passed had broken it down. He leant on Blumenthal—a waspish, rat-faced, keen little general, who had been the chief of his staff—with something approaching positive childishness. He was idling in the Schloss garden with his wife and children when old Wilhelm would have been in the saddle, or at the council board. A historian has drawn a parallel between him and Louis XVI. of France;

but Louis was a man exclusively of peace, whereas Fritz, although he did not like war, had no objection to gratify the natural craving for 'der Ruhm.' Blumenthal superseded Göben, the selected of Moltke. And who was to succeed Bismarck? One party supported a certain Herr Buchner, who had been in his early days a pro-unity man when the cry of 'German Unity' was proscribed. He had been a refugee in England till Bismarck, with his intuitive appreciation of capable men who could wear muzzles, made him his secretary. Some men said that Bismarck in his later days was really Buchner; anyhow, Buchner came to the front after Bismarck retired, and was supported by most of the Kaiser Wilhelm party. But Fritz and Blumenthal carried their dislike of Bismarck to Buchner; and the new chancellor was one George von Bunsen, a son of that Baron Bunsen who was once so well known. He was a man of capacity, honesty, and enthusiasm, yet a dreamer in a mystic way; a man of the same gentle, dependent type as Emperor Fritz; a crony of his in garden-lounging, and an abstract lover of 'der Ruhm.'

"And there was another death about this time, that of the misanthropically-apathetic Kaiser Alexander of Russia, in whose stead ruled his son, also an Alexander, a man of a quite different character. Alexander III. was a Pan-Sclavist of the Pan-Sclavists, it is true; but he was a confirmed anti-German, and full of the recognition that German ascendancy in Europe was antagonistic to the modified Russian dominance which he desired. One of the new Alexander's first steps was to re-establish in Warsaw the Council of State for Russian Poland, abolished in 1867. He set himself assiduously to conciliate the Sclavism of Poland, promising the resuscitation of the constitution abolished in 1830, and telling the Poles he wished to see their country not the Ireland but the Scotland of Russia. There was a wondrous stir and awakening throughout all Poland. Even in the Prussian annexes of the once great kingdom men began to mutter and to talk of a resuscitated Poland. The rulers of Germany did not recognize this stir among the dry bones, or if they did, they did not think it worth heeding. The German newspapers, doubtless not without a hint, began to write about the non-consummation of German unity so long as the German-speaking middle and upper classes in Courland and Livonia still obeyed the Czar. There was nothing Russian at all, they contended, in these provinces; for while the better classes were chiefly German, the peasants were Letts, a race with no affinity to the Russ. From Russia, on the other hand, came startling arguments in favour of the re-establishment of Polish unity under the Czar's august auspices. 'Polish unity!' retorted the German Press, 'Why what was at one long-forgotten time Prussian Poland is now more German than Germany herself!' 'Fine reasoning,' came grimly back from Muscovy—'fine reasoning truly, when Polish is the language of the people right to the borders of Brandenburg; and when, spite of your earnest Germanizing, it is still Poznau, Gnezna, Gdansk, Grudzia and Cholmn, instead of Posen, Gnesen, Dantzic, Grandenz and Culm. Then as to long-forgotten time, you had not a scrap of Poland before 1772; and just bethink yourselves, O scrupulously logical Germans, that France had Alsace and Lorraine a century before that date!' So the battle of words, and very hard words, went on; not indeed between officialisms, but with officialisms plainly, although with a pretext of covertly standing behind the arguers.

"'Der Ruhm' by this time had come to be the watchword and the key-note of Germany. Emperor Fritz dallied in the Schloss garden with his wife and children, or looked over books and pictures with Von Bunsen. Blumenthal, the fighting man with the rat-face, ruled Kriegs-Ministerium, Army and Empire. While Russia and Germany were exchanging their cantankerous despatches, a clamour rose for explanations with England. England had been putting, it seemed, a row of

new coping-stones round the edge of an old battery on the bluff of Heligoland. England had been building a couple of ironclads for Russia. Prince George of England, married to a Danish bride, had been on a visit to Copenhagen, and rumour went that he had expressed an opinion in favour of strengthening the military forces of Denmark. 'Der Ruhm' demanded that England should take off the coping-stones, and say something diplomatic about the Prince's remarks. Nobody in Germany thought for a moment that England would refuse; she had been so complaisant, not to say obsequious, for ever so long, that it was taken for granted, if she were asked to send the coping-stones to the Arsenal in Unter-den-Linden, she would not only comply, but pay the carriage.

"I remember how it was that I first heard of England's reply. There lived in Potsdam a young Englishman who got the *Times* regularly, and with whom I was very friendly. He was from Oxford, fellow of a collegium there. One morning he rushed into my chamber, and in his pleasant English way cried, 'Take down that old bread-knife of yours, Hauptmann, for there is to be another try for more "Ruhm"'—he and I often talked about the future of Germany. 'England says she will see Germany d—d before she takes down the coping-stones.' He went off the same afternoon to be 'in luck's way,' he said, if there was to be any fighting, for he belonged to the English Freiwilligen.

"Gladstone, the economic-peaceful man, was no longer, I must tell you, the Minister of England. He had been succeeded by a man of, I have heard, his own selection, but a man for all that of a very different stamp. Herr Goschen was a German by race and German too in character, after a fashion. Of a Dresden family—the house is still in good repute there—he had none of the rugged bluntness of the North German, and not a tittle of the ardour which is commoner in South Germany. But he was a man of quiet unemotional efficiency, with a rare talent for planning and executing combinations which somehow were not talked of till the right time; and although his closeness both of mouth and of deed was un-English, yet he so understood the English character that he had brought the nation whose destinies he practically swayed into the belief that it was the wisest course not to bother and badger him with inopportune questionings. He had served in more than one subordinate position before he became Chief Minister, and knew of his own knowledge when things were right or wrong in the departments. I learnt all this afterwards, and was, I remember, particularly struck with the details of Herr Goschen's attention to the Navy. He had been himself Minister of Marine, and when he became Chief Minister he had entrusted his old office to a certain Herr Baxter, of whose capacities he had had experience. Goschen was not an aristocrat either by birth or leanings.

"The general opinion in Germany was that England's refusal to take down the Heligoland coping-stones was a *casus belli*, and an opening for more 'Ruhm.' Blumenthal, to do him justice, had not driven Moltke's system out of gear, and war preparations went on quietly but rapidly, while an ultimatum was on the road to England giving her a week to choose between the removal of the coping-stones and war. Meanwhile there were some unpleasant rumours current as to the designs of Russia, which hardly anybody heeded, unless to hint at more 'Ruhm' being obtainable from that source when a proper quantum had been exacted from England. But a really serious blow to German unity was dealt from the South. Discontent and caballing in that quarter had been vaguely hinted at for some time. King Albert of Saxony, who had succeeded John his father, was, although a Catholic, very popular, both in his own Protestant kingdom and in Würtemburg, Protestant also. His Catholicism gave him consideration in Cisleithania and Bavaria, and it had been talked of how he was the

head secretly of a not-yet-perfectly-formal South German Confederacy, opposed to Prussian dominance in Pan-Germanic matters. These rumoured intestine troubles took shape and form in an ominous moment, and yet in a curiously constitutional manner. The ultimatum I have spoken of was despatched to England by Emperor Fritz through the Foreign Minister, without any communication with the Federal Council of the Empire. But it came to be remembered that although the Imperial Constitution vested it in the Emperor to declare war, he required the consent of the Federal Council of the Empire for the exercise of the right. The question was accordingly submitted by Chancellor Von Bunsen. Judge of the horror of North Germany when the Federal Council, by a majority of two, withheld its consent. It consisted of 58 votes, of which the Southern Confederacy held 26. It had only to secure four of the single-vote States to give it the clear majority, and intrigue managed that. So Emperor Fritz, Blumenthal, and 'der Ruhm' were outvoted.

"Here was a pretty fix. If England should reject the ultimatum, now that the Federal Council had negatived resort to the alternative, what a humiliation, what a sacrifice of 'der Ruhm!' How everybody prayed that England, if she did not knuckle down, should be hotly outspoken, and resenting the affront by a declaration of war on her part, so cut the knot and re-consolidate Germany into resistance. But Goschen was too astute for this. He simply said 'No.' to the ultimatum, and serenely went to the opera the same night.

"We could not eat dirt, spite of the Southern Confederacy's machinations; so Emperor Fritz and Blumenthal declared war according to threat, having available for fighting purposes the military forces of Prussia, and determined to leave it to chance and the effects of another dose of 'der Ruhm' to settle for the violation of the Constitution and the use of the Federal fleet. Prussian tactics, since six-and-sixty, and before, had been those of invasion, never of waiting to repel invasion. Britain is an island, and to invade it shipping had to be resorted to, a novelty in our warfare. The German fleet, the nucleus of which was formed by Prussia before the establishment of the Confederation, had been largely increased since the great war with France. A great slice of the war indemnity exacted from that country was spent in building ironclad ships of war of the newest and most formidable construction. At first it had been resolved to take out a portion of the indemnity in the picked vessels of the French ironclad fleet, but this design was departed from in consequence of reports from naval architects, chiefly British, that the French ironclads were so faulty in principle and construction as not to be worth making a bother to secure. When the war was over the German Government sent skilled men, with carte blanche as to cost, into the private building-yards of England, Scotland, and America. A great English naval architect, who had been disgusted out of the service of England, was enticed to Germany to take the superintendence of Germany's home naval dockyards; and by the time of which I am speaking, the Imperial fleet comprised upwards of twenty-five first-class ironclads. Owing, however, to the awkwardness of our seaboard, the fleet had a difficulty in concentrating. Some of the ships were in the Baltic, at Dantzic, Kiel, and Stralsund, while the larger vessels were for the most part in Kaiser Wilhelm's pet naval harbour of Wilhelmshafen, on the Bay of Jade, on the North Sea. The Kiel Canal did not admit of the passage of large ironclad ships between the Baltic and the North Sea: it had not been deepened in proportion to the increased draught of water of the new ships.

"By the day that war was formally declared, our Army Corps (the 3rd) had the bulk of it concentrated in and around Wilhelmshafen. The 10th (Hanoverian) Corps was at Bremerhafen; the Garde Corps at Hamburg; the 9th Corps (Schleswig-Holstein) in and around

Altona. These were the corps constituting the army of invasion, which after all deductions was to number 110,000 men. While we waited to embark, news came that that impudent little Denmark had suddenly declared war, and that her fleet was blockading Kiel and holding the Sound passage. A division of the 9th Corps, supported by another of the 7th (Westphalian) Corps, was sent up through Schleswig to chastise Denmark, and the other division of the 7th Corps supplied the place of the former in the army of invasion. Our means of transport consisted, first, of the ships of war; secondly, of the large North-German-Lloyd's ocean-steamers in port at Hamburg and Bremerhafen (built, as you may have heard, with a special aptitude for transport services); and thirdly, the merchant vessels found in these two ports, requisitioned, no matter of what nationality, for the service. With the latter there was much trouble and difficulty. The burghers of the old Hanse Towns were neither fond of the Empire nor of war; the shipowners were discontented because they had not got the compensation they sought out of the French war indemnity; the sailors ran away and disguised themselves; the foreign sailors, when their craft were requisitioned, struck point-blank, and Blumenthal had to order a little shooting to bring them to reason. Strange to say, not an English ship of war was visible all this time in the North Sea waters. Reports had been industriously circulated that the bulk of the German war navy was in the Baltic, and that it was from Dantzic that the invading expedition was to set forth. Large English ships had been reported passing the Sound, and a great fleet, Danish and English combined, had been signalled off Dars Point. We were glad then to believe that England had been led off on the false scent, and looked forward to experiencing but trifling opposition before sighting Harwich, which was to be the landing-point of ourselves and the Guards. The other moiety of the invading army was to land on the coast of Kent.

"Our rendezvous was off the island of Nordeney. My battalion was on board the *König Wilhelm*, one of the finest of our ironclads, but a slow sailer, for her bottom was said to be very foul. Her crew looked very landsmen-like. They wore campaigning boots, like my men, and seemed stiff and clumsy. Before I got sea-sick myself—and I was dreadfully bad—I noticed that many of them were sick too. We had an admiral on board; he wore spurs, and was one of the first sick. What a vast miscellaneous convoy there was! The big merchant steamers—most of them with half-a-dozen sailing vessels in tow, for the wind was not good—the sailing vessels bumping and splintering one upon another; the great ironclads yawing about like badly-bitted horses, now crashing into an unfortunate sailing ship, now in collision one with another; English requisitioned captains unable or refusing to understand German orders and signals, and so complicating the blundering; horses, guns, and waggons on deck, between decks, and in holds, all adrift together in a chaos of confusion; the men, of whom the vast majority had never seen the sea before, in speechless agonies of sea-sickness. I thought, with a shudder, what our fate would have been if a sea-accustomed enemy had swooped down upon us when in this plight. But the proverbial good fortune of Germania was with us: no enemy appeared.

"By next morning we were in rather better trim. A ship or two was reported sunk by collisions, which operated as a salutary caution to the others. The great fleet got slowly under way, each steam-vessel towing strenuously, for the wind was still unfavourable. The delays were incessant; ropes broke, ships went adrift; some steamers were too weak to tow, and had enough to do to propel themselves; and the diabolical confusion inside every ship still continued. By nightfall it was estimated that we had not made eighty miles on our way to England. At night, as the weather became worse and grew very foggy, the order was issued to lie-to till daylight,

while the frigates and corvettes scouted round the fleet. Just before daylight, when the fog was densest, there came booming out of it the report of a single gun. Then there was a crash of artillery, and huge shells came splintering among the confused mass of shipping. The ironclads steamed straight into the fog, seeking an enemy. Dimly from the forecastle of the *König Wilhelm* was discerned a vessel, evidently a war-ship, half enveloped in smoke. The admiral, pale from sea-sickness, was full of daring. From our fore batteries in the bulkheads aft the bow the ship's gunners opened fire on the foe, while the big ship put on steam and rushed through the water to ram her antagonist. Crash! everybody was thrown on his back; the ship staggered and strained to her remotest corner. The surface of the water was clothed with fragments and splinters, spars and general wreckage. The enemy was almost literally cut in two, and rapidly sinking; I heard the water pouring like a mill-race into her. Great God, it was no enemy! These were our own men around us in the water; it was our own *Arminius* that we had thus cruelly brained! Men sickened at the sight and thought—not this time with sea-sickness. The cry rose for succour, but succour could be only piecemeal. The shattered ship lurched and heeled, and then with a final heave, as in protest, went down like a stone. That morning old General Stülpnagel shot himself in his cabin.

"We steamed slowly back in our discomfiture to the fleet, to learn of more mischief. The *Hansa*, an ironclad corvette, was gone utterly away in the fog that was now drifting off to leeward. An enemy's steam ram had come crashing in from the starboard side—we had been away to larboard—came crashing in among the merchant sailing vessels, ramming through them as a ploughshare goes through lea land. The *Elisabeth*, one of the finest of our older frigates, had a cargo of torpedoes on board with which it was expected wonders were to be done. By placing them round the mouths of British harbours, it was anticipated that all the purposes that could be served by a blockading squadron would be fulfilled. Another use for which the torpedoes were destined was to encircle a fleet when lying at anchor with a girdle much like the Feldwachen of a land force, only differing in this, that whereas a Feldwache when attacked falls back, the torpedo was to blow up and annihilate everything around it. This morning had indeed furnished evidence that the torpedoes would blow up with extreme zealous readiness, but had not only weakened their reputation for discretional explosion, but rendered it necessary to speak in the past tense of them and of the *Elisabeth* freighted with the mischievous cargo. A shell had struck and pierced the *Elisabeth's* side; whereupon, as eye-witnesses told, she suddenly blew into fragments. The torpedoes had exploded simultaneously, and the violence of the explosion had been fearfully destructive. The *Rhein*, one of the largest of the North-German-Lloyd steamers—a whole cavalry regiment on board—had been struck with a huge shell, punctured between wind and water, and was now on fire. And, strangest thing of all, not an enemy was visible. The fog away to leeward had a black density in it that seemed to tell of steamer-smoke; that was the only index we had to the whereabouts of the workers of our disasters.

"There was a council of generals and admirals in the flagship. Somehow all our admirals were of the type of generals, and all our sailors looked like soldiers. It was decided to go on after repairing damages. The *Rhein* had burned almost to the water's edge. It was afternoon before we got under way again, and I heard nobody now talking of 'der Ruhm.' We were unmolested. Perhaps, after all, the British ships, ghostly in their coming, ghostly in their going, had got nearly as good as they had given, and were in no present humour for more fighting. The setting sun gilded the green waves of the now calm water, and as we recovered from our sea-sickness our spirits rose

in a measure. Ha! what is that coming up out of the eye of the setting sun? The black smoke from a steamer's funnel. In the name of God, how many smoke-clouds are there on that golden horizon? They blend into one dense bank, ever advancing toward us, obscuring the golden evening as with a pall. It is the British fleet!

"Out to the front with the ironclads and men-of-war, and form line of battle! Now we can see the enemy, and out of that smoke-bank we shall snatch more of 'der Ruhm.' Back with the transports, tugged by all available steam power; steam power that does not propel ships armed with the cannon of Krupp. Ha! there is the *bonne bouche* from England, heavier rather than a Heligoland coping-stone! How the huge projectile crashes into the half-protected bow of the *Spicheren-Berg*—making her recoil as a horse checked with the wrench of a powerful bit is thrown on his haunches. Now they round to, those castle-sided monsters, and give us a broadside, while the low black ships with the gun-towers rising up out of them hold straight on, firing as they come. But neither are our gunners idle. There speaks Krupp in that yelling shell—another and another; Krupp can hold his own on sea as on land!

"The cannonade is deafening, furious; incomparable to it that French din from the beset heights of Amanvilliers. We soldiers, what can we do? Would God that that heaving sea were dry land, so that with the old shout of 'Immer vorwarts' we could get to hand-grips with these Britons so fond of long bowls! Here is one at least steering straight out of the smoke, that has a soul above long bowls. A stately, swanlike boat, with broadside batteries like our own; surely she has picked us out on the principle of 'like to like.' She rounds to for a broadside, and we give her a greeting of the same character. Sacrament! We are both so strong in our armour-casing that the shells drop off the sides as if they were musket bullets. Now she is alongside, armour-plate grinding against armour-plate, and we can have it out in fair fight, where we soldiers can do something. Never mind those fellows in dark green in the tops, deadly marksmen though they are. Englische Freiwilligen are they? Herr Lieutenant, dress the left flank there! One schnell Feuer, and then over the side and into the Englander with the bayonets.

"Who is that Schweinhund there that has leaped up, sword in hand, and is standing on the Englander's bulwarks, holding on by the shroud? Pick him off, Fusilier Müller! With a wave of his sword he bellows 'Boarders away!' Donnerwetter! the avalanche of hell is upon us. Like wild cats, like monkeys, like raving lions, the bearded, open-throated sailors of Britain throw themselves into the *König Wilhelm*, cutlass in one hand, revolver in the other! Stand fast, Fusiliers, give them the bayonet! But how can you give a man the bayonet when he jumps with the force of a catapult bolt into your face, lays your head open, shoots the man next you, is up before he is down, and laying about him as if five hundred fighting devils were in his single arm? We might not conquer against a rush of fighting prowess similar to none of which we had any experience, but we could at least die. The scuppers of the *König Wilhelm* ran blood. Her sailors (in their boots) and our Fusiliers fought with the wooden doggedness of good Prussians, and when we got a chance we went at the cutlass-devils as we had gone at the Spicheren-Holz. But they took us front, rear, and flank, and crunched us up so that we could get neither formation nor the use of our weapons. Why need I dwell on the scene? It was in the starboard battery, where, having been hustled and driven I know not how, I took the quarter which an officer tendered me, and gave up my sword. From the main truck of the *König Wilhelm* the German flag had disappeared; the Union Jack waved there in its room. As I looked from the quarter-deck through the lurid smoke of the battle, I seemed to see everywhere that fluttering Union Jack.

Away behind us there was dismal confusion in the defenceless convoy. Steamers had cast off their towage and were steering out of the press; the sailing vessels, too, on its verges were getting out their canvas and making off; till the convoy looked liker nothing than a great flock of ducks in a pond suddenly scared by a stone falling in their midst.

"I can tell you no more of the battle, for, wounded and bruised, I had to go below and find somehow a doctor and a berth. The *König Wilhelm*, with ten more German war-ships, were sent prizes into the Thames; we, the wounded prisoners, to the number of some three thousand, were accommodated in Greenwich Hospital, near London. What came afterwards I learnt chiefly from English newspapers during my captivity. The English ships seen in the Baltic with the Danish fleet had been dummy men-of-war, large merchant steamers disguised to deceive us. What fragments of our expedition effected an escape met with diverse fate. Some of the ships ran into Dutch ports, where the Hollanders, as scrupulous neutrals, interned the soldiers till the war was over. Others got back to Wilhelmshafen to find it besieged by the Hanoverian Landwehr. The older soldiery had not forgotten King George, and the King of Saxony had artfully sent among them their old officers who, when Hanover was annexed to Prussia in six-and-sixty, had to the number of over a hundred joined the Saxon army rather than take service under the Prussian flag. These had stirred the old leaven, and Hanover was in insurrection. The mouth of the Elbe was blockaded, and some ships, frustrated in making this refuge, steered for the bay of Tonning instead, to find Schleswig up as well as Hanover, and commanding the Kiel Canal from the old line of the Daneverk. Nor were those all the intestine troubles. The Southern Confederacy, in angry assertion that Prussia had violated the Imperial Germanic Constitution, had massed armies on their frontiers next us—armies full of the bitter recollections of six-and-sixty. At a word these were ready to cross the frontier, but it seemed as if South Germany preferred that North Germany should have the lesson taught her by the foreigner.

"The foreigner was not slow by any means with his lesson. The truth is, Goschen and Gortschakoff had engineered an European compact against 'der Ruhm.' Russia—all Poland now her friend—was over the Vistula, with her legions marching straight on Berlin by Bromberg. An English army had landed at Gluckstadt, and, strengthened by Danes and Hanoverians, had given fortified Hamburg the go-bye, and was steadily pushing up the valley of the Elbe. The French, with a great spasm of revengeful joy, had hurried troops to the frontier, had regained Alsace and Lorraine, half glad, half sorry; and, regardless of Metz and Strasburg still hostile, had swarmed over the Saar and down the Moselle on to the Rhine.

"Ah, children, I am getting tired, and my heart is very sore. Those who don't know it already too well may read of what a fight Prussia made—no more for 'der Ruhm,' but for very life,—and how the Treaty of Copenhagen muzzled and mangled her. Thank God, you never hear of 'der Ruhm' now."

NOTE TO MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS.—JUNE NUMBER, p. 133.

The quotation (both words and music) is from "Fidelio." The phrase was employed by Schumann as the *motif* of the piece in his *Album für die Jugend*, alluded to.

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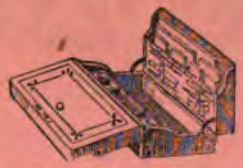

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II.—Patty. Chapters XLI.—XLVI.

III.—The Descriptive Poetry of Chaucer. By Stopford A. Brooke.

IV.—A Diplomate on the Fall of the First Empire. By Charlotte M. Yonge.

V.—The Development of the Common Law. By Albert V. Dicey.

VI.—Marie. By Mary Cross.

VII.—Mr. Whymper's "Scrambles amongst the Alps." By Leslie Stephen.

VIII.—A Sunset on Yarrow.

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A WEEK IN THE WEST.

FROM A VAGABOND'S NOTE-BOOK.

At last I lost patience, and answered perhaps somewhat curtly, "Sir, if you must know, I travel in Scarabæi." Now, in the estimation of my persistent acquaintance, it was clear that no one had a right to be away from home unless travelling "in" something. Dry goods and groceries are great powers. Let this be granted. But there are other springs to locomotion, and the commercial traveller is not to be countenanced in the notion that he is the only human being who can give valid reasons for vagabondism. Two minutes earlier a couple of parsons had come out of the Clifton House door, and, after a word or two with the huge black porter, who was sitting on the steps in the evening sun, had gone down towards the Falls. I had met them in Canada. One was on his way to a great gathering of Evangelical persons, somewhere in the States; the other, to visit emigrants whom he had helped out to Upper Canada from the east of London, and to consider the most hopeful outlet for future cargoes. Practical and theoretical philanthropy had set these two wandering. A group of ladies in a neighbouring balcony may probably have started on their travels from the desire to display their delicate upholsteries to the largest possible number of the human race. Sport, curiosity, idleness, science, diplomacy, health, had each its share in gathering the company which met for four daily meals in our long feeding chamber. It may be matter for curious inquiry whether the world is not at least as much profited by the wanderings of any of these classes, as by those of either of my two interlocutors. The object of the first is to inspire mankind with a desire for A.'s pickles,—of the second to clothe the human race in stockings from B.'s looms. Neither Tobit, nor Ulysses, nor Herodotus, nor Livingstone, nor any other traveller that I know of, who has left his mark, is supposed to have sold goods on commission. I myself am a vagabond who cannot be classed under either of the above categories. My motive is neither sport, curiosity, idleness, science, diplomacy, philanthropy, nor a desire to sell pickles. If a man can be held to know what prompts him to do anything, which I doubt, I should say that want of imagination is the gad-fly which has driven me over much of the earth's surface.

Lowell says, somewhere,—

> "He needs no ship to cross the tide,
> Who in the lives around him sees
> Fair window prospects opening wide
> O'er history's fields on every side,
> To Ind and Egypt, Rome and Greece."

But how if one has not Lowell's "study

windows" to look out of? A conscientious desire to set one's own eyes on everything that is to be seen on this planet, inasmuch as without such ocular inspection one finds that no distinct idea comes through reading, photographs, or otherwise, is surely not to be confounded with the form of curiosity which prompted my commercial acquaintance to ask me "what I travelled in."

An interest in the Coleoptera, resulting in a slender collection, which occupies a corner of my portmanteau, suggested my reply, which, while, as I have reason to believe, it disconcerted my commercial acquaintance, was received with undisguised delight by a youthful traveller, who was enjoying a cigarette and the view on the next chair to our group.

When in a few minutes our neighbours retired to the hotel bar, he drew his chair closer, and opened conversation, hesitatingly, by a question as to the habits of cockroaches. We did not, however, get far in this direction. His interest in beetles was evidently of the slenderest, and my own leanings to this branch of natural history are not sufficiently strong to induce me to lecture on the subject. Just then the hotel omnibus drove up, laden with tourists and those vast, iron-bound, round-topped receptacles for wardrobes, which accompany American ladies on their wanderings. I have remarked that the old English passion for solidity breaks out in this direction of trunks amongst their descendants in the New World more than in any other. Indeed, I scarcely know where else to look for it. Yankee notions in general may be makeshifts for the day, but Yankee trunks are built for posterity. Amongst so practical a folk the reason is not far to seek. In no country in Christendom, or, indeed, in those parts of heathendom with which I am familiar, is all manner of unoffending luggage used so atrociously as in America. A perfect system of despatch and delivery is supplemented by a brutality of treatment in transit which would try the constitution of the toughest bull's hide bound with brass (like Roderick Dhu's shield). I speak feelingly on the subject. Between the vagabond of civilization and his portmanteau, a relationship of an almost tender nature grows up. Upon it, or them, for there are few of us who can claim to have arrived at the distinction of possessing one only—I, myself, own a second, deposited in the Pantechnicon, and a third in an old schoolfellow's bungalow, on the slopes of the Himalayas—is concentrated all that passion for material possessions, that lust of ownership, which has done and is doing so much mischief in the world we live in. His portmanteau stands to the vagabond of the second class in the place of house, homestead, books, furniture, goods, and chattels,—a last link between him and the creation of men's hands, which we call wealth. The vagabond of the first class, who owns no portmanteau, valise, bag, or other receptacle for property, is doubtless the more enviable man. Of these, amongst moderns, I would assign a high place to Herr Teufelsdröckh, in those wanderings of his after his "baphometic fire baptism," when he fled from the presence of Blumine, and entered on his wrestlings in many climes with the "everlasting No." But the immortal Clothes Professor himself, besides some kind of galligaskin, or other tight-fitting garment, would seem to have possessed "a light blue Spanish cloak as his most compendious, principal, indeed sole, upper garment," and to have carried in some fold, or pocket, a loaded pistol, and a copy of the Enchiridion of Epictetus. Perhaps, therefore, Mr. O. B., of Trinity College, Dublin, who joined Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle on their romantic north-west passage of the Rocky Mountains, with no possession whatever but a rusty suit of broadcloth, and a well-thumbed edition of the Odes of Horatius Flaccus, may be placed above the Professor. And on the same principle Mr. Mansfield Parkyns must take precedence of both during his sojourn in Abyssinia, when he would seem to have possessed neither Epictetus, Horace, pistol, blue Spanish cloak, nor indeed

any other garment than a waist girdle, and to have transacted the business of defending himself against the outside universe by the simple aid of a lump of butter on his head, renewed daily.

Whoever has once realized the almost irresistible tendency of lumber to increase, and the strength of that natural acquisitiveness which besets and weakens the best of us, will be ready to do homage to the man who sits most free of all surroundings, as the most independent, and therefore the most enviable, and strongest, of men. Thus in his best moments the true vagabond gets to regard even his portmanteau with suspicion, and will feel some gleam of joy, like that of Hans in luck (as he stooped to drink at the well, and his millstone slipped in, and sank to the bottom), when he hears that it has parted company from him.

But while the human race lasts bandboxes will multiply, and increase in bulk and weight; and let us hope that porters will be found such as the black giant of the Clifton Hotel, who roused himself from the steps when the omnibus drove up. Laying hold of the hugest of the iron-bound wardrobes, which the driver and his help had with difficulty lowered to the ground, by some curious twist he placed himself under it without help, and marched up the steps and into the hotel, under a burthen which would have tried a strong mule. No such feat have I seen, except perhaps on the quays at Pera, where the Turkish porter—on his watermelon diet—stands, the hardiest of human weight-carriers.

My musings on the vanity of human luggage were probably suggested on the occasion in question by a little episode, which occurred during the absence of the black porter with his first load. My young friend of the cigarette hurried down the steps on the arrival of the omnibus, and rushed at a passenger who had stepped out of the vehicle, and was evidently sharing my wonder and delight at the feat of strength which had just been performed under our eyes. The clean-shaved chin, and mutton-chop whiskers, of the new arrival, proclaimed the professional Englishman, of a generation previous to the great beard movement.

"Here you are at last. Now, where are the portmanteaus?"

"Yes, here I am. The portmanteaus are in the Canadian custom-house at the bridge, quite safe for the night."

"You don't mean to say you haven't brought them, after all your professions?"

"Now, listen, and don't look reproachful. I told the hotel porter at the other end of the suspension bridge to bring them over to this side, and meet me on my return from Toronto. Well, he brought them over, but as my train had not come in, he just lodged them with the Customs, who locked them up and went home with the key."

"Confound Customs, and national boundaries!"

"Amen."

"But who told you this?"

"The citizen porter, who could not be bothered longer with the luggage, but took care to turn up when my train came in from Toronto, with the modest demand of three dollars."

"You didn't pay him?"

"Well, yes; on the whole I did."

"What, for just getting on the train and coming over the bridge with two portmanteaus, and *not* handing them over to you as he had undertaken to do?"

"Now, don't explode. You can't have been a week in the States without seeing that it's the custom of the country to be pillaged for this kind of thing. You won't carry your own baggage. Good. You are free to do it, or not, as you please. A citizen—who, I beg you to note, is one-forty millionth part of the Sovereign Prince of this country—does it for you. You can't suppose you are not to pay handsomely for his condescension."

"Twelve shillings, without the exchange, for a quarter of an hour's work which he did not do! Wouldn't I be a citizen porter! But what am I to do for a clean shirt?"

"Do without it. Why will your generation make an idol of fine linen? Two-thirds of mankind have no shirts, and, of the other third, not a tenth have more than two—one to wash, one to wear. Why are you to have a clean one every day?"

"See if I ever leave you with the luggage again. Now, after this three dollars' business, I claim to be paymaster. You are self-convicted of reckless extravagance, and must hand over the joint purse."

"With all my heart. *Si jeunesse savait!* But just look at this superb darky, how he handles those monster trunks."

The black porter slouched down the steps again, looked at the heap for a moment or two, picked out the biggest box, shouldered it without help, and was off into the hotel.

"Now, young man, look here. There is only one sight in the world which is always worth seeing, and that is a man doing his work as well as it can be done. Give me a light, and sit down and watch that darky."

"And leave my portmanteau slumbering all night in the Canadian custom-house? I don't see it.—What do you recommend, sir? You see my companion is past the reach of argument or reason."

I had been an amused listener till now, and was rather glad of the appeal of my young acquaintance.

"I incline to agree with your friend," I said; "I should recommend you to sit down and watch our black artist dispose of that pile, taking a look at the Falls in the intervals. When he has done, he is the man to help you at the custom-house, for a consideration."

So it was settled, and we sat down together in the verandah, watching the porter and the Falls. Presently the elder Englishman broke silence.

"I think I begin to see how it is that people are generally disappointed—I was myself—with the first view of the Falls. One gets it from the suspension bridge, or from up here on this platform. You are on a level with the upper edge of the Falls, and so don't realize the height, or the mass of water, till you get down below and look up. Trollope was a rash man to try his hand at describing the sensation when you do get down. The sound too is much less, or at least much less obtrusive, than one had fancied from the guide-books. Up here and in the American hotels you are hardly conscious of it; and even when you are down below, close under either of the great walls of water, the roar, or thunder, or whatever you please to call it, is so soft-toned that you hear anything that is said to you even in a whisper. Eh, Donaldson?—at any rate you seemed to hear all that pretty girl was saying whom you squired down behind the Horseshoe Fall to look at the moon through the falling water."

"Alas, she broke the spell by quoting Virgil! As we turned to go up the steps again I offered my arm, which she took with an apologetic 'Facilis descensus Averni, sed revocare gradum—' Who could keep up the sentiment of the situation after that?"

"Now, young man, don't let us have any of this going back on your better self. Why, you ought to be proud of the state of spoon you were in for several hours—indeed until the classical young lady took the cars for Buffalo with her father."

"It was you who proposed seeing them to the cars."

"But who was it wrote something like this in memory of the occasion? 'We found our way down the cliff, and along a narrow track below, till suddenly, rounding a corner, we looked up and saw the whole vast semicircle of water, descending with majesty unspeakable and force irresistible, from the silvery edge just visible far above. And then the moon rose higher, and shot across that tall pillar of spray—the breath of the river panting after its leap—that goes up day and night into the sky from the throbbing caldron beneath, half-revealing the secrets of dim mist chambers, which no man may explore and live.' Why, I don't think I could have done anything better in the consulship of Plancus,

when I too wrote poetry, and squired damsels."

"That's too bad; you've been reading my journal."

"Well, I suppose you meant me to read it, as you left it wide open on my table; besides, don't I tell you that it is good fooling? I only wish I could get up that kind of steam now-a-days."

"You are a venerable impostor, and I wish I had left you to drown in the strong current bath."

"By the way, talking of Niagara sensations, that strong current bath will be about the most vivid of my recollections. But look, now; we really can't be loafing about here any longer; or, if you mean to stay, on the chance of another moonlight under the Falls in witching companionship, I must get away west by myself."

"You can't go without your portmanteau."

"For which thou, my son, art going presently to the custom-house, with Pompey. There he goes with the last band-box. Watching him is almost as good as hearing John Bright speak when his back is up."

"I demur to your comparison. Let us say it is almost as good as seeing Goldie pulling stroke in a neck-and-neck race."

"As you please. But I am not sure that carrying heavy baggage upstairs is not as useful to mankind—or, at any rate, to womankind—as convincing them of the advantage of being self-governing asses, as Mr. Biglow has it."

"At any rate, I note for consideration your point that the only thing worth seeing in the world is a man doing his work perfectly."

"Did I say so? The only thing? Very well, then. When found, make a note of. Now, here is Pompey, and you can negotiate with him that expedition to the custom-house."

The black porter came out of the hotel, and took up his lounge, laying out his great limbs on the steps in the full blaze of the westering sun, and lying back with the air of one who has well earned his right to be lazy. At first he didn't seem inclined to move, but presently the proposals of our young friend seemed to prevail, and they departed together in a one-horse hack towards the suspension bridge.

"You were mentioning 'strong current baths' just now," I said to the elder Englishman, to whom his companion continued to telegraph objurgatory signals until the hack turned the corner and disappeared. "What are they? I haven't come across them."

"You should certainly go and try them then, at least if you don't mind testing the sensation of being pulled to pieces. You'll find them over there on the American side, just above their Falls."

There was yet a good hour before tea-time in the saloon, so, thinking I could not do better than follow this advice, I strolled down the cliff, crossed in the ferry-boat, was hauled up the incline on the opposite side, and about a hundred yards above the American Falls found the strong current baths, to which I obtained admission on payment of twenty-five cents.

Each bath is a two-storied wooden box, about twelve feet by eight. You undress in the upper compartment, and descend a short flight of steps to the lower, into one end of which the furious stream is bursting through a sluice-door, only to hurry out at the other end by a grating. A stout rope fastened into the wall above the sluice dangles invitingly upon the foaming surface of the water, which is about breast-deep, and, avoiding the hopelessly strong current of the centre, you buffet foot by foot against the comparatively quiet water along the side-wall of the bath, till you can reach out a hand to the dangling rope-end, and swing off into the full rush of the stream. In a moment I was stretched out at full length, bobbing on the surface like a perch-float in a mill-race, and positively felt the arm by which I hung to the rope on the point of deserting its socket under the strain, before I could drag the other through the water to the rescue. But this little difficulty once conquered, came a feeling of boisterous indefinable exhilaration. I have deli-

cious remembrances of those bath-houses at Geneva, through which the blue sparkling Rhone races, tolerably fast for old Europe, but here was quite a new experience. The current shook, and jerked, and tossed me, with a mad violence that seemed determined to wrench me, whole or piecemeal, from my hold; and when at last I had had enough, and voluntarily retired from the struggle, with every muscle quivering, and every fibre glowing with the sweet, half-fierce pleasure of successful resistance, I felt that a 'strong current' bath was an enjoyment well worth coming to Niagara for.

When I got back to the Clifton Hotel, I found my easy-going acquaintance still loafing in the verandah. And what a place for loafers it is! All round the ground-floor of the hotel it runs, capacious, raised some four feet above the ground, shadowed by an equally capacious balcony, which runs round the first floor outside the bedroom windows, with the American Fall right opposite, and the great Horseshoe some half-mile away, the precipitous end of Goat Island, two hundred feet high, dividing the two. With a comfortable sloping-backed arm-chair, and your heels up on the low open railing which skirts the verandah, what can vagabond wish for more—as a temporary investment?

"Well, I hope you enjoyed your bath?" he said as I came up the steps, putting aside a handful of printed papers on which he was engaged.

I made my acknowledgments, and confessed that I owed a new sensation to his recommendations.

"Ah, I see you are looking at my collection of literature," he went on. "It isn't attractive to look at, but it's interesting to me just now. Were you ever in 'the great West,' as they call it?"

"No, but I mean to get a look at it before I turn eastward again."

"Well, I am bound for it too, but, having only a week to spare, am puzzled how to set about it. Look at all these pamphlets and maps. How in the world is one to choose between them, out of half-a-dozen States, each as big as England, with twelve or fourteen feet of virgin soil on all the plains, and minerals lying about every hill-side, only asking to be carted away."

I took the papers, and ran my eye over the headings: "The pathway of Empire." "The gulf-stream of migration in America." "To save money, take your tickets right through" to Iowa, Missouri, Colorado, California. "The farther West a man goes, the better for himself and his family." "Eighty acres given free to every *bonâ fide* settler, with the option of buying as much more as he can work at a dollar or two an acre." "Dozens of lines building over the whole country." "Good fertile land at less cost per acre than would be paid for a year's rental in England, and ten years' credit given for the price." "Every season healthy. Sickness rather an accident than an incident of life in the West." These were the gleanings of my first glance.

"What do you say to them?" asked my companion.

"Eldorado within three weeks of London! it sounds like romance; but, from all I can learn, there is a good sound substratum of truth in these accounts."

"I believe so, too. At any rate, I'm going to see for myself."

"For yourself! Are you thinking of turning settler?"

"No, no; my roots are too deep in the old soil. The fact is, I have several long-legged, strapping boys growing up, and, like most of the youngsters in the Old World, they won't take kindly to the beaten ways of life. Somehow, our atmosphere is electric, and the whole of society is slipping away from its moorings. Latin and Greek for ten or twelve years, and the three learned professions to follow, won't hold English boys. They will swarm off, and I, for one, can't say they're wrong. So the point is, to find where they can light with the best chances."

"Poor old England! The bees swarming, and the drones staying in the hive. What is to come of it all?"

"Oh, never fear. Swarming has been England's business these three hundred years, and all the time there have been doleful prophets telling the tough old soul that the end was at hand."

A voice from behind:—

"You think her old ribs will all come crashing through,
If a whisk of Fate's broom snaps your cobweb asunder;
But her rivets were clinched by a wiser than you,
And our sins cannot shift the Lord's right hand from under."

"Well quoted, young one. So here you are, back again. Portmanteaus all right?"

"Yes. You'll find yours in your room. Pompey luckily has a fellow-countryman, late a slave, at the Customs, who put the thing through for us."

"Silver key?"

"Yes."

"The figure, oh youthful Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"Well, let me see; hack, Pompey, Cæsar, custom-house and all, three dollars and fifty cents."

"Half a dollar more, by Jove, than I paid, after all."

"Yes, but you paid three to lose our luggage; I only three fifty to get it back."

"'Macte novâ virtute puer.' Now there's just time before tea to get a clean shirt and a wash."

"'Two-thirds of mankind have no shirts;' who lectured me for worshipping fine linen?"

"Ay, but that was when the portmanteaus were safe in the custom-house for the night. Now, remember, we start West to-morrow morning. We have been lingering about these Falls too long, and know them inside and out."

"I'll go and have our bill got ready." And so they went into the hotel together.

Left ruminant on the verandah, I put my feet on the rail, tilted my chair gently, and watched the twilight fading, and a star or two coming out over the rapids.

Rumination No. 1.—There is much to be said for travelling in pairs,—particularly if there is about half a generation between you and your companion. If you are of the same age, you are too much alike, and get no good out of one another. There should be three, if they are all of about the same age, to travel together satisfactorily. Unless, indeed, it be on a honeymoon! But, with men, a full generation separates you too far. A man old enough to be your father, or young enough to be your son, lives in another world. He can't help it, or you either. However much you may love or respect one another, there is a gulf of inexorable years between you, and your intercourse has constraint marked on it.

Rumination No. 2.—Shall I go in and pay my bill too, and get off West by the same train to-morrow as my new acquaintance? Of all hotel bills I am not sure that American are not the least to my taste. Simple enough, no doubt. Four dollars, or four and a half a day clears everything, and saves trouble and arithmetic. But this same unaccommodating rigidity of charge becomes more aggravating than even the European franc for a *bougie*, if you often lunch and dine out, as a vagabond is apt to do. Does not democracy break down a little in this hotel system in the New World? A European *table d'hôte* is always cheerful, even if you are too proud or bashful to speak to your neighbour. An English coffee-room probably doesn't satisfy your gregarious instincts, but is often cosy, and in any case you have your paper to fall back on. But this horrible length of meals,—breakfast seven to twelve, dinner twelve to six, and so on,—and the bare, comfortless room, with, go in when you will, small bunches and units of humanity dotted about the dreary length of tables, silent, bent on getting through, weighed down by the delusive variety of the *carte*. Where can it all end but in blue devils and dyspepsia?

Rumination No. 3.—What's this? Ah, one of the documents my friend has dropped.

Let me see. Ah, here it is again. The great West the path of empire, and Nevada recommended as the finest opening for the emigrant, and her mines as the most splendid investment for the capitalist. The most prudent man in Nevada, it seems, expects to get, and actually gets regularly, at least one per cent a month for his money. Wh-e-e-w! What would our old Iron Duke have said, with his 'high interest, bad security' dictum? These hifaluting descriptions remind one of the recruiting sergeant's picture of Mexico, which lured Birdofredum Sawin to enlist for the war.

Let me see, how does it run?

"—— a reg'lar promised land flowing with rum and water;
Ware propaty growed up like time, without no cultivation,
An' gold wuz dug az taters be among the Yankee nation;
Ware nat'ral advantages wuz puffickly amazin',
Ware every rock ther' wuz about with precious stones wuz blazin';
Ware mill sites filled the country up ez thic' ez you could cram 'em,
And desput' rivers run about a-beggin' folks to dam 'em."

But don't Englishmen take all this much too coolly? Here are at least four great organizations for filling the West with our people. The Illinois Central, the Burlington and Chicago, the Union and Pacific, the Kansas, and I know not how many other powerful corporations, with untold quantities of land at their disposal, all tugging away at the old mother of nations—like the litter in some deep-strawed farm-yard at the mother of pigs. For a vagabond of some years' standing, who has only of late been a sojourner in his own country, it is reassuring to find that the indomitable self-reliance of his countrymen continues unshaken. Read our newspapers, and you may fancy that society at home is honeycombed, from top to bottom, and that Old England is going cheerily to the dogs; but who ever met an Englishman who had the slightest misgivings in the heart of him as to the future of the empire on which the sun never sets. Not even Mr. Carlyle, though he did write "over Niagara, and after."

On the whole, I think I will settle to go West to-morrow. So now, to get through the ordeal of supper. I must try to hitch up with my two countrymen—for, of all the human race, Americans at meals are the most difficult to break the ice with, and solitary feeding is an abomination. Then another smoke in the verandah, my bill, packing, and to bed for the last time with the Falls' lullaby in one's ears.

To be continued.

PATTY.

CHAPTER XLI.

PATTY'S ADVISERS.

When Paul Whitmore went away, Mrs. Downes wished her husband would go downstairs with him. She wanted to get rid of Mr. Downes; she cared little that he should be courteous to the artist. The short interview between the two men had shown her there could be no friendship between them.

"So much the better—it makes me all the safer."

Patty had studied her husband's character; his was just one of the natures she had power to read thoroughly, and she had realized painfully during the last half-hour that all his idolatry, all her beauty, would fail to keep her on the throne she now filled in Mr. Downes's mind, if he ever came to know about her origin.

"He's not up enough yet among great people himself to be liberal about such a misfortune," Patty sighed, "and he's right. If one wants to climb, one must do it boldly; there's no use in stopping to see who one kicks down as stepping-stones, and people can't climb high who have any drag to pull them down. Paul will never speak about Ashton to my husband, I know he won't; and I don't mean ever to see his wife, and I don't fancy," she smiled, "that Mrs. Whitmore will hear a single word about me or my portrait."

While Patty stood thinking, Mr. Downes had been bending over the canvas. He looked at his wife—

"That is a clever young fellow, Elinor; but he has a very objectionable manner: he wants deference—I think you must keep up your dignity a little more, darling. Mr. Whitmore scarcely seems to feel that it is a privilege to paint such a face as yours. I came up to tell you that Henrietta has come to luncheon: the truth is, I asked her yesterday. I—I am very anxious you should see a good deal of Henrietta, darling; she knows everybody, and there is a certain style about her, and—and—" Here Mr. Downes floundered; a rising flush on the lovely pink cheeks warned him that he was getting into trouble.

But Patty's natural coolness saved him from the petulant answer a more sensitive, more loving wife would possibly have been betrayed into making. She looked at her husband and smiled.

"Mrs. Winchester is your cousin, Maurice. I hope she will always find a pleasure in coming to see me. Shall we go down to her?"

Mr. Downes pulled out his long whiskers; he had expected a different answer, and, not being a quick-witted man, he was disconcerted. He could not find fault with his wife's words, and yet they did not satisfy him. Since their arrival in Park Lane he had become aware of an increasing sense of disappointment. His wife was charming,—he had never seen any one so beautiful,—she had far less of girlish ignorance than might have been expected from her age and secluded education, and yet he was not satisfied. He did not know what he wanted. He thought that he wished the playful archness which gave Mrs. Downes her most bewitching expression, should be used for him as well as against him—for his wife was never so gay and charming as when she made him give up his most determined resolutions; but he was not even sure about this.

"She is thoroughly sweet-tempered," he said, as he followed her downstairs: "most women dislike their husband's relations;" and then he sighed—he was actually silly enough to think that, perhaps, if Elinor were not quite so easy-tempered, she might be more loving.

Mrs. Winchester rustled all over as

she rose and shook hands with her cousin's wife.

Mrs. Winchester was a finely-formed woman, with a face that had once possessed the beauty of a fresh complexion, and large bright unmeaning blue eyes, but to freshness had succeeded the peculiar coarseness which told of open-air driving in all weathers, and habits of luxury. Mrs. Winchester looked now like a Juno rather the worse for wear; and, conscious of her losses, she strove to hide them by an elaborate costume and a judicious use of powder and pale blue ribbon.

Mr. Downes kept silent; he left his wife and her visitor to entertain each other, but the talk soon flagged. Mrs. Winchester occupied herself in criticising the trimming on Patty's dress, and in taking stock of the rings she wore; her eyes travelled carefully from the bow of the tiny shoe to the waves of bright sunny hair; not in rapid glances, but in a practical, methodical fashion. Mrs. Winchester was taking notes, and meant to remember them.

Mr. Downes grew impatient of the silence. "Elinor has just given her first sitting to your artist, Henrietta."

"Your artist!" The cousins were looking at each other; neither of them saw the lightning in Patty's dark blue eyes. Anger is so terrible in blue eyes. There is a steely brightness in it which brown eyes have no power to render: in the last there is the glow of passion; in the other, the glare of stern displeasure. But Patty's feelings had not reached such a pitch as sternness.

"Good gracious," she thought, "if those two are going to discuss Paul, I'd better stop my ears. De Mirancourt said, 'When you are bored, think of something pleasant.'"

Mrs. Downes forced her attention away, though she longed to listen; and reminded herself that in a fortnight she was to be presented at Court, and that she should certainly make Mrs. Winchester look very *passée* as they drove along side by side. But Patty was only a woman, though she was so clever; and she could not help, after a minute, gathering up the crumbs of talk between the faded Juno and her husband.

"But still, Maurice, you must acknowledge he is a remarkable person—not much appreciation for style, and that kind of thing, you know; but he quite amuses me: these fresh unconventional people are so original and amusing. I expect your wife, now, would quite take his fancy."

His cousin left off speaking, but Mr. Downes stood listening; he wished to give her opportunity to explain her last remark; then seeing the lady sink back gracefully into her chair, he turned his head stiffly towards her—slowly as well as stiffly, as if he were striving not to impair the upright set of his collar.

"I suppose you mean in common with the effect produced on every one else; otherwise I am at a loss to conceive how my wife should have any special charm for this Mr. Whitmore."

It was just at this point that Patty roused, or rather that her interest forced her to listen.

What had gone before to cause her husband's words? She met his eyes—conscious that her own were full of eager terror, and that she was blushing.

Mr. Downes was delighted. He thought his wife had been annoyed by Mrs. Winchester's remark, and to see her thus appealing to his protection against his cousin's sneer gave him an exquisite sense of pride and power.

At that moment he would have done anything she asked.

"How silly Maurice looks when he smiles in that way," Patty said to herself, quite restored and composed now that she felt safe again.

"You dear Maurice," Mrs. Winchester smiled, in a large, encouraging manner—she was not quite so rich as Mr. Downes, and it was delightful to have a chance of patronising him,—"don't you see what I mean? Artists always admire natural beauty far more than that which is trained and conventional. Don't look ashamed, my dear Elinor; you will lose your freshness quite soon enough." Mrs. Winchester's silk

flounces rustled again in a little chorus of applause.

Patty gave her a sweet, innocent glance.

"Oh, dear, I hope not! I want to keep fresh and natural for a long, long time; it must be so dreadful to look faded, and to have to think of what is becoming and all that; it would soon make me quite vain, I'm afraid."

Mr. Downes was startled; it was impossible that his wife could be acting, she spoke so simply and heartily, and yet when he saw the discomfiture in his cousin's face, he wished Elinor had said something less personal.

"She couldn't mean it, of course, it was a chance shot," and then he laughed to himself, "Poor Henrietta! I am afraid it came rather near the mark."

"When you come down to see us at Brookton, my dear, you will be quite in your element," said Mrs. Winchester; "you may be as wild as you like at Brookton,—milk the cows, you know, or anything that takes your fancy. Ah, Maurice, when will you settle down at Hatchhurst, and be the model landlord Charles is, with his cottages and his prize pigs?"

Mr. Downes had grown angry; he waited to swallow his indignation before he spoke, and his wife answered—

"I must come to you to teach me a good deal first, Henrietta; if you know how to milk cows, I suppose you understand all the rest. You see I have spent so much of my life at school that I am alarmingly ignorant on all these homely subjects; but I've no doubt I shall like Brookton and the prize pigs immensely. I don't think Maurice looks old enough for a model landlord, do you? We'll wait to go to Hatchhurst till we want repairing, won't we, dear?"

She said this with the arch playfulness her husband loved so much; she laid her hand on his arm, and glanced up for the smile which she knew was waiting for her.

"Little fool," said Juno, in a puffet; and then aloud, "My dear child, you don't imagine that people live in London all the year round, do you?"

"Oh no; but then we shall prefer to go abroad. We like variety and amusement. I'm afraid your grand country-houses full of dull English people would bore us terribly, wouldn't they, Maurice?"—she had caught a glimpse of frowning between her husband's eyebrows—"although we had the occasional relaxation of milking, you know." Her laugh rang out merrily; even Mrs. Winchester believed that though her young cousin stung, it was by chance, and that she was as free from guile as a road-side nettle.

"You are so young, my dear, you don't know how very pleasant such gatherings are, besides the introductions they lead up to. Why, I expect Lord Dacre and his brother, Lady Elsland and her two daughters, Sir John and Lady Pierpark, and many others of the same class."

"But are they amusing?"

Mrs. Winchester looked gravely at her cousin Maurice; her own father had been a rich manufacturer without any ancestry to speak of; she thought as much of a title as poor Mrs. Bright did. It seemed to her that any one sufficiently audacious to despise a title must go wrong, and she was sure of Maurice's sympathy on this point.

"Elinor is joking," he said; "we shall both enjoy a visit to Brookton, but I want you two to plan some dinners and entertainments; in fact, whatever you please. It seems to me quite time Elinor should show herself in her own house."

Luncheon was announced, and Patty made no answer to her husband's suggestion; she was thinking—

"I was in too great a hurry, after all, and yet I don't know. So long as one's husband has a certain position, nothing else matters really when people have once seen me; it does not signify who or what he is, and he is very presentable. Poor fellow! does he really think my life is going to be shaped out between him and that fat vulgar woman?"

The "vulgar woman," going on before on Mr. Downes's arm, was saying—

"She'll do famously, after a bit, you

know, when she has had just a little training; I'll do all I can, you may be sure."

To which Mr. Downes answered—

"Thank you; yes, she is so sweet-tempered, so anxious to do all I wish. I don't suppose any one was ever so fortunate as myself."

"But, then," said Mrs. Winchester, when she reached home and related the foregoing conversation to her quiet, subdued husband, "you know Maurice is such a foolish, self-willed fellow; he has such an idea of his own opinion; I'm quite sure, if one only knew his wife's history, there is something in it he has no cause to be proud of. People ought to have relatives of some sort or other."

CHAPTER XLII.

AT ROGER WESTROPP'S.

Miss Coppock had gone up and down in life, not by the gradual turn of Fortune's wheel, but by those swifter risings and fallings of which the child reaps an early experience as he tumbles on the nursery floor, pitches headlong down a flight of stairs, or finds himself at the sudden giddy height of a swing.

Her experience had taken its complexion from these sudden transitions; and as she had indulged, like most of her sisterhood, in much novel reading, of a highly-spiced sort, she had exaggerated and strongly-coloured opinions.

Patty laughed at her, and called her romantic; it was a profanation of the word, for there was none of the chivalry and freshness of true romance in Patience's forecastings. Intrigue, mystery, an implicit belief in the evil of human nature, composed the foundation of her fears and schemes, and the last of these was very uppermost as she stood looking at the face sketched on the canvas.

Patty's daring surprised her.

"How could she have the face and bring that man here, with the risk of his wife finding her out, too? though perhaps Patty has made him promise not to tell: she is capable of anything; that I believe."

Miss Coppock stood before the picture with a very dissatisfied face.

"I don't think I ought to let this go on under my eyes without speaking to Mr. Downes—no, how can I talk such nonsense? Speak to him—I'll die first." A curious twist came on the thin lips, a mixture of anger and suffering.

Her thoughts went on. Even if she could overcome her repugnance, what good would come of an appeal to Patty's husband—what chance had she of being believed? She would be dismissed, and so lose the hold which made her dismissal as she thought impossible.

If Patty had married a stranger, Patience would probably have sided with the wife against the husband, but Maurice Downes's claim was older, dearer than Patty's. The poor faded woman had at first wept bitter, scalding tears when she found herself utterly unrecognized, an object of dislike to Patty's husband, but she had learned to rejoice in this. Patty had taught Miss Coppock long ago that she must not live for herself, and now it seemed to her excited notions that she was taking a glorious revenge on her faithless lover in watching over his wife for his sake. She did not want Patty to love Mr. Downes. Patience would have stoutly denied the charge of selfishness in this, but the one drop of balm in her miserable existence lay in thinking how happy she would have made Maurice's life, if he had kept faith with her!

"He might have known, then, what a true wife can be to a husband."

Her life was far more unhappy than it had been before Patty's marriage. In Park Lane Miss Coppock felt herself an upper servant. Patty to her was simply Mrs. Downes, smiling, rarely affording an outlet for the bitter words Patience longed to speak, but as utterly, callously indifferent as though her companion had been a block of senseless wood.

"Why don't I give up; it's killing me?" said Patience, as she still stood before the canvas. "Why do I care how Patty behaves to him when he takes no more notice of me than as if

I were one of the maids?—it's worse than that." She was sobbing unconsciously with intense humiliation. "I know it makes him sick to look at me; I heard him say only yesterday that ugliness was as loathsome as disease: he didn't mean me to hear." She wiped her poor eyes, shining now with tears in place of their departed brightness. "No, his nature's not as changed as all that, though her influence is enough to spoil any goodness,—but I heard him say it. I'm such a fool that my ears seem to hunger for every word he speaks, and all the more because I dare not look at him; I daren't: there's no saying, if our eyes met, that he mightn't remember me."

Poor Patience! she had not changed nearly so much as Maurice Downes had. The seamed, scarred skin that masked the form of every feature, the fringeless, dull eyes, could not choke the expression of feeling as the growth of self-love and worldliness had choked the power of repentance and tenderness in the fair whiskered, perfectly dressed husband of Elinor Downes: there was no fear that he could remember Patience Clayton, the love of his youth; he had forgotten the episode altogether.

But there is no blindness in love equal to the blindness of a disappointed woman.

"No, I can't go away," she went on. "She may not seem to care for what I say, but I am a check upon her for all that; I can keep her from making Maurice miserable, and besides"—a gleam of hope brightened her sad face—"if I see things going too far with Mr. Whitmore, I'll speak to Roger Westropp himself. I'd half a mind to say something yesterday: he's neither fear nor favour to keep him back, and I can see he's not best pleased as it is with her for never going to see him. I shan't forget his face in a hurry, when I told him Mrs. Downes wished him to be considered her foster-father; when I think of the lies she must have told her husband to account for her having no relations, it makes me almost hate her."

Here again Patience exaggerated; Patty had not been truthful, but in some ways she had kept to facts. This was the story Mrs. Downes had told her husband. Her mother had died when she was quite young; her father had not been a kind husband, had always seemed badly off, and she had lost sight of him for years; her fortune had come to her from an uncle, her only surviving relative, and till she went to school in France she had lived under the care of Roger Westropp, an old countryman. She called him her foster-father, as he was husband to the woman who had nursed her when a child. This was her story, with the superadded fact of her own creation, that she had been at a French school from childhood. If Mr. Downes had been less infatuated, if he had been in England even, he might have made a more searching inquiry. The letters of old Mr. Parkins, the Australian lawyer's agent, relative to the marriage settlement, had corroborated Patty's representations. The rank and position of her school friends showed Mr. Downes that his wife was qualified for the position he intended her to fill. The only cloud that ever came across his satisfaction was the possible reappearance of the missing father, Mr. Latimer, whom Mr. Downes imagined to be a gentlemanlike spendthrift. He had soon let Patty discover that he was just as unwilling to see Roger Westropp, the country foster-father, at Park Lane, as she was to receive him there. Poverty, misfortune, and ugliness were abhorrent to Mr. Downes; he liked the sunny side of the peach, and he would not be cognizant that both sides were not sunny.

"Well, do you think it will be a likeness? you ought to be able to judge by this time."

Patience started. Mrs. Downes had come into the room, and had been looking at her for some minutes.

"I—oh, I suppose it will be like—" The moving exhortation she had planned to deliver seemed out of place in presence of this smiling, artless creature. In her soul Patience struggled to keep to her harsh estimate of Mrs. Downes, but to-day Patty's eyes were full of sweet affec-

tionate sunshine, and the poor unloved woman could not refuse herself the unwonted enjoyment. Distrust in Miss Coppock was universal, not special; she was as eager to snatch at a present gratification as a child is to grasp roses in the hedge he is driven rapidly alongside of.

"As Mr. Downes says," said Patty, musingly, "it won't be easy to imitate my complexion."

Patience was accustomed to hear Mrs. Downes's special charms discussed by their owner as if they were unrivalled. Patty had a way of taking herself to pieces in talk, and appraising each detail.

"I dare say not, and yet that little likeness of your—of Mr. Westropp's—gives it perfectly; by the bye," she turned round eagerly from the canvas, "I wanted to tell you I saw him yesterday, and he sent you a message."

Mrs. Downes grew so red that Patience thought she was angry.

"What do you mean?"

"I couldn't help seeing him; you sent me to Chancery Lane to make those inquiries for you about old Mr. Parkins, and just as I came out of the lawyer's office I met Mr. Westropp. He caught hold of me before I'd time to turn away."

"Why should you turn away from him? I am very glad to hear about him. Is he quite well?"

Patience looked at her; there was a glisten in the deep blue eyes, and the red still glowed hotly on the delicate skin, but Mrs. Downes spoke calmly.

"Either she hasn't any feeling, or she acts as well as if she was downright wicked." To Mrs. Downes she said, bluntly—

"No, I don't think he's well at all; he says it is the closeness of London, and this soft change in the weather, but he's as white as a sheet, and he seems so feeble. He says you ought to have gone to see him before this, and he sent you a message, but I don't think you'll like it."

"Nonsense." Mrs. Downes pressed her lips together to keep them still. "Why should I dislike it? What did he say?"

"Well, only don't blame me afterwards." Patience was half afraid, and yet she secretly rejoiced at the sting which she knew even Patty must feel in listening. "He said, 'You can give my dooty to Madam Downes, and tell her she've got no cause to fear her father 'll be the one to bring shame on her finery. You can tell her too as her mother were a virtuous woman, though she were poor; let Martha have a care she don't do nought to disgrace me.'"

There was a silence. Womanly feeling was still strong enough to keep Patience's eyes turned away. She did not see Mrs. Downes grow white for an instant, and then make a strong effort at indifference.

"Ah," she said, calmly, "he's angry, and he has a right to be angry. I meant to have gone before now. I'll go and see him to-day."

"You'll want me to go with you?"

"Yes, I shall only drive to the railway station, and I cannot travel alone by railway."

Even now accustomed as she was to Mrs. Downes's splendour, and the observances she exacted, a remark of this kind brought a smile to the companion's pale lips, and Patty saw it, but she was too wise or too indifferent to take any notice.

Patty did not choose to show her father the style in which she lived; she was only going to see Mr. Westropp, her pensioner; it was unnecessary that her servants should see their mistress calling at such a dirty house.

She drove to the station, and then went on by train with Miss Coppock.

"Stay here till I come back," she said, when they reached the station for Bellamount Terrace; and she set forth alone.

She had dressed very quietly in black silk, with a simple bonnet, and a thick black veil, but it seemed to Patty that everyone she met looked at her.

"And mine is a face sure to be recognized. One comfort is, no one in society could live in such a den as this is."

The house in Bellamount Terrace looked as dingy and squalid as ever,

but Patty scarcely gave it a momentary glance: she ran up the little garden—or rather assemblage of weeds—and the steps, and knocked.

Her heart beat in a most unusual fashion while she waited; all her acquired dignity seemed to be slipping away like sand. She felt the old petulance, the old flippancy on her tongue, when at last the door was slowly opened by her father.

"It's you, is it? Go in, will you?"

Neither of them made any attempt at greeting. Patty felt, as she passed on into the small squalid room, that none of De Mirancourt's teaching would serve her here. She realized what others have realized before her, that no light is so fierce and searching as that in which we are seen and judged by the eyes of near kindred. No modern gloss will cover or atone for a once known defect of childhood.

Roger pushed a chair forward; he remained standing even after Patty's silk skirts had left off rustling.

She looked up with her irresistible smile; but though the motive that had called it forth was self, though her visit was made quite as much with a view to her own security as from natural yearning to see his face again, there was some feeling yet in the girl's heart, and she saw that in Roger's hollow eyes and sickly hue which drove the glow from her own cheeks, and brought an anxious look to her eyes.

Roger had watched her intently; his pride was soothed, and his stubborn resolve not to show pleasure at the sight of her yielded. He sat down.

"Well, lass, I'm glad to see ye, but you've taken long enough to think whether you should come or not."

"It was too bad of me, wasn't it? but you see in London there certainly is about half the time for everything one gets in the country, but I hope to come often now. Don't you pine after the country, father?"

A deep flush, and a sudden vexed biting of her under-lip, came like a cloud over Patty's sunshine; but the lovely blue eyes smiled still—as eyes will smile to which the practice is one of habit rather than of feeling.

How easily the familiar word had slipped out; it seemed to her, in the cowed mood which Roger's self-restraint had imposed on her, that she must never risk seeing her father in Mr. Downes's presence—the word would slip out again.

Patty wished herself safe in Park Lane. Roger's smile had faded; and even while it had lasted the half-knowledge she had of her father had made her aware that he had not had his say yet, and that, unless she could fence it off by her own cleverness, she had something to hear to which it would be unpleasant to listen. She detested strife or dispute; if all the world would only keep good-tempered and smile over their disagreements, it would be so much better. It would be too absurd if her father quarrelled with her for disowning him, when it would be so much pleasanter and so much more for his own interest to keep good friends.

"Pine after the country, eh?"—Roger smiled again, but with so much sarcasm that Patty grew nervous—"No, lass, I don't think it—and even so be I was to, I shouldn't turn my back on London; I've too much to look after here."

"But I mean for your health." Patty had not felt so shorn of all her strength since she left Ashton. She looked pleadingly in the small restless eyes, but she found no help in them—it seemed as if her father had an intuitive knowledge of her perplexity, and was determined to enjoy it to the uttermost.

If she could only get up and go away; but she dared not do this: it might provoke the very explanation she was determined to escape from.

"My health?"—with a disagreeable laugh,—"you've grown mighty careful about me all of a sudden. My health is as good as it has been all these months past, Patty—I should say Mrs. Downes—I mind that's more suited to your wishes; ain't it, ma'am?"

A nightmare was pressing on Patty's

new self. Her polish, her easy smiling power of repartee, seemed held back from her by a strength she could not grapple with; but she would not submit: she strove for freedom, and the natural weapon of her childhood, her insolent petulant tongue, made itself once more heard.

"Of course it is,"—with the old toss and the pouted scarlet lips,—"I don't see why I shouldn't be called by my own name; Patty isn't a name at all, —it's not fit for a Christian."

Her eyes glistened with angry tears.

"Hark ye, lass,"—Roger smiled at her discomfiture; "you may do as you choose, for aught I mind, but I'll not sit here to listen to reproach cast on your dead mother. She named you Patty when you was a little un: you may be ashamed o' me, if you please; but have a care how you let me see you're ashamed o' her."

There was the old sternness in voice and look, and Patty breathed more easily: she knew the end of Roger's angry moods; it was his sarcasm that took away her wits.

"Ashamed! it's too bad to say that; as if it's likely I could be—you seem to think badly enough of me, I must say, father. I mayn't, perhaps, have been as dutiful as some children; I'm sorry; but then you know you've brought me up to hate profession and show of liking—I thought by doing what I thought you wished, I was showing the dutifulness you'd value most. You can't have everything." Her own words sounded so virtuous that Patty felt in a glow. What a good daughter she had been after all to this sordid father, who had refused to change his mean miserable ways even when she gave him means for a very different way of life.

Roger looked up sharply through his frowning, shaggy eyebrows.

"Dootifulness you calls it—I don't see much dooty, Madam Downes, in payin' me back some of the hard-earned coin I spent first on Watty, and then on you. By rights,"—he doubled his bony fist and struck his knee with it,—"the money warn't yourn at all; it must ha' come to me in the nat'ral course o' things—Watty havin' no other kin."

"I don't see that,"—Patty was growing cool and composed again,—"such things happen every day; where would be the use of making wills or of lawyers, if people always left their money in the regular way? Besides, it's much better as it is—I use the money, you would only let it rust; why, you don't nearly spend what I allow you."

Roger's pale face flushed, but Patty had no thought of wounding him; she had grown so accustomed to dependants, and also to consider her father as her pensioner, that it could never have occurred to her he might resent the allusion.

"Insolent hussy," he said to himself; "she's worse than I expected, but she shall pay for some of these airs and graces."

"That's as it may be—I spend in my own fashion fast enough: I never spent for show. As to your being ashamed to own me, I don't trouble about it, seeing it's your account, not mine, that 'ull go to—but I have a word or two I may as well say as you're here. One is"—he cleared his throat —"since you speak of what you allow me, that I don't consider the allowance over liberal for a fine lady such as you to give away. Stop"—Patty was eagerly trying to speak—"I want to hear how you and your husband gets on together; if you're a good wife, may be it may make up for other shortcomin's."

Roger knew that if he had chosen to change his name to Latimer, and to make himself look respectable, his daughter could not have cast him off; and yet he resented that she should have ventured to choose her own husband for herself.

"Mr. Downes and I live very happily." Patty cast down her eyes. "He is very kind, and he thinks everything I do right."

"More fool he. I tell you your mother was the best wife as breathed; but, maybe, if I'd spoiled her, she'd have turned out different. Well, lass,

you've chosen for yourself: I wish you luck of your choice. If your husband's all you say, you can't make too much of him; maybe I'll see him one day."

"I'll bring him here some day." Patty's voice shook, though she tried hard to steady it. "Don't come to Park Lane; it would make everything tiresome, and I'll see about what you said just now at once; I will indeed; —I mean about money. I must go now, or I shall miss my train."

She looked at herself in the little smeared mirror, and her father looked too;—he sneered; but there was sadness in his face. Patty's action had taken him back to Ashton and his cottage, and his daily life;—he had been happier in those old days.

"I saw Miss Nuna, a while ago," he said; "she didn't see me; she was too taken up with her husband, and he was looking into her face as if she'd been his sweetheart instead of his wife. That's a pleasant marriage, I warrant. Maybe you've happened to come across them, eh?"

"No, I haven't." Patty tossed her head and gathered up her skirts in sudden anger. "Well, good-bye, father; I really must go now."

She was out of the room, in the road hurrying along to the station before she realized what she was doing.

The snort of an engine overhead, as she passed under the railway arch, steadied her wits.

"What a child I am!" she smiled with contempt at herself. "Doesn't a man often smile down into a woman's eyes without caring a bit about her? Most likely she's got a temper, and Paul's smile would sweeten a vixen. Poor fellow! what a mistake he made."

CHAPTER XLIII.

MRS. BRIGHT'S MISGIVINGS.

Mrs. Downes held the creed that no person who could use his or her wits, ever allowed anything to worry. There were two courses open—either dismiss the subject altogether by the substitution of something pleasant and flattering, or else decide at once on some plan which converts worry itself into a means of gratification.

She only answered Miss Coppock's questions respecting her father by "yes" and "no;" and by the time she reached Park Lane she had determined to try whether Paul still loved her, or if he really cared for his wife.

"There is no harm in it whatever: I could tell Maurice the whole story with the greatest ease if Paul were not an artist, and if it would not bring out things I don't want talked of. I do not mean to encourage Paul; I only mean to amuse myself, and to be satisfied father is mistaken. Maurice always says he dislikes prudery, and he thinks it ill-bred. Of course I'm not going to flirt; that would not suit my position."

A slight triumphant smile curved her lovely lips; she was thinking how utterly needless it was for her to seek any man's admiration; she could never remember the time when she had not known she was beautiful.

"Paul must look at me while he paints, and if he looks—well, I can't help his admiring me. I'm not going to fall in love with him, or any such nonsense; I should be as silly as Patience if I thought of it." She glanced scornfully at Miss Coppock. "I shall let her be present at the next sitting; she'll see her folly then; and, besides, I think it is more what is done, and it will shut her mouth."

Paul came next morning, and Mrs. Downes carefully abstained from addressing her companion; Miss Coppock's name was not spoken in his presence.

Paul Whitmore was amused at this fresh evidence of Patty's fine ladyism; but he never suspected the plain, gaunt woman, who watched him so intently, to be an ancient acquaintance of Patty's Ashton days; he looked on the companion as a total stranger; and as Mrs. Downes was careful to avoid any mention of Nuna, there was no chance of a recurrence to old times.

The picture progressed marvellously this morning; yet Paul went home

irritable, and disposed to find fault with himself and everyone else.

Patty was happy then, after all, with that dolt of a husband. She had actually smiled when she said Mr. Downes was satisfied with the picture.

"As if I care what he thinks or says! She must love him; she's much too clever to value his opinion a straw—unless Love has made the fool of her that he makes of the most sensible women after marriage. I suppose it's all right; but a married woman in love with her husband is fifty times more foolish than when she's a girl. I've heard that married happiness is bad for the intellect." He went on presently—"I suppose that's why I'm such a consummate ass as to plague myself with all this trash. And yet I don't feel over happy just now, any way."

He was vexed with himself; and he hurried home, determined to be pleased with Nuna; but when he reached the studio, he gave a sigh of relief that she was not at home.

He remembered that she had settled to go out shopping with Mrs. Bright, and would not be back till tea-time.

"I shall stay in till she comes."

He took up a book lying on the table, but it was one he had had with him at Ashton; and by that strange power of localization which haunts inanimate objects, its very cover took him back to Carving's Wood Lane, and Patty—Patty, as he had seen her blushing under her sun-bonnet in the honeysuckle porch—Patty, as he had thought her, guileless and loving.

What a blissful dream that had been! Had he ever felt anything like its intensity, its intoxication of happiness?

By some process which he made no effort to check, thought took him through the months and weeks of his married life. Just now he had said, great happiness was fatal to intellectual power. Had he been so happy? was he always quite content, quite satisfied? He clasped his hands over his eyes, and then he got up and went to his easel, and began to scrape a half-finished study with a knife.

"If I'm not happy, I ought to be." He turned resolutely from the whisper which had made itself heard when he clasped his head so firmly just now. The whisper had said that intense happiness, even if it were not lasting, was preferable to a tranquil, contented state of life.

"And I thought this was flesh. I thought this was good flesh when I did it. By Jove, how those sittings have improved me!"

He pushed the offending canvas away, and stood thinking of Patty again.

"It's first-rate study to paint her," he said. But he felt more restless still. He began to think that if he stayed till Nuna came in, he should be cross or sulky, and damp the enjoyment she would be full of.

"She will expect me to enter into all she has been doing with that old noodle, and I can't. I feel bored by anything relating to those Brights; and I know what I can be when I'm thoroughly savage. Nuna doesn't, and there's no need she ever should."

He sighed. Just then it seemed to him as if his wife knew very little indeed of his real self; but he checked the thought.

"I've got a headache, and I'm out of sorts: I'll go down to those two fellows again and see what they are at."

Nuna came home earlier than he had expected, and her heart sank when she found she had missed Paul; but she kept a smiling face before Mrs. Bright.

"Dear me! I *am* disappointed not to see your husband; but never mind, dear; we can have a longer chat. You won't forget my two messages to him, will you, Nuna dear, about getting rid of the smell of paint,—it is horrid, isn't it? I wonder you're not bilious,—and about coming to see us? I've set my heart upon it. You don't look at all as you ought. I'm sure it's the nasty paint; and, besides other things, there is such a thing as stiffneckedness, my dear. I don't mean rheumatic, you know"—for Nuna had begun to smile—"you're too young for that; I mean your father's wife. I don't defend him; don't

think it, my love. Only suppose I'd gone and set up a stepfather over Will! There's one thing, Will would have held his own against any stepfather; but I wouldn't let this estrangement go on if I were you; and you'd shut Mrs. Beaufort's mouth, too, which would be best on all accounts."

Nuna grew crimson.

"I don't want to stop Mrs. Beaufort; she can't say anything against me."

"Ah! my dear; don't now! I am sorry I said a word; it's nothing against *you*, of course, only she sneers at artists, and speaks of you as 'poor Nuna,' and as if you had quite fallen in position; of course, dear—now don't excite yourself, there's a dear creature, don't;" and Mrs. Bright's plump hands stretched out towards the flushed face and frowning eyes. "We who know Mr. Whitmore don't pay any heed, of course, not likely, but it's just——"

Nuna could hold herself in no longer; she got up with flashing eyes.

"And you expect me to make friends with a woman who speaks against Paul! I'm glad you have told me; if ever I do go to see you, it shall only be on the condition that Elizabeth never sets foot in your house while I am there. She is a wicked, false woman—I feel wicked when I think of her." The quick impulsive anger was spent already; the tender heart suffered for the pain on Mrs. Bright's face. "Don't let us quarrel about her, my dear, kind friend."

She kissed and hugged Mrs. Bright impetuously, and the talk ended; but still her visitor was not satisfied. She could no longer believe Mrs. Beaufort's insinuations as to Nuna's want of affection. She had never seen her so warmly demonstrative as she had proved during their visit to London; but there was something unheard of in a woman refusing to sanction her own father's marriage. Mrs. Bright went back to Gray's Farm more anxious, in some ways, about Nuna's future than when she left it.

"I hope Nuna won't come to harm." The good, plump, easy-natured woman sat thinking it all out when she got back to the quiet of her home; thought, she averred, being impossible in London: there was only time there to see, and to eat, drink, and sleep; and far too little for the last, which in Mrs. Bright's estimation was the chief necessary of life. "But anything unusual must be wrong; and it is such a pity to be unlike other people, especially in a woman; it's my belief women are always safest when they copy somebody else—Eve couldn't, of course; there was no pattern to follow, and I expect that's why she got into mischief."

CHAPTER XLIV.

A DISCUSSION.

NUNA had not borne with her old friend's silliness; she had peremptorily stopped any further outpouring on the hateful topic of Mrs. Beaufort: but silly words have often as much root in them as those which are wiser; they grow in memory as rank weeds grow on a dry, stony, roadside heap. They were to be despised so far as they touched herself. She cared little for society, and she had as much as she wanted;—a few tried friends among her husband's acquaintances would have been glad to see her more frequently; but she shrank from invitations.

"I don't get half as much as I want of Paul now," she thought; "and, if we go out often, we shall get farther and farther apart."

The Brights had departed a fortnight, and Nuna thought something in their visit must have vexed her husband, he had grown so very silent.

"Are you painting anything specially interesting now?" she said to Paul.

They were sitting at breakfast.

Paul flushed, frowned, and turned over his newspaper quickly, as if he were eager for the next column.

"Generally, I know what you are doing," she said, "but you have not told me anything these three weeks."

"That was all very well while it was new to you; but it would be nonsense to go on with it; what possible interest can you take in the mere painting of portraits?"

He spoke coldly; he did not even look at her, and tears were in Nuna's eyes in an instant.

"Oh, Paul! as if everything you do is not interesting to me. You are painting a portrait, then?"

She made her voice cheerful; she saw that at her first words he had plunged yet more deeply into his paper. Nuna would have liked at that moment to have made a bonfire of all the newspapers in London.

"Yes." Paul had not been reading; he had been thinking how he could best stop his wife's inquiries without giving her pain—he looked at her and smiled. "You are sure to hear about work that is interesting; but don't ask questions about portraits, there's a dear girl,—they are distasteful enough to paint."

"Ah," said Nuna simply, "you poor darling, and you are sacrificed and have to paint them just because you married a wife who hadn't any money!"

She went round to her husband and kissed him, and, glad of the excuse for standing there with her arms round his neck, she bent down over his shoulder and looked at the paper.

"What are you reading, darling? Why, here are nothing but ships for Melbourne and all sorts of far-off places! —why, Paul!"

She looked laughingly in his face.

Paul was vexed: it came into his head that Nuna was watching him; and he felt that he had looked conscious when he said he disliked portrait painting.

"I shan't have time to read anything if you tease me," he said gravely; "you have not read your letter yet."

Nuna went away at once. She was trying not to be vexed by Paul's manner—a manner which, it seemed to her, grew more and more chill and indifferent.

"It's only from Mrs. Bright;" but she sat down and read her letter.

"Oh, Paul!"—her face was full of delight.

Paul had got interested at last in a corner of the paper which he was ashamed of looking at. He was in the midst of a description of a dinner and ball in Park Lane, given by Mrs. Downes the night before. He read the list of distinguished names; among them were some artists of various kinds.

"She might have asked me." There was an angry glow in his eyes as he looked up at Nuna.

"Well, what?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon for interrupting you again, but here's an invitation for Gray's Farm, to go down on Saturday and stay as long as we can."

"Well, you had better go," said Paul; "it will do you good."

"But you'll go too, dearest?" She could not believe that Paul could wish her to go away and leave him alone.

"Me—fancy my leaving town just when I'm so busy! I don't know how to get daylight enough! besides, I want to go away myself on Saturday."

"Then let me go with you instead," said Nuna beseechingly. "I would much rather go away alone with you, than be at Gray's Farm together even."

"Well, I can't exactly. Pritchard's coming back, I hear—you need not look miserable, Nuna—he's not coming to London, he's going to Scotland; and some of us have settled to go down and meet him at Harwich, and hear what he's been doing all this time."

"But don't artists' wives ever go about with their husbands?" Nuna felt very miserable spite of all her efforts.

"Sometimes, of course; but I don't fancy you would care to be the only woman of the party. If it were only Pritchard, it would be different; but there are some fellows going I should not like you to know—you would not understand each other at all."

"Oh!" she wondered why Paul should care to associate with companions he could not introduce to his wife—she only said, "How long shall you be away?"

"A day or two; I shall be back long before you come home." Something in her face pricked his conscience. "I'm so glad you should have this change, my darling."

"Oh, Paul!"—she was thrown off her

balance by his unusual tenderness; "you don't suppose I'm going there without you; what pleasure could I find away from you?"

"You'd much better go," but he kissed her and told her she was a dear little goose, and that when she got down to Gray's Farm she would be as blithe as a bird.

And then he hurried off to Park Lane.

Patty sat to him every day now, and he had grown to feel a restless impatience till the time for the sitting came. He hardly knew why this was; he was not in love again with Mrs. Downes; he had never said a word to her which he would not have said to any others of his sitters; but she had become to him like a story, and each day he seemed to turn over some yet more interesting page.

"She is unhappy, I am sure of it," he said to himself, "and yet she never complains. I expect that fellow Downes is a fastidious, carping idiot; those small-minded men are always tyrants; she's too good for him by half."

Too good for him! At first, fresh from a purer, more natural atmosphere, Paul Whitmore had gone away disgusted with what seemed to him Patty's deceit and artificial character. He told himself that she had the power of being exactly that which she thought most sure to please the human being she had resolved to fascinate; he acknowledged her power, but he shrank from it, and, as we know, he resolved not to see her again.

People write and often realize in their intercourse with other people, that scales fall from their eyes; that in an hour, it may be in an instant, a sudden revelation will come by means of a word or a look—a revelation which will dethrone an idol and destroy an implicit trust. And this case is enacted inversely only by a different process: just as the enchantress bound Thalaba, not by one firm chain, but by a continuous, unnumbered succession of silken threads, so will persons, and things too, from which at the outset there has been an instinctive shrinking, become even attractive when keen perceptive powers have become deadened by the familiarity of constant sight or use. In Paul Whitmore's case this deadening had not been left only to mere negative influence; Patty had first studied him with all her skill, sharpened by the keenness with which jealousy aids a woman's insight, and then she had thrown herself at once into the character which, according to her conception of it, must surely fascinate Paul. She was gentle, often silent, with a pensiveness bordering on melancholy; and then she would sparkle into one of those glimpses of smiling sunshine which brought back to him a vision of the honeysuckle porch in the lane. And after the first, Patty was not a conscious deceiver during the long interviews between them. To her, acting was more natural than simplicity; she was carried away by her part and by the interest she found in it.

She did not often surprise admiration in those long, all-embracing glances that seemed to come direct from the artist's soul; but when she did surprise it, was it not something quite different to Maurice's incessant, complacent satisfaction?

"The very approval of a man like Paul," she thought, "makes one prouder of oneself; what does one care for praise when those who give it don't know the real value of what they are admiring?"

And yet it is possible that if Mrs. Downes had felt as sure of Paul Whitmore's admiration as she did of her husband's, their position in her eyes would have been reversed.

Lately, the sittings had become less interesting to her than they were to the artist. She had been presented; she was already talked about as beautiful; and she was impatient to see her picture framed, and to enjoy the homage paid to the loveliness it represented. It had taught her to set a yet higher value on her beauty; just at present she was very much in love with herself.

With a strange inconsistency she rejoiced when the last sitting came.

"How soon shall we have the picture back framed, and ready to hang up?" she said eagerly.

Paul was looking at her while she spoke, and he became conscious of her supreme vanity. He felt wounded; and then he smiled at himself for being harsh.

"You are glad the whole business is over; I've no doubt it has been a great bore," he said. The smile was on his lips, but there was a wistful look in his eyes, and Patty answered—

"You like me to be glad, don't you, that you have made such a success? you like me, too, to glory in the appreciation others must give to your skill,"—here her eyes drooped; "but you know that is all I rejoice in—no, not quite all." He looked up suddenly; there was the bright, artless glance that had so bewitched him long ago at Ashton; her voice was so low that no syllable reached even the strained ears of Miss Coppock, as she sat pretending to read at the other end of the room.

"What else, then?" said Paul, forced out of all self-restraint.

"Must I tell? I thought without words you would have known what these hours have been to me,"—she sighed: "but then I forget that sympathy is not as unknown to you as it is to me."

Her blue eyes had tears in them, and she again looked up at Paul.

Miss Coppock could not hear, but she could see; and her eyes told her that Mrs. Downes had said something which confused and agitated Mr. Whitmore.

Patience put down her book, and came close up to the artist, as he stood beside the picture, silent, but with a flush which mounted to his forehead.

"Is it quite finished?" she said; "dear me, how very nice it looks."

Patty never moved, but she could cheerfully have boxed Miss Coppock's ears.

Paul felt suddenly disappointed, as if a draught had been snatched from his lips—yet with a deep hidden away knowledge that the draught was unwholesome. He turned, so as to face Miss Coppock.

"It is not quite finished, but I shall not touch it again till I see it in the frame, and that will not be till Saturday. I am going away for a day or two; I shall look at it with fresh eyes when I come back."

"Miss Coppock, will you be good enough to ask Mr. Downes to come up stairs?"

Patty knew that her husband was out, but she was determined to know, before Paul left her, the impression he had of her.

Miss Coppock went; but the spell over Paul was broken. He smiled when Patty looked at him again, and the flush faded from his face.

"You do not give me up because the picture is finished," she said softly; "you will come and see me sometimes, unless indeed it bores you to come."

"That is not likely;"—and then he looked grave—"but a man who has his way to make in the world has no time for visiting."

Patty's eyes sparkled with anger; she could not understand him; still she said with her most winning sweetness, "Good-bye; I know you will come."

CHAPTER XLV.

MR. PRITCHARD'S ADVICE.

Stephen Pritchard had not improved in his travels. According to Jeremy Taylor, much travelling is not likely to raise a man's mind, however much it may widen it. When Paul Whitmore reached Harwich, he found his friend with looser notions than ever about life.

"Either I've grown more straitlaced, old fellow, or else your free-thinking has gone ahead since we parted company."

"By which you mean to insinuate that I have deteriorated. Stop a bit; let us argue the point, as an old aunt of mine has a way of saying when you ask her to lend you money in a hurry. In the first place, as to body; look at

yourself, and then look at me. You are, of course, the best-looking man of the two, inasmuch as you are not blessed with a Roman nose turned upside down, which I take mine to be; and you have black eyes instead of boiled gooseberries under your brows; but I'm speaking of health, sir. You are pale, and thin, and sallow; you look worried to death; whereas my portly visage has grown so smooth and rosy, that Care couldn't drive a furrow across it, if she tried: there's an elasticity of health on it which resists all impression from without."

"Care comes usually from within." Paul was vexed, and amused at the same time.

"Don't be in a hurry, I'm coming to that, and don't forget also that I've been living under sunny skies, where life is treated more rationally than it is in our breathless little island. I've been enjoying existence abroad—not using life as a machine full of faculties for making the largest possible amount of money in the shortest possible amount of time. Care may come from within, but it won't come of itself; it comes chiefly from the contemplation of some possible or ideal future. Paul, my dear fellow, I gave you all the warning I could, but you wouldn't listen. I'm sorry for you, but you are the very last man who ought to have married."

Paul made no answer. He thought Pritchard was trespassing beyond any right of friendship. He felt sorry their companions had left them to finish the evening together.

They were sitting near the window, and could see the lights glittering over the shadowy town, and hear the swell of the waves plashing against the pier.

"Paul,"—Pritchard's voice was as soft as a woman's; it sounded strangely sweet in the dim silence,—"you mustn't get huffed if I speak my mind. I shall look upon you as a youngster when you have a grey beard. Just now I said I hadn't a care or an anxiety, but I've got them in looking at you. I should like to know what's amiss. I've not seen such trouble in your face since that time when you first came back from Ashton. Stop; I've not done; what I mean is this—marriage is a mistake for such a man as you are; and if you and your wife are not happy together, part at once, and save each other a life's misery."

Paul started up; but Pritchard would be heard out.

"I speak for her sake quite as much as for yours. She has a soul that will never be satisfied with any love that does not match hers. Bless you"—he tried to laugh, ashamed of his own earnestness—"I understand women: they're best studied through their eyes—when they are true women, that's to say; but for all that they were never meant to torment a man's life out to satisfy their conceptions of what life ought to be: therefore I say, if a man isn't happy with his wife, it's a far kinder act to separate from her than to break her heart by constant disappointments."

Paul had stood grasping the back of his chair while he listened.

"Unless you mean us to quarrel, Pritchard, you must avoid the subject altogether,"—he was deeply offended, and his voice showed it; "but it seems better to tell you, once for all, you are quite mistaken: my wife and I are very happy."

He left the room. He would not go out; he was afraid Pritchard might follow him, or that he might meet the two artists, who just then would have been most unwelcome.

He went upstairs into his bedroom, and threw open the window. It had been a great effort to keep his hands off Pritchard. That he should dare to speak of his married life to him at all was unbearable; but that he should have studied Nuna so as to give him (Paul) a new insight into her heart, had been so startling, that astonishment had for the time held anger within bounds. It blazed out now fierce and unchecked.

That a free-thinking, pleasure-loving being like Pritchard should presume to give his advice on so sacred and delicate a subject as married happiness, was intolerable.

"What can he know about it?" said Paul; "what can he know about the love of any pure good woman, or about how it should be prized and cherished?"

He pulled up short here, as if his thoughts had run against a stone wall; but they went on again, glancing aside from the question he had asked.

"Strange that he should have formed that opinion of Nuna! I wonder what he got it from—her eyes, he said;" and Paul sat pondering till the lights grew brighter in the deepening blackness, and the hum of voices in the street below his window grew hushed, and left the dull plash of the waves to unbroken monotony. Was Nuna dissatisfied? He had told Pritchard he and his wife were happy together; happy—and then he began to question the meaning of the word.

"Why did I marry?" he asked himself, not repiningly, but in earnest seriousness—and the answer came, he had married for happiness, with a yearning for that pure bliss which his own early memories had taught him was to be found in a loving union, in a true home.

He had been young at the time of his father's death, but still he had distinct detached memories of seeing his parents together. He recalled these now; he was trying to discover whether his notion of married happiness was not something fantastic and unreal.

"I've read that our capacity for happiness is larger than is our power of gratifying it, and this is one of the means by which we are taught to aspire to the perfect love of heaven; but yet I fancy there may be intense happiness on earth for those who have full sympathy in its enjoyment: surely, so simple, so uncostly a thing as domestic happiness is within the reach of all."

You laugh at Paul for thinking this, you say he is visionary, he has none of that valuable and popular quality which those who have no other faculty label "invaluable common sense;" but your common sense may help you here, if you remember that Paul Whitmore had seen little of married life, and that the few families he knew intimately were happy and united.

It seemed to him, as his thoughts travelled back to childish days, that his father and mother were always associated in his recollections—and then he remembered to have heard that they were not happy apart: almost Nuna's own words when she said good-bye to him. How wistful she had looked; and he had thought her tiresome not to take his absence more as a matter of course. A feeling of self-reproach came—how often he had left Nuna, and they had not been married a year!

"Though, in the love I am thinking of, time would make no difference, unless indeed affection became deepened and intensified by daily growth—a growth quickened by acts of love, done for the sake of one another."

He was getting less visionary, you see, but he was still vague; he still trusted in love itself too much as a sheet-anchor, without premising that the love must be so pure, so perfect, so really heaven-born, as to make the home in which it hides itself from worldly eyes an earthly Paradise. He knew what he meant and what he wanted; memory told him, and something nearer than memory, that he was the child of such a home: but as yet Paul only knew it might be; he did not grasp that the treasure he sought lay on his own hearthstone, and might be his if he really loved Nuna as she loved him. If he had asked Nuna why she married, she could not have given the same deliberate answer. She would probably have said that life would have been intolerable away from Paul; if she had been older, and so had gained insight into her own nature, she would have known that the overmastering love she bore to Paul had so united her to him that she had no separate existence. Left alone away from him, life became grey and neutral-tinted,—she was like a chrysalis; her own life lay shrivelled in the past; only the presence of her love could quicken her pulses and rouse her from apathy and vacancy. No one had

ever warned Nuna against idolatry; all other love since Mary's death had been thrown back on the ardent young soul, as the cold grey rock flings back the waves on the stones of the beach. Paul had drawn out her hidden love, kindled it, all unconscious of its intense and ardent power, till Nuna had grown to believe that there was no happiness that could satisfy so exacting a nature as her own. From the first she had a consciousness that she had been easily won, that her love had existed before Paul's had. It was her character to take blame to herself; it had not occurred to her, except in petulant, quickly repented of moments, seriously to doubt the strength of her husband's love.

While Paul sat thinking, it came to him that two subjects were continually trying to piece themselves together in his mind, and that from this very persistence there must be some mysterious affinity between them—the love of his father and his mother, and Pritchard's mention of Nuna. He called up the vision of her eyes; there seemed to him to be reproach in their lovely tenderness. Was he unhappy away from Nuna? No;—he tried to answer Yes; but he remembered that of his own free will he had settled to stay a day longer with Pritchard than he had at first intended.

He was uneasy and restless; he got up and walked about. Pritchard's advice came back, and he felt more angry than ever that he should have given occasion for such an expression of opinion; and as he raised his head haughtily, and threw back his hair with the old familiar action, Nuna's eyes, pleading, tender,—how passionately tender!—seemed to be looking from the dark corner of the room.

Paul's head lowered suddenly, and his hand clasped over his eyes. He was not trying to shut out the picture he had seen, he was concentrating thought on it. His heart swelled and throbbed with a strange mixture of sorrow and joy: sorrow in which remorse was mingled, and joy full of anticipation. Yes, he had wronged his wife; he had not been untrue to her: in his heart Paul still thought he had behaved admirably and with rare self-denial in his interviews with Mrs. Downes, but he ought not to have kept a secret from Nuna.

"I never will have another," he said; "I'll tell her everything, and she's such a darling, for the very telling her she'll forgive at once."

In his usual impulsive fashion he settled to go home directly. Why not? it was not ten o'clock yet. He packed his bag, went down and wrote a note to Pritchard, who had gone to bed, and then found that no train left till six o'clock next morning.

This news set his impatience so ablaze that he went out, left his bag at the station, and resolved to pass the time awake.

He made his way to the pier and sat there, looking out over the sea, grown so quiet and still now, that its vast smooth surface seemed to vex his restlessness. He sat thinking still of Nuna; had he given her much unhappiness? The only time he had ever suspected she might have grief which she hid away, was on that night when he had been startled at the fire in her eyes; he had warned her against jealousy then, and he remembered the strange echo his words had had to him; he remembered, too, that on that same night had come the note from Mr. Downes.

"It would be terrible to make her jealous," he said thoughtfully; but he was thinking more of the disunion and strife it would cause than of the pain to Nuna's heart. He wondered now at the fascination he had found in those sittings in Park Lane, and side by side with the tender passion of his wife's eyes he saw that last look of Patty's. He turned from it with a feeling of reproach; he asked himself how he would like Nuna to look into any man's eyes as Patty had thus looked into his—into Will Bright's, for instance.

"What a Pharisee I'm growing!" he scoffed at himself. "Bright himself could not be narrower—as if women know what their eyes say; it's just a

trick of expression: I have heard Nuna herself complain of her stepmother's lectures about this. Poor darling! she hasn't an idea of the way in which her eyes betray her."

And yet, that last look of Patty's, judge it as leniently as he would, had suddenly robbed her of the charm which had held him in thrall; it had brought back his first shrinking. Which was the real woman, he asked himself, as he sat there in the darkness—the Patty he had grown to believe in, or the artificial, worldly creature he had recognized at his first meeting with Mrs. Downes?

But Nuna's claims upon him had been strengthening even while his mind had wandered from them. He was angry with himself for thus wasting his thoughts away from her.

He did not attempt to analyse his feelings,—there was a blissful certainty of coming joy in them which was too exciting for such a process; but he felt that Nuna had never seemed so precious—felt, too, in a half-real way, as a man feels who is suddenly told that a familiar book in his library is of rare value, not to be purchased for money.

He might have got a clue to the change in himself if he had remarked his complacency regarding Pritchard; he had forgotten all about his friend's unpalatable advice.

By the time twelve o'clock sounded over the silent town, Paul felt so reconciled to life that he went back to the inn, and, finding his room still disengaged, went to bed and slept soundly till Boots roused him for his early journey.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A DISCOVERY.

NUNA had not slept all night; and now, as she sat before her untasted breakfast, her eyes looked hard and bright, and there was a feverish spot on each cheek, which showed that want of rest had not overmastered the inward trouble that was working in her heart. Literally at work in every pulse-beat, it seemed to thrill over her whole body; a feeling till now latent had been roused to active life.

On the night before, she had sat up later than usual. Paul would be home the next evening; only twenty-four hours before she saw him; would he come, or should she get a letter to say, as he had said before, that he should stay away yet another day?

"How can I bear it?" she had said on this evening; "if he only could once know what his presence is to me, he would come, I know he would."

Nuna had never been able to conceive herself as necessary to Paul as he was to her: without fathoming the shallowness of her husband's affection for her, she had accepted as a disappointment, but still as an inevitable fact, that women were made for men, and not men for women; and when her imagination grew rebellious of the curb she strove to lay on it, and pictured earthly joys, more intense than any she had known, in the heart to heart communion of two souls made one by love, she had tried to school herself by the conviction that she was not worthy of Paul, and that she got as much of his affection as she could hope for.

"I was too easily won," she said. "Why else has he been so cold and silent lately? I am not companion enough for him, and he gets dull—ah! but——" and she remembered how lovingly he had urged her to go to Gray's Farm.

"But that was to go away from him," and she smiled through the tears in her eyes. For the present her grief lay hushed within her; she had nothing actually to complain of, she tried to hope that time would work a change.

"If you please, ma'am," said the prim maid, "here's a man with a picture from the frame-maker's. He's not quite sure if he was to bring it here or to Park Lane; but he says, as it's so late, he'll leave it now and call again in the morning to know if it's right."

"Very well," said Nuna; "say your master is out, and I don't know if it is right, but he can bring the picture in."

A man came in, almost staggering

under the weight he carried, but Nuna was pre-occupied,—she did not look round even to see where he placed the picture.

The man went out again, the servant followed him, and the door was closed.

The strange feeling of depression which had hung over Nuna lately was still heavy upon her. She felt nervous, and wished suddenly that the studio was not so large, so that the shadowy, far-off corners might lose the gloomy terrors which she thought oppressed her.

"I'll go to bed," she said; "I have sat up till I'm tired out. I believe I am afraid of that huge picture; I wonder what it can be. The best way is to look at it."

She had shrunk from doing this, remembering Paul's dislike to be questioned about his portraits; but in his absence it was such a dear delight to gaze on something that his hand had touched—something created by the mind she so worshipped.

The picture had been placed against the bookcase; Nuna had been sitting at the table with her back towards it. She took her reading lamp, and went close up to it; her eyes did not at once reach the face; she was arrested by the marvellous painting of the hands, the grace of the attitude; "so simple, so unstudied," she said. "Paul has given this fine lady the freshness of a country girl."

She started so violently when her eyes reached the face that she nearly upset her lamp—started with a kind of superstitious terror—a terror which raised the hair on her temples, and bathed her forehead in sudden dew; then a scornful smile of incredulity curved her lips; she raised the lamp higher, and took a still closer survey.

She did not start this time. Something seemed to steel her against any outward emotion. Her heart felt dead, stony while she stood, still as the picture itself, taking in every detail of Patty's exceeding loveliness.

She came back to the table at last, set the lamp down, and stood thinking with fixed eyes and clasped hands.

Not for long. Nuna felt on a sudden that if she stayed near the portrait she should do it a mischief. She made no effort against the wild tempest that had risen in her bosom. She had tried, at first, to tell herself that there was some accidental likeness, but conviction stifled this. It was Patty, and she had sought Paul out, and tried to rekindle his old love.

"Oh, God!" moaned Nuna, "take me in mercy! How am I to live, if Paul loves her?"

The night was full of torture. She had spent it mostly in walking up and down her bedroom, pressing her bare feet on the carpet with the longing after pain that mental agony creates; and now this morning she was not really calmer, only stilled by exhaustion.

She had tried to pray, but her dry, parched tongue had uttered words which her heart gave no voice to; and now, as she thought of the hours she was doomed to pass alone in the same room with that smiling, lovely face, her despair grew to frenzy, and she wrung her hands.

Nuna had none of the helpless feebleness which makes some women seek for instant support against sorrow—a feebleness which, if rightly guided, brings true help to the seeker, or, in another way it may be, deepens her misery. Paul had been the rock on which all her hopes had anchored. She only relied on Paul's counsel and will, and now Paul had no more love for her. She must go on loving him; he was a part of her being now; but pride, every true womanly feeling, Nuna thought, must prevent her from showing her love.

"He has separated us by his own act," and the words pierced through her as she spoke them. "Oh, Paul! could you have kept this secret from me if you had ever loved me at all?"

She had no power to withdraw herself from the hateful picture, so she sat through the morning, dry-eyed, waiting for her husband's return.

To be continued.

THE DESCRIPTIVE POETRY OF CHAUCER.

BY STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

THE greatest world of Poetry and the most varied has been built up by the English nation. It began with Cædmon long ago on the wild headland of Whitby, and was "of the grace of God," and the first song it sung was of things divine. Then it sang of battles and the wrath of men, of old romance, of monkish evils, and by and by of the social and political movements, "of the passions and feelings of rural and provincial England," by a voice which came, not like that of Chaucer, from the court and castle, but from the rude villages which clustered round the Malvern Hills. At last in Chaucer it came to sing of men.

The first excellence of Chaucer, an excellence unapproached save by Shakespeare, and in Shakespeare different in kind, was the immense range of his human interest and his power of expressing with simplicity and directness the life of man. His second excellence, and it was an excellence new to English poetry, was his exquisite appreciation and description of certain phases of natural beauty. With him began that descriptive poetry of England, which, passing through many stages, has reached in our century its most manifold development. For as the English Painters have created the art of landscape, so have its Poets more than those of all other nations described the beauty of the natural world. No work, by any people, has ever been done so well. We have passed from the conventional landscape of Chaucer to the allegorical landscape of Spenser. The epic landscape of Milton, varied with ease into lighter forms in the Pastoral and the Lyric, was followed by the landscape of Gray and Collins, a landscape where nature was subordinated to man and to morality. Beattie, Logan, and others infused a somewhat sickly sentiment into their natural description, and nature was still unhonoured by a special worship till Cowper began to speak his simple words about her, and Burns, though with a limited range, described her glory in the lover's eye. Then arose the great natural school, which loved Nature for her own sake. One after another, with unparalleled swiftness of production and variety of imagery, with astonishing individuality, Scott, Coleridge, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats sang of the mountains and skies, of the sea and woods, of streams and moor and flowers. The landscape of Scott was accurate, rich in colour, and romantic in note; the landscape of Coleridge, few as were its pictures, was conceived with passion and of a great range; the landscape of Byron was largely composed and of delightful clearness and force; the landscape of Shelley was transcendental, and he alone finds an analogy in the ideal pictures of Turner; but none have grasped with so much realism and yet with so much spirituality, with such clearness and with such passion, as Wordsworth and Keats—Keats in this point being only inferior as an undeveloped artist—the aspects and the beauty of the natural world.

The subject of this paper is the rise of this descriptive poetry in the poems of Chaucer. I shall leave out, in discussing his work, that which is best in it: the delineation of human character; the close way in which passion is grasped; the tender, yet sometimes broad humour — broad from very healthiness of nature—which makes his pages so delightful and so human.

I shall confine myself to those portions of his poems which are directly

descriptive of natural scenery, or of such additions to the landscape as the scent of flowers, the song of birds, and the pleasant noise of streams, things which appeal to other senses than the eye, and form part of a poetical—though not of a painted—landscape.

The landscape of Chaucer is sometimes taken from the Italian and sometimes from the French landscape. It possesses almost always the same elements, differently mixed up in different poems: a May morning—the greenwood, or a garden—some clear running water—meadows covered with flowers—some delectable place or other with an arbour laid down with soft and fresh-cut turf. There is no sky, except in such rapid allusions as this, "Bright was the day and blue the firmament;" no cloud studies; no conception of the beauty of wild nature.

His range, therefore, is extremely limited, but within the limits his landscape is exquisitely fresh, natural, and true in spite of its being conventional. The fact is, though the elements of the scenery were ready made, the composition of them gave great scope to originality, and Chaucer being a man of unique individuality, could not adopt the landscape even of those poems which he translated without making alterations; and being an Englishman, could not write about the May morning without introducing its English peculiarities. Moreover, the delightful and simple familiarity of the poet with the meadows, brooks, and birds, and his love of them, has the effect of making every common aspect of nature new; the May morning is transfigured by his enjoyment of it; the grass of the field is seen as those in Paradise beheld it; the dew lies on our heart as we go forth with the poet in the dawning, and the wind blows past our ear like the music of an old song heard in the days of childhood. Half this power lies in the sweet simplicity of the words and in the pleasant flowing of the metre.

"The Romaunt of the Rose" will give us the favourite landscape of French mediæval poetry. The poem was written by two men, William of Lorris, and John of Meun, the latter carrying on the task of the former. Chaucer translated all the work done by William, and a sixth part of the additional work. With the poem itself we have nothing to do, but it opens with the accredited French landscape. One morning in May, the month of love, the lover dreams that he rises early and goes out of the town to hear the song of the birds in "the fair blossomed boughs."

He begins with a delightful burst of joy in the coming of the May, the time of love and jollity, when the earth waxeth proud with the sweet dews that on it fall, and the birds escaped from winter are so glad for the brightness of the sun that they must show the blitheness of their hearts in singing.

> "Hard is his hert that loveth nought
> In May, when al this mirth is wrought;
> When he may on these braunches hear
> The smale briddes syngen clere
> Her blesful swete song pitous
> And in this season delytous
> When Love affraieth al thing."

He rises in his dream, and listening to the birds, comes to a river, swiftly running—

> "For from an hille that stood ther nere,
> Came down the streme full stiff and bold,
> Cleer was the water and as cold
> As any well is."

He is "wonder glad" to see this lusty place and the river, and stoops down to wash his face in the clear running water. He sees the bottom paved with gravel, full of beautiful stones. The meadow comes right down to the waterside, soft, sweet, and green. The morning tide is clear, and the air temperate, and he begins to walk through the mead, along the river bank. By and by he comes to a garden, long and broad, and everywhere enclosed with embattled walls, which are painted from end to end with symbolic pictures. This is the mediæval conception of a wild landscape, in which men could take pleasure. It is delicious from its simplicity and quaint order, mixed with

enough of natural freedom to distinguish it from the garden. But it is chiefly delightful for its cool morning atmosphere, and the impression one receives of being bathed in fresh water and "attempred" air. Nothing is permitted in the landscape which could suggest distress or difficulty. The trees are in full leaf, and each has wide room to grow; the grass is smooth as in a pleasaunce; the meadow slopes gradually to the stream. The only thing which rushes is the river, which comes down stiff and bold from the hill, but it is still a hill stream, not a mountain torrent capable of devastation.

This peacefulness of temper, this soothing character of natural beauty, combined with pleasure in cool wells and clear water, and green meadows and the shade of trees, mark all the mediæval landscapes in which poet or painter took delight. One cannot help feeling that the life of the men and women of those times, being, as it was, much coarser and ruder at home than ours, demanded as refreshment this softness and sweetness in nature, just as our over-refined home-life drives us to find refreshment in Alpine scenery, the gloom and danger of which would have horrified the mediæval poet. It is impossible, without smiling, to picture Chaucer or Boccacio in the middle of a pine forest on the slopes of Chamouni, or left alone with Tyndall on the glaciers of Monte Rosa. Both of them would have been exhausted with terror.

But the author of the Romaunt cannot take full pleasure even in this delightful nook of earth. It is too wild for him: it is not till he enters the garden that he is completely happy.

> "The garden was by mesuryng
> Right evene and square in compassing,
> It as long was as it was large,
> Of fruyt hadde every tree his charge,"

and all the fruit was good for the service of man. There were pomegranates, nutmegs, almonds, figs, dates, cloves, cinnamon:—

> "And many a spice delitable,
> To eten whan men rise fro table."

Among these were the homelier trees, bearing peaches, apples, medlars, plums, pears, and other fruits. Then also the great trees for beauty—pine, olives, elms great and strong—

> "Maples, asshe, oke, aspe, planes longe
> Fyne ew, popler and lyndes faire,
> And othere trees fulle many a payre.
> These trees were sette, that I devise
> One from another in assise
> Five fadme or sixe."

Their branches are knit together and full of green leaves, so that no sun can burn up the tender grass. Doves wander under the leafy roof, squirrels leap upon the boughs, and the conies come out upon the grass and tourney together. In certain places, fair in shadow, are wells, and he cannot tell the number of small streams which mirth had "by devise" conducted in conduits all over the garden, and which made a delightful noise in running. About the brink of these wells, and by the streams, sprung up the grass, as thick-set and soft as any velvet, and wet through the moisture of the place. And it much amended all, that the earth was of such a grace that it had plenty of flowers.

> "There sprang the violete alle newe
> And fressche pervinke riche of hewe
> And floures yelowe, white and rede;
> Sic plenty grewe there never in mede.
> Ful gay was alle the ground, and queynt,
> And poudred, as men had it peynt
> With many a fressh and sondry flour;
> That casten up ful good savour."

This then is his perfect landscape. "I must needs stop my tongue," he says, "for I may not without dread tell you all the beauty nor half the goodness of this place."

One marks in all this the subordination of nature to man. The garden is arrayed for his delight, trees for his shade, grass soft for his repose, all the fruits and herbs necessary for his sickness and health, for his pleasure in sweet scents and delicate tastes.

I have no doubt that the idea of this submission of nature to man, which is so constant in the poems of this time, arose out of the account of Paradise in

the Book of Genesis, where not only the rivers water the garden but the herbs and fruits are specially set for the service of man, and man is placed in the garden to dress and keep it. Eden was much more of a rich kitchen garden than one thinks, and so is the garden here, till we come to the rosary surrounded by the hedge, where the God of Love, hiding behind a fig-tree, shoots the poet to the heart.

But we ought especially to observe the order and definite arrangement of the whole, so different from our actual dislike of nature defrauded of her own wild will. The garden is even and square by measure; the trees are planted in pairs, and are set five or six fathoms apart; the small streams are led over the garden in conduits, so as to make an ordered network in the grass.

Even in the pleasant grove which Chaucer describes in the "Flower and the Leaf," there is the same delight in this arrangement:—

> "In which were okes great, streight as a line
> Under the which the gras, so freshe of hewe
> Was newly sprong, and an eight foot or nine
> Every tree well fro his fellowe grewe."

Observe also the definiteness of the description. We are given the number of the feet between tree and tree. Wordsworth tried the same sort of thing in "The Thorn," when he described the pool—

> "I've measured it from side to side,
> 'Tis three feet long and two feet wide;"

only that in Chaucer the definiteness belongs to the whole landscape, and arises out of the distinctness with which his imagination saw the grove, while in Wordsworth, the poem being one of human feeling, not of natural description, is spoiled by the revolting prosaism of these two lines. Nothing can be worse than Wordsworth's introduction of himself into the midst of the passion of the poem; we think at once of a surveyor with a two-foot rule in his pocket.

With regard to the whole, it is worth observing that the woods we get into in Chaucer are not the wild greenwood of the ballads, but the pleasant woods full of glades which were near many of the English towns. They have nothing to do with the forest-land of England, nor is there any savage wood in Chaucer's poetry. The place Canace goes to is a grove in her father's park at no distance from the palace. The woodland Chaucer wanders in is such as we have seen close to inhabited spaces, and itself in lovely order. Palæmon and Arcite get into a forest, it is true, but it is also close to the hunting-lodge of Theseus, and is traversed with broad green paths, a forest as well cared for as that of Compiègne, and of the same character.

The only description of a savage wood in Chaucer is of that which is painted on the walls of the House of Fame:—

> "First on the wall was painted a forest
> In which there dwelled neither man nor beaste.
> With knotty, knarry barren trées old
> With stubbes sharp and hideous to behold,
> In which there ran a swimble in a swough."

And this is in reality not the description of what we call a forest, but of a savage part of the Foresta of England. In Chaucer's time, both in England and France, the forest was any wild land over which the people were not permitted to hunt. Hence it came to mean uncultivated land as opposed to cultivated. It might even mean, as it did sometimes in France, the fisheries of the king. At any rate it had not necessarily anything to do with woods, though woods were included under the term. It was used to describe open commons, like Wimbledon Common, with furze and clumps of wild briars. It was used to describe the chalk downs. Chaucer's woods are, however, real woods. He lived for the most part in London. Highgate, Hampstead, and all the hills on the north and north-west were then clothed with great trees; and exactly such a landscape as we find him describing, with the soft sward and the sparsely-planted trees, and the fresh river running near, he could see any morning he pleased by walking up the valley of the Fleet

towards the present ridge of the City Road.

Once more, with regard to this poem, —the "Romaunt of the Rose" and its landscape—we observe what is strange in mediæval work, and which certainly could not have been the case had the poem been an Italian and not a French one, that there is in it no delight in colour. The leaves are said to be green, the flowers yellow, white, and red; but there is no distinctiveness in these expressions, and it is always the power of distinctive allotment of colours, and the choice of such expressions as mark minute shades of them, which proves love of colour in a poet.

The question is, had Chaucer this love of colour? We can fortunately answer that question with particular accuracy. One of his poems—"The Complaynte of a Lovere's Lyfe"—opens with an exact imitation of the "Romaunt of the Rose"—the walk through the wood by the meadows along the river, and the entrance into the garden. A peculiar English landscape touch is inserted, which is not found in the French poem—the lifting of the misty vapour; but it is the glow of colour which is so remarkable. The dew he describes as like silver in shining upon the green mead; flowers of every hue open out their leaves against the sun, which, gold-burnished in his sphere, pours down on them his beams; the river runs clear as beryl—that is, of a bright sea-green, reflecting probably the grass. The great stones of the encircling wall are green. Within the garden, where the birds in plain and vale were singing so loudly that all the wood rung

"Like as it should shiver in pieces small"—

a wonderful piece of descriptive audacity —and where the nightingale was wresting out her voice with so great might as if her heart would burst for love, Nature had tapestried the soil with colour; the wind blew through white blossoms; the hawthorn wore her white mantle; and the well in the centre, surrounded with velvet grass, has all its sands gold colour seen through the water pure as glass. He has departed from the whole of his model chiefly by insertion of colour; and he is as minute and delicate in its finish as he is large in his broad sketches of its distribution over a landscape. When the eagle blushes—and the absurdity of this does not spoil the lovely piece of colour which follows —it is

"Right as the freshe redde rose newe
Against the summer sun coloured is."

When he watches the fish glancing through the brilliant stream, he tells us that their fins are red and the scales silver bright. Speaking of the oak leaves in spring, he distinguishes, with great delicacy of observation, the colour of the leaves when they first burst from the bud, which are of a red cinereous colour, from that of the fully expanded foliage.

"Some very redde, and some a glad light grene."

When Canace, "bright as the young sun," rises very early in the morning and walks to the dell in her father's park, she sees the sun rising ruddy and broad through the vapour which glides upward from the earth, and passes on to rest beneath a tree white as chalk for dryness, a sharp description of the gaunt white look of a blasted tree seen in the midst of a green wood.

But of all the colours which Chaucer loved in nature, he loved best the harmony of white and green in one of his favourite daisied meadows. In the "Cuckoo and the Nightingale" he holds his way down by a brook-side—

"Til I came to a laund of white and green,
So faire one hadde I never in been:
The ground was greene, ypoudred with daisie,
The flowers and the greves like hie
All ggreene and white, was nothing elles seen."

It may be, in an age when colours in art had each their peculiar religious significance, that Chaucer, a man who had travelled in Italy and who had himself the instinct of symbolism, had

some spiritual meaning in the constant association of these two colours of white and green. Green, the hue of spring, signified hope, and particularly the hope of Immortality; white was the emblem, among other things, of light and joy, and was always in pictures the colour of the robe worn by the Saviour at and immediately after His Resurrection, especially when in that touching legend, He goes to visit His Mother first in her own house. So that, if this conjecture be true, the whole delight and rapture of Chaucer in a spring morning as he lay in a daisied meadow and heard the birds chaunt their service of praise to God, had a further sentiment to his heart—the sentiment of religious victory, the hope and joy of the resurrection to immortality.

Still dwelling on Chaucer's colour, it is curious the number of concentrated pictures which are to be found in his poems, pictures so sharply drawn in colour that they might be at once painted from the description. Here is one which Burne Jones might put down in colour on the canvas. The poet, in the conventional May morning, comes to a green arbour in a delectable place, benched with new and clean turf. On either side of the door a holly and a woodbine grow. One can imagine the exquisite way these two plants would mingle their leaves in glossy and dead colour, the flowers of the woodbine running through both, like one thought drifting hither and thither through dreams; and how Chaucer must have smiled with pleasant joy when he saw them in his vision. He looks in and the arbour is full of scarlet flowers, and down among them, sore wounded, "a man in black and white colour, pale and wan," is lying, bitterly complaining. Scarlet, black, white, one sees that, "flashing upon the inward eye," not in outline, nor in detail, but in colour, and that is the test whether a poet is a good colourist or not. It is no common excellence. Our mind's eye, which as we read creates the landscape before it, demands harmony of colour in the poetical as much as in the actual landscape. On the other hand, to give no colour in a landscape which we know must have colour, or to insist on one colour till the eye of the imagination is dazzled by it, is equally bad in poetical work.

There is a splendid study of colour, unequalled in its way in our literature, in Chaucer's picture of the cock in the "Nun's Priests Tale." The widow keeps in her yard a famous stock of poultry—

"In which she had a cock, hight Chaunteclere,
In al the lond of crowyng was noon his peere.
His vois was merier than the mery orgon,
On masse dayes that in the chirche goon;
Well sikerer was his crowyng in his logge
Than is a clok or abay orologge.
His comb was redder than the fine coral,
And battayld, as it were a castel wal.
His bile was blak, and as the geet it schon;
Like asur were his legges and his ton;
His nayles whitter than the lily flour,
And lik the burnischt gold was his colour."

It is as forcible and as brilliant as a picture of Hondecoeter, whose cock, a glorious bird, used to sit to him like a human being.

It is plain that a special study like this of an animal is not unfitting in the sphere of poetry, but one may doubt whether a poetical description of a landscape, even of so centralized a piece of landscape as that of the arbour, ought to be so given as to be capable of being rendered at once by the sister art of painting. It is a well-known critical rule, that the arts ought never to travel out of their own sphere—that no landscape in poetry should be conceived, as it were, from a painting, nor capable of being painted, and that no landscape picture should be capable of being described in words. In both the poetical and the pictorial landscape there ought to be elements above and beyond the power of the other art to render, and if Chaucer's landscapes were always the same as that of the arbour, and the black and white man among the scarlet flowers, he would have been justly called an inferior artist. But this is by no means the case; the direct contrary is the case.

The influence of the landscape on the senses and on the heart is almost always clearly marked, especially the glow and joy which the resurrection of the earth in Spring imparts to mind and body. He cannot restrain his delight in the colour of the trees. He breaks out:—

> "But Lord, so I was glad and wel begone,
> For over all where I mine eyen caste
> Were trees clad with leaves that aie shal last
> Eche in his kind, with colour freshe and grene
> As emeraude, that joy it was to sene."

He has "inly so great pleasure in sweet scents that he thinks he is ravished into paradise." The song of the nightingale enchants him into such an ecstasy that he does not know, he says, "where he was." Wherever he goes, by brook or through meadow, he throws himself with simple but passionate feeling into the life of all things; never, as our modern poets do, confusing himself with nature, or imputing to her his feelings; but always humbly and naturally receiving, without a thought of himself, almost devotionally, impressions of sensible and spiritual beauty from the natural world. There is nothing more beautiful in Chaucer's landscapes than our own vision of the child-like man moving about in them in happy "ravishment." We must conceive him as painted by the host in the prologue to the tale of "Sir Thopas"—

> "Thou lokest as thou woldest fynde a hare,
> For ever on the ground I see thee stare"—

large-bodied, for the host jokes with him on his being as round in the waist as himself—

> "He in the wast is schape as well as I,"

but with features small and fair—

> "He seemeth elvisch by his countenance."

The word "elvisch," both in its then and later meaning, touches the poetic quality of some of Chaucer's poetry, and the innocent mischief of his humour is elfish enough at times. But Chaucer used the word to express nothing more than that his features were small and delicate.

This simple childlikeness and intensity of Chaucer, two qualities which, when they do not exclude, exalt each other, and which, when combined in harmonious proportions, are the first necessity of a poetic nature, flow over all his landscapes like the rejoicing, enchanting light of dawn. This is the first of those elements of his poetry which makes his landscapes impossible to be painted.

Of two other unpaintable things the landscape is also full—of the scent of flowers, and the songs of birds, and now and then of the noise of water.

In the "Flower and the Leaf," after describing one of his favourite arbours and the pleasant sight of the cornfields and the meadows, he suddenly feels so sweet an air of the "eglantere" that no heart, however overlaid with froward thoughts but would have relief if it had once felt this savour sweet. An additional delicacy is given to the whole landscape by this sudden rich appeal to another sense. The delight of a sweet smell enhances all his pleasure. But he is not content with this alone, and here comes in that law of harmony of which I have spoken as marking the great artist's work—there must be a melody of scents, a chord of odour as a chord of colour. So further on, as he is searching for the nightingale, he finds her in a fresh green laurel tree,

> "That gave so passing a delicious smell
> *According* to the eglantere full well."

In another poem the same thought occurs of all things in nature, however different, being in musical accord.

> "And the river that I sat upon,
> It made such a noise as it ron
> Accordant with the bridde's harmony;
> Methought it was the best melody
> That might been yheard of any mon."

Again, the whole of Chaucer's landscapes is ringing with the notes of birds. The woods seem to him to be breaking to pieces with the shrill and joyous sound. He enters into the whole of their life. He sees them tripping

out of their bowers, rejoicing in the new day. He watches them pruning themselves, making themselves gay, and dancing and leaping on the spray, and singing loud their morning service to the May. He is lured into a trance by the ravishing sweetness of the nightingale, and in the trance he hears a battle royal between the nightingale and the cuckoo.

At another time he sees all the small fowls, as he calls them, clustering on the trees and of the season fain, and he cannot help translating their song for them. Some of them, delighted to escape the sophistries of the fowler employed against them all the winter, sing loudly, "The fowler we defy, and all his craft." Others, full of the summer, worship and praise love, and in their pleasure turn often upon the branches full of soft blossoms crying, "Blessed be St. Valentine." At another time, they wake him as he lies in bed through the noise and sweetness of their song, sitting on his chamber roof and on the tiles, and sing the most solemn service by note that ever man had heard. And some sang low and some high, but all of one accord. None of them fained to sing. Each of them pained herself to find out the merriest and craftiest notes, and not one of them spared her little throat.

They are the priests of Love in Chaucer, and they offer up the adoration of universal nature—"Nature the vicar of the Almighty Lord"—to God. At the end of the "Court of Love," all the birds meet to sing matins to Love. The poem itself is an allegorical paraphrase of the matins for Trinity Sunday and has been objected to as impious, but this would be impossible in so religious a mind as Chaucer's, and when he makes them sing their naive matins to the King of Love, he has the thought of Love as the law of God's government of the universe in his mind. Nothing can be fresher and more charming than the poem. The birds cluster round the desk in a temple shapen hawthorn-wise. Each of them takes part in the service. They praise the past season of May, and bid the flowers all hail at the lectern. The goldfinch, fresh and gay, declares that Love has earth in governance; the wren begins to skip and dance with joy when she hears that pleasant tale; the throstle-cock sings so sweet a tune that Tubal himself (for Chaucer confuses him with Jubal), the first musician, could not equal; the peacock, the linnet take up the service, and the owl awaked starts out and blesses them: "What meaneth all this merry fare, quoth he;" the lark and kite join in; and last the cuckoo comes to thank God for the joyous May, but so heartily and so gladly that he bursts out into a fit of laughter, Chaucer's way of describing that reduplication of his note when he takes to flight, cuck-cuck-ooo. Having done, the Court of Love rushes out into the meadows to fetch flowers fresh, and branch and bloom, hawthorn garlands, blue and white; with these they pelt one another, flinging primroses and violets and gold, and the royal feast is over.

Once more, flowers form a part of the landscape of Chaucer. They were part of nearly all the mediæval landscapes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and were sometimes painted with exquisite skill and tenderness. In some instances they had a definite religious significance. Roses, as in that wonderful trellised hedge of roses in Veronese's picture at Venice, symbolize the Virgin as the Rose of Sharon. Lilies, of course, represent purity. But when flowers and fruits are symbolical, they are generally placed in the hands or on the head of the saints, and do not properly form part of the landscape.

There is a very charming instance of their religious use in a picture of Benozzo Gozzoli in the National Gallery. St. Jerome and St. Francis kneel at the feet of the Virgin. A red rose-bush, full of flowers, has sprung out of the earth at the knees of St. Jerome, a clustered plant of the large white lily at the knees of St. Francis. The meadow is full of wild flowers; these two alone are flowers of culture, and they represent that the two saints offer to the Virgin her own qualities of love and

purity, and strive to imitate them in their lives.

Sometimes flowers enter the mediæval landscape as objects of mere pleasure, for the delight which the artist had in their colour, not with any distinct meaning. In the picture of the Battle of Sant' Egidio, in the National Gallery, Paulo Uccello has filled the whole middle distance with a hedge of red and white roses. At one end an orange-tree, laden with golden globes of fruit, rises beyond the hedge; at the other end is a pomegranate, breaking open its fruits with ripeness. The picture has been cited as a type of the neglect of the earth's beauty by reason of the passions of men. It may seem that to us, but Paulo Uccello, one is sure, had no such meaning. He brought in the roses and fruits as an ornamental background, and if he had any further thought it was that he wished to send Carlo Malatesta to his fate in the midst of the flowers and fruits among which he was pleased to sit in his garden when his guests were singing and dancing on the grass of his rosery.

But on the whole, the Tuscan or other Italian schools before Raphael do not take pleasure in cultivated flowers so much as in meadows and the common wild flowers. The grass is almost always the grass of Chaucer, soft and sweet and moist; the meadows are generally water meadows, and one either receives the impression of water being near at hand from the richness of the grass, or sees the river winding away in the distance. I take a few instances from the National Gallery of the treatment of meadow land and flowers by the earlier artists. They are all coincident in feeling with Chaucer's rapture in grass, and they illustrate his love of wild flowers.

Perugino's great St. Michael stands in a rich green mead, with one or two wild flowers; but Raphael, being the gentler angel and the angel of the earth, is walking with Tobit through an exquisite field where the grass is short, like smooth turf, and full of small and brilliant flowers of the field, blue, white, crimson, and gold, each growing separately, like the trees in Chaucer's grove, in lovely order, so that, even in the open meadow, the impression of definite arrangement and culture is given, only it is not the culture of the garden, for the angel of the earth loves the fields.

Filippino Lippi, in our picture, places his saints in wild grass land, and the only flowers he admits are the commonest, such as the flowering nettle. Piero di Cosimo, in that strange picture of his of the Death of Procris, places the dying maiden in a deep meadow, starred all over with the large and small daisy, and the wild anemone. Two tall reed-grass clusters, with flowers, shoot up on either side of the group. Raphael's St. Catherine stands among marshy meadows, lush and soft, with scarcely any flowers, not one of the garden character.

It is curious that in all these there is pleasure, not in flowers by themselves, but in flowers and grass, and the flowers more for the sake of the grass than the grass for the flowers. Even in the "Bacchus and Ariadne," painted when the love of flowers had increased, and where one would think that Titian would have made nature lavish of her beauty, we have only the columbine, the great blue iris, which grows wild, the lupine, and the rude equisetum—the horse-grass which in our country springs up in rough moorland beside the pools. Marco Basaiti, another Venetian artist, whose landscape is not Venetian, but almost always laid among such scenes as one sees in travelling between Verona and Padua—terraced hills with castles and walls running down to the plain, stone-strewed fields, over which oxen are ploughing, a city in the distance, a few scattered trees, a rude well and clover meadows—gives all his strength to the clover, and almost omits the flowers in his foreground. In that picture of the Death of St. Peter Martyr, which Lady Eastlake has presented to the National Gallery, the carefulness and delight with which the clover-field and the woodland grass are painted are as remarkable as the absence of flowers.

When cultured flowers are introduced

it is either for ornament or religion's sake. There is a most enchanting little group of cut flowers in a glass, standing on a ledge, in a picture by Lorenzo di Credi. They are there purely for the sake of their beauty, but it is the only instance of this in the Gallery among the pictures of the fifteenth century. All the rest—I do not speak of trees such as the citron and pomegranate—with the omission of Paulo Uccello's picture, are devoted to grass and its flowers.

I have discussed this at length that we may come with more comprehension to the grassy landscape of Chaucer. It forms the greater part of all his natural description, and his delight in it is unbounded. The flowers he mentions, roses being excepted, are all grass flowers, or flowers of the wild hedges, woodbine, hawthorn, the *Agnus Castus*, the last a shrub of the verbena family, growing in marshy places to the height of five and ten feet. The crown of all is the daisy, the simplest and the commonest. The Queen of the Leaf, in the "Flower and the Leaf," comes in chaunting its praise —"Si douce est la Margarete."

His green mead, with flowers white, blue, yellow, and red, is exactly the meadow of the fifteenth-century art. As to the grass, he never can say enough about it, but it is never coarse. It is turf such as grows in mossy glades; it is small, and sweet, and soft. It is, again, so small, so thick, so short, so fresh of hue, "that most like unto grene wool, I wot, it was." It is often newly sprung, as in May. It is like velvet, it is embroidered with its own flowers. Nothing can compare with it when it shines like silver with the dew of morning; and of all its flowers the daisy, as I said, is the queen. The prologue of the "Legend of Good Women" is entirely taken up with the praises of this flower. It is true he impersonates his lady in the daisy, but the fine touches of observation, and the enthusiasm with which he speaks, mark his love of the flower itself. As the whole piece is characteristic, I give an abstract of it, using Chaucer's own words as much as possible. He begins by describing his delight in books — and we must remember we have here the pleasures of his later years, for this poem is one of his last.

"In mine heart," he says, "I have books in such reverence that there is no game could make me leave them, save only when the month of May is come, and the birds begin to sing and the flowers to spring; then—farewell my book and my devotion!"

I cannot help quoting Wordsworth in comparison:—

> "Books, 'tis a dull and endless strife,
> Come hear the woodland linnet;
> How sweet his music—on my life
> There's more of wisdom in it.
> And hark! how blithe the throstle sings,
> He too is no mean preacher;
> Come forth into the light of things,
> Let Nature be your teacher."

Chaucer goes on: "Of all the flowers in the mead I love most those flowers white and red, such as men call daisies in our town. When the May comes, no day dawneth but I am up and walking in the meadow to see this flower spreading in the sun when it riseth early in the morning. That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow. So glad am I to do it reverence, for it is the flower of all flowers fulfilled of all virtue and honour, fair and fresh of hue, that I love it, and ever shall until my heart die. And when it is eve, I run quickly, as soon as ever the sun begin to west, to see this flower how it will go to rest for fear of night, so hateth it darkness." We see at once where Wordsworth borrowed his thoughts:—

> "When smitten by the morning ray
> I see thee rise, alert and gay,
> Then, cheerful flower, my spirits play
> With kindred gladness:
> And when at dusk by dews oppressed
> Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
> Hath often eased my pensive breast
> Of careful sadness."

Then Chaucer turns and identifies it with his lady, and after some lovely lines proceeds to describe the fire in his heart which drove him forth at the dawn to be at the resurrection of the daisy when it uncloses against the sun. He sets himself right down upon his knees to

greet it. Kneeling alway until it was unclosed upon the small, soft, sweet grass, soon "full softly he begins to sink," and leaning on his elbow and his side, settles himself to spend the whole day for nothing else but to look upon the daisy, or else the eye of day, as he prettily turns its name. When night falls he goes home and has his bed made in an arbour strewn with flowers. He dreams a dream, and sees the God of Love coming through a meadow, and "in his hande a queen." She is the incarnation of the daisy. Her habit is of green, and above the habit, which represents the leaves, rose the flower of her head, crowned with a crown of pearls, like the white petals of the flower, and in the midst a fret or band of gold, the cluster of yellow stamens. One compares this at once with Wordsworth's "A queen in crown of rubies drest." This is Chaucer's hymn of praise to the daisy, half in love of his lady, half in real honour of the flower. It is a charming picture of the simple and happy scholar, now verging into years; devoted all the winter to his books, but in the spring changing from the scholar to the poet—feeling still the secret of the May moving in the chambers of his blood, and dawn and evening worshipping the daisy.

Love of this flower is found again in England the moment the more natural school of poetry arose. In a certain degree it has always kept its place in poetry as the representative flower of the fields and hills; but when the fields and hills were little looked at in England for their own sake, the daisy drops out of our poetry as a direct subject for song. The allusions to it are many, but it is only when we get to Burns and Wordsworth—and Wordsworth, at least, drew the beginnings of his ardour for this flower from Chaucer—that the worship of this little fairy of the field begins again.

Wordsworth has consecrated three poems to its honour. In one he lets his busy fancy weave round it a web of similes, quaint and far-fetched, the lawful work of fancy, which is in poetry what wit is in prose. In another the imagination, which is related to humour, follows the daisy from field to mountain side and forest brook, and marks its varied relations to sudden moods of human feeling. In another, he carries it into a higher but a less poetical region, dwelling on the concord of its daily life with that of humanity, and turning it into a moral lesson.

The poem of Burns is an elegy over the fate of one of these flowers done to death by his ploughshare. It is exquisitely tender, less loaded with thought than Wordsworth's poems, but coming home with more poetic intensity to the nature of the flower. Can anything be happier than this?

> "Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
> Upon thy early humble birth,
> Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
> Amid the storm,
> Scarce reared above the parent earth
> Thy humble form.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> There in the scanty mantle clad,[1]
> Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,
> Thou lift's thy unassuming head
> In humble guise."

But Chaucer's delight in the daisy is more natural, less mixed up with reflection, more direct, and when he does mingle its image with that of Alcestis or of his wife, the two are more completely fused together by imagination than is the case with Wordsworth or Burns. The flower is first in Chaucer. In Wordsworth one thinks more of the thoughts than of the flower. In Burns we pity the flower, and its fate is woven in with the fate of luckless bard and artless maid. But Chaucer would not have considered the ruin which befell the daisy at the hands of Burns a fit subject for poetry. He would have shrunk from it as a sacrilege. Agricultural work on his meadows would have been abominable. They were to be kept soft, and smooth, and sweet, for poets, and knights, and ladies to walk on and to meditate. If daisies

[1] Compare Wordsworth's
"A starveling in a scanty dress."

had to be destroyed by the plough, let the fact be ignored by the poet.

Mr. Ruskin, dwelling on this sentimental view of nature—looked on no longer with the eye of the farmer, for use, but with the eye of the gentleman, for beauty—thinks that the mediæval pleasure in flowers became connected with less definite gratitude to God for the produce of the earth.

This, at least, is not true of Chaucer. Through a great part of his descriptions there exhales an indefinite incense of reverence and thankfulness to God for the beauty of the fields. The religious tone is marked. Even in the more humorous poems, such as the "Assembly of Foules," where Nature, the goddess, is enthroned on a hill enriched with grass and daisies, we are made to feel that Nature is of God, and that the beauty and perfection of the queen is not intrinsic but delegated beauty; and when the daisy is identified with his lady, the wife he loved so well, and made the mistress of all the flowers, we know from many an allusion, that in Chaucer's reverential thought the grace of his lady is derived from the grace of God.

A DIPLOMATE ON THE FALL OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

THERE is much that is curious in comparing the France of 1871 with the France of 1814, the provocation with the revenge, the fall of the First Empire with the fall of the Second.

That instinct for memoir-writing which seems as inherent in the French as the spinning of cocoons in silkworms, is continually laying up hoards for the web and woof of the future historian; who, indeed, becomes so bewildered as time goes on, that nothing but a judgmatical consumption, like the legendary one of the Alexandrian Library, can save the Calliope of the future from congestion of documents upon the brain.

Those who live to see the twentieth century will doubtless have the task of unravelling the webs that are, we may be sure, spinning for them all over Paris and the departments, while we have hardly yet come to the end of the store laid up for us under the First Napoleon.

Jacques Claude Beugnot, the son of a provincial advocate, born in 1761, and bred to the law, having survived the perils of the Reign of Terror, arrived—by a certain trustworthiness, coupled with pliability—at high office under Napoleon, and did not lose his position under the Restoration; he adhered to the Bourbons during the Hundred Days, continued in the Ministry till old age, when the dignity of a Peer of France was somewhat tardily bestowed to decorate his retirement and reward his services. He died in 1835, and selections from his papers were published in different French periodicals by his son, during the subsequent years. In 1868 these were collected by his grandson, Count Albert Beugnot, with the addition of other portions relating to the Bourbons, which it had not been prudent to publish under Louis Philippe. The first edition sold off at Paris with almost unexampled rapidity, and was quickly followed by a second. According to St. Beuve, Beugnot was not a popular man; and by his own writing we should judge him to have been a cool-headed one, never committing himself too far, and always able to save his honour technically, and in his own estimation without doing himself much damage, when a warmer heart would have fallen into the scrapes he avoided.

But this clearness of judgment makes his gossiping records of the men and the times particularly interesting and valuable, dealing as he does with many of the most remarkable incidents of the thirty years between 1785 and 1815.

The most interesting years of his life were spent as President of the Council of Regency of the Grand Duchy of Berg, after Murat had been transferred to Spain. But we pass over these to relate his visit at Mayence, whither he was summoned to meet the Emperor during the armistice, after the first two battles of Lutzen and Bautzen. He says that he found the Emperor's mind as resolute and alert as ever; but he no longer conversed so unreservedly, and evidently thought he had a part to act. The first day he vaunted the full force of all his armies; and whenever he uttered some doubtful assertion, he looked full at his auditor to read the effect in his countenance. Thus, when boasting that he should soon have the most formidable cavalry in Europe, he detected some token of incredulity, and broke forth in the following angry fashion:—"You are," said he, "one of those pedants who always decide wrong. You repeat, after Frederick, that it takes

seven years to make a trooper, and I say that cavalry regiments can be made as fast as any other. Men are put on horseback, and there they sit; that is the whole secret. Look at my guards of honour: there is nothing like those young men for intelligence and intrepidity. They are an admirable cavalry. Have they taken seven years to form?"

There is something remarkable and melancholy in this tyrannical assertion of facts that in the secret soul were doubted, as if the will, once uttered, must establish them. The elder Napoleon has always seemed to me the least personally interesting of the great conquerors of the earth, the only one who had absolutely mean faults, and was emphatically no gentleman; but there are moments during this rapid descent from his summit of power, when it is impossible to deny him pity of a certain kind. As Beugnot says, he was so entirely incapable of expecting reverses, that they took him completely by surprise, and he wasted in storming at them the time he might have used in resistance.

Beugnot watched him with philosophical, half-pitying, half-admiring eyes, but at Mayence was a stern old Brutus out of the Convention, whose feelings were very different, even though he had held office under him. This was Jean-Bon-Saint-André, originally a Calvinist minister, who had embraced the spirit of the Revolution to the utmost. He had been sent out with Admiral de Villaret Joyeuse, to bring back corn from America during the great scarcity in France. The convoy was intercepted by the English fleet, and the admiral would have made off; but the sturdy Republican was too much of a Spartan, he insisted upon fighting, and "spared himself as little as the meanest of the sailors; and yet," says M. Beugnot, "the result was not different from any of the naval actions of the time." It would have been odd if it had been, when an admiral was coerced into fighting by an ex-Huguenot minister. However, enough of the convoy escaped to bring a most timely supply to France, and Jean-Bon came home a hero, and worked as an active member of the Committee of Public Safety, but was exempted from its destruction, and, having survived all these changes, allowed himself to be employed by Napoleon, and was at this time Prefect of Mayence, where he showed himself a model of industry, uprightness, and classical simplicity. His study was furnished with nothing but a lamp, a desk made of four stout deal planks, and six wooden chairs, and here he often spent whole nights.

The city of Hanau had sent in a petition, on which Beugnot and Jean-Bon were desired to report. The old Republican had to make use of an expression of the Emperor's—put his whole conscience into elucidating the Hanau matter, and had drawn up so admirable a report that Beugnot wanted merely to express his approval. "Take care you do no such thing," said Jean-Bon, "if you take any interest in the town of Hanau, or rather in the triumph of justice. The Emperor would conclude, either that you have not thoroughly examined the business, or that we are playing into one another's hands like two card-sharpers. Rather let us settle a few points of difference, that we may debate with all our might in his presence, so as to fix his attention, and give him a chance of saying to himself, and perhaps to us, 'Poor creatures, what would become of you if I were not here to tell you what is right, and make you keep to it!'" So a few loopholes for censure were absolutely made in the report, that the Emperor might be satisfied with himself.

No glory nor association had overcome the Republican's hatred of Buonaparte, and the rest of the day was too characteristic to be told in any but Beugnot's own words:—

"The Council broke up about five o'clock, and while waiting for dinner the Emperor proposed a row on the Rhine, with a view of trying a pretty little boat which the Prince of Nassau had just presented to him. We went down from the Palace of the Teutonic Knights to the banks of the river, where the Prince was awaiting the Emperor.

"Without having addressed a positive invi-

tation to Jean-Bon and myself to go with him, he had expressed himself in such a way as to authorize us to do so. We followed the company, and got into the boat with the rest. The Emperor was accompanied by two aides-de-camp and a palace adjutant. Afterwards came the Prince of Nassau and a sort of naval officer in command of the crew, Jean-Bon and myself, and lastly the Mameluke in waiting. The Emperor's suite occupied one end of the boat, we the other. The Emperor remained in the middle with the Prince of Nassau, who was showing off the magnificent vine country that crowns the right bank of the Rhine, and has the Castle of Biberich in the midst. The Emperor seemed to give his whole attention to this scene, and was examining it with a telescope. He asked for information on the Castle of Biberich, and the Prince himself was giving it with a servile complaisance that was not to last much longer. Jean-Bon and myself kept as far from the Emperor as the length of the boat allowed; but that was not enough to prevent hearing what was said at both ends. While the Emperor, standing at one side and leaning over the water, appeared wrapped in contemplation, Jean-Bon said, and not so very low, 'What a strange position! the fate of the world depends on a kick more or less.' I shuddered all over, and only found strength to say, 'In God's name, keep quiet!' My friend took no notice of my entreaty or of my terror, and went on, 'Never mind! persons of resolution are rare.' I turned the conversation to save myself from the consequences of the dialogue, and the expedition was finished without his being able to resume it. We landed, and the Emperor's suite followed as he returned to his palace. As we went up the great staircase I was by the side of Jean-Bon, and the Emperor seven or eight steps above. The distance emboldened me, and I said to my companion, 'Do you know how terribly you frightened me?' 'Yes, indeed I do, and am surprised you found your legs to walk up; but be assured that we shall weep tears of blood because this day's expedition was not his last.' 'You are a madman.' 'And you an idiot, saving respect to your Excellency.'

"We came to the ante-room. Despatches had just arrived, so important that not a moment could be lost in opening them. The Emperor went into his study to read them, and the dinner was put back. The ante-room was full of chamberlains, aides-de-camp, orderly officers, and secretaries, distinguished by richer or plainer dresses of refined elegance. Those who wore them did them justice by the politeness of their manners, and a courtly language then beginning to be formed. The blot in the picture was the old member of the Convention, in the plainest possible prefect's uniform, and the rest of his clothes being black, even to the neckcloth. It seemed that he had more than once experienced the amiable witticisms of the gilded troop on this head, for on that day they appeared to be taking up conversation interrupted the day before. M. Jean-Bon allowed these gentlemen to exhaust all the shafts in their gilded quivers, and then answered, with a coolness that added to the power of his words:

"'I really am astonished that you are bold enough to attend to my dress and the colour of my stockings on the day I am to dine with the Emperor and Empress. You do not tell me all; you are shocked to see me asked to such a dinner, and the moment my back is turned you will say, "Really it is past belief the Emperor should invite to dine with the Empress—the new Empress—a member of the Convention, a voter,[1] a colleague of Robespierre in the Committee of Public Safety, in whom you can smell a Jacobin a mile off."'

"'But really, Monsieur Jean-Bon, why should you put such nonsense into our mouths? We respect ourselves too much to ever allow ourselves . . .'

"'Not at all, gentlemen. It is not nonsense, but fact! I confess it. Europe was then leagued together against France, as it is now. She wanted to crush us with all the moral and material forces of the old civilization. She had drawn a circle of iron around us. Valuable cities had already been betrayed to her. She made progress. Well, the kings were defied. We delivered our territory, and retorted upon them the war of invasion they had begun upon us; we took Belgium from them, and the left bank of the Rhine, which we have united to this very France which, at the commencement of the war, they had determined to dismember and divide. We have established our preponderance, and compelled these same kings to come humbly to us and sue for peace. Do you know what government obtained, or prepared, these results? A government composed of members of the Convention of mad Jacobins, with their *bonnets rouges*, coarse clothes, sabots, and nothing to live on but coarse bread and bad beer, and who, when spent with fatigue and watching, threw themselves on mattresses on the floor of the room where their meetings were held. These are the sort of men that saved France. I was one of them, gentlemen; and here, as well as in the Emperor's chamber, which I am going to enter, I glory in it.'

"A general answer, 'There is no accounting for tastes; but while granting to the administration of the period the justice due to them on military matters, there are many of their actions that it is impossible to glory in. I protest against that expression; it is too strong.'

"'And I maintain it,' replied Jean-Bon. 'Besides, wait a little while, Fortune is capricious. She has raised France very high. Sooner or later she may throw her down! Who knows? perhaps as low as in 1793. Then will be seen if she can be saved by anodyne

[1] *Un votant*—equivalent to a regicide.

remedies, and what can be done for her by spangles, embroideries, and feathers, and especially white silk stockings."

This pitiless Republican died shortly after of typhus fever, contracted while taking the most indefatigable care of the hospitals which the defeated French armies had filled with infection. He seems to have carried out the classical model to a perfection attained by few of his countrymen, perhaps in consequence of the stern mould imposed on him by his Huguenot training. But what has become of the energy that produced such men? Is France like Athens after Demosthenes?

One more incident of this meeting at Mayence deserves mention. Napoleon, having few of his ministry about him, was employing Beugnot as his amanuensis, an exceedingly difficult office, as he dictated so fast that it was not possible to do more than jot down the main points and fill up afterwards. Beugnot was hurried and pre-occupied, and twice seated himself by mistake in the Emperor's chair, which was not different from the others. The first time Napoleon sharply called him to order, the second he gave him time to finish the sentence he was writing, and then said in a voice no longer severe, "So you are determined to sit in my seat; you have chosen a bad time for it." Strange, unconscious avowal to break from those stern, guarded lips, usually so full of self-assertion!

The uneasiness of the Emperor soon became manifested by his sending a sort of Japanese double to watch and share the administration in every office of State, and very troublesome and impeding was the effect during the brief remnant of the Empire. The next event at Düsseldorf was the arrival of multitudes of sick and wounded. One of the saddest effects of the battle of Leipsic was the immediate evacuation of all the French hospitals up to the banks of the Rhine. Thousands of patients from wounds and typhus had to be disposed of. Beugnot undertook to shelter 1,000. The first convoy announced contained 1,600, and neither beds, dressings, nor medicines of any sort, were supplied. Happily for Beugnot, there was living at Brussels a Prussian, Dr. Abel, "of the school of the great Frederick," at whose Court he had lived some time. He anticipated the treatment of which we have lately heard, as if it were a recent discovery—that of placing the sick as much in the open air as possible. It was still fine weather, and the season a dry one, and the sick were placed by him in the courts of the Castle of Bensberg, and the garden of Benrath, and carefully classified, with arrangements made for being speedily carried into the rooms in cases of rain. The brave fellows at first thought they were turned out to die, and lamented piteously; but kindness and encouragement soon restored their spirits, and typhus disappeared at once, so that the deaths were far fewer in proportion than in any of the ordinary hospitals.

How like this is the experience of the admirable American ambulance at Paris!

The sick were soon followed by the retreating army itself, and Beugnot's next experience was of the destructive nature of the soldier. The thorough schoolboy spirit of doing mischief for its own sake is very little below the surface in man, and to save the public gardens at Düsseldorf, which Beugnot had greatly improved and adorned, from being destroyed by the retreating armies, was an object about which he is half-pathetic, half-satirical, on his own eagerness to save what he should never see again. The colonel who was bivouacking in these gardens was deaf to all entreaties to allow the men to be quartered in the town, and even insisted on cutting down the trees, because green wood gave more heat than the faggots that were offered to him, and the huts must be made of branches. Luckily, General Damas came to the rescue, and, after a conversation with the colonel, advised Beugnot to send in twice as much wood as could be wanted, and all the canvas in the town. A bottle of wine was also distributed to

each man, and Damas and Beugnot walking round in the evening heard very complimentary jokes being cracked as to the tall Imperial Minister who had used them so well.

The day after they passed on came General Rigaud and his division, announcing that he was only forty-eight hours ahead of the enemy. He asked for no wood, but for a contribution of four millions to be raised in twenty-four hours. Here Beugnot trusted to the short time. He supplied a good dinner and plenty of wine, and entirely refused the contribution. He was well abused, but the general had to march the next morning, and Beugnot, who had made all his preparations, followed closely, leaving his servants with orders to prepare a good dinner for the Russian commander who was expected the next day. The Cabinet of Berg transferred itself to Aix-la-Chapelle, where the Emperor desired Beugnot to go to Macdonald's headquarters, to confer on the requisites for the army assembling under his orders. Macdonald could only smile with bitter irony, saying, "Would you like to see a review of my army? It will not take long; as to the men, it consists of myself, whom you see before you, and of my Chief of the Staff, General Grundler, who will be here presently; and as for materials, they at present consist of four straw-bottomed chairs and a deal table. I write every day to Paris to say that it is a mere jest to call what you see Marshal Macdonald's army; I loudly demand a real army, for I am far from sharing the general opinion that the enemy will not cross the Rhine. It is enough for me to see the direction he gives his troops, and that they are going to pursue, even into the depth of winter, to convince me that the Rhine itself is not the conclusion of their march; and upon my word, if the Emperor has only such armies as mine to oppose to them, the enemy will scarcely stop till they reach Paris. This," added the Marshal, "is what you and all of us must tell the Emperor, for the danger is extreme, and the time for boasting is gone by." "I gave an account," Beugnot adds, "of my visit, without repeating the naked truth, but I insisted on the necessity of forwarding troops to the Rhine.

"Without repeating *the naked truth.*" Is not this, said as the merest matter of course, the key to half the miseries of France?

In actual conversation with the Emperor, his way of putting the fact was this:—

"I do not know the exact number of men that compose the army of Marshal Macdonald; he was complaining of the delay of troops in joining him, and was very impatient when I left him."

"You give me no answer. I know very well that you could not count his men; you are not an inspecting officer of reviews; but did not Macdonald inform you in conversation what force he had got together?"

"I fear, Sire, that at present it is only a very small number."

"You fear? I do not ask you what you fear; either you do not know the truth, or are afraid to tell it; at least, have you seen on your road, bodies of men and single soldiers hastening to the Rhine?"

"I met a battalion of the 18th coming out of Ghent, four detachments of the old Dutch Guard, and single men to the number of a hundred and fifty or two hundred."

And the Emperor remained in a pitiable state of perplexity. He next appointed Beugnot to the prefecture of Lille—a service so much beneath that of Imperial Minister that it was a very bitter pill, and was forced down most Napoleonically.

"What is this? The Minister of Home Affairs says that you will not go to Lille."

"I am always ready to obey the Emperor; but perhaps he may himself feel that after having done me the favour to appoint me his minister at Düsseldorf, and having given me the uniform and style, I cannot very well again be employed as Prefect. Conclusions would be drawn from it of a disturbance and disorder in his affairs; that is, happily, very different from the case."

"Indeed, I hope so; but I do not understand you. Anyone willing to serve me must serve where it is convenient. I do not know if you have been minister or not; I have no time to consider it; but if I sent you anywhere as sub-prefect, your duty would be to go."

"No doubt, Sire; so it is only in the interest of your authority that I venture to allow myself to make an observation. I think that a man who has filled a considerable post is less fit than any other to fill an inferior one, because he comes to it with a sort of appearance of disrace; for, in a word——"

"In fact I am in haste ——. You must go to Lille. I am told that Dunlantier is killing himself in my service. That is no good to him, nor to me either. There is much to do there. This department of the North is one of the gates of France. You have ten places to provision, and the National Guard to set on foot. The National Guards of that department are excellent; the inhabitants, who are really brave, want to be stimulated. Have as little trafficking as you can; do the work by yourself and your own people. You shall not want for money. You will have enough to do; but the country is rich. Raise what is necessary, nothing more."

"The Emperor may reckon on my zeal. It would be increased, if possible, by the confidence that he deigns to show me; but may I be permitted to ask him under what title I am to present myself in the department of the North?"

"In truth, Monsieur Beugnot, you rather exceed——"

"I ask the Emperor's pardon a thousand times."

"A fine moment to talk about titles! Present yourself as prefect, as minister, as emperor if you dare, only do what I want. How can you take up my time with such follies, when my head is distracted from morning to night? Your Macdonald prevents nothing, stops nothing. Clouds of Cossacks are devastating the departments of the Rhine. I have to arrange for defence at all points, and with what? And at such a time I put one of the keys of France into your pocket, and you come and talk to me about titles. That is the sort of thing to do when there is nothing better on hand. All the world tells me you are a man of sense. You do not show it."

"Perhaps the fault is the Emperor's."

"Ah!"

"Why has he elevated me beyond my capacity?"

"Very good. Start this evening, or to-morrow morning at latest. You will correspond with my ministers. If you have anything of importance or that is serious to inform me of, you may write to me direct. I give you authority. Adieu, Count Beugnot. I wish you a pleasant journey."

This is the last personal glimpse of the great Napoleon. Beugnot took the control of affairs at Lille, and soon had another experience showing how like the French of a past day are to the French of our own. Never, according to letters received from Paris, did France meet with a reverse. One colleague, of whose statements Beugnot kept notes, made the recruits amount to 180,000 men, and even the battles of Brienne and La Rothière failed to bring conviction.

Lille was threatened with a siege, and was victualled by the French troops much after the fashion in which Tillietudlem was provided for by the dragoons.

"Detachments came in, driving herds of cattle before them, sheep, and especially cows with calves, about which the superior officers were very choice. The soldiers, not to be behindhand, carried fowls hung from their firelocks. No more had butter or salt provisions been neglected. All had been carried off with singular barbarity. They might have done as much harm in a conquered country; but assuredly they could not have done worse. And the most disgusting thing about it was, that these beasts had no sooner entered the city than they became a kind of current coin. The generals used them as payment for their tradesmen, the officers to pay their tavern bills; and when Beugnot remonstrated, the answer was that it was all right. The essential point was that

the beasts should be in the town; after that it mattered very little into whose hands they passed, as they could always be found again in case of need."

Whether they would have been found does not appear, for the siege did not take place, and, ere long, Beugnot found it time to make his way to Paris, where Talleyrand immediately named him provisional Minister of the Interior. In this capacity he had to hear the lamentable complaints of the devastated departments.

"It is too true," he says, "that the enemy left acts of barbarity unheard of in modern war along their track. The greatest reproach in this respect was due to the troops of the powers of the Confederation of the Rhine, who had long followed our standards; while their plea that they had been taught the art of devastation in our school was only an additional insult. I had been in the rear of the victorious French army after the day of Jena; and though some excitement was then caused by the Emperor's bulletins and general orders, exhibiting personal resentment against the House of Prussia, the soldiers did not make any bad use of the right of power against the disarmed populations. Victory does not make France fierce and pitiless; her natural inclination to mirth and kindness is developed by it. The guard-room has its wit, and the bivouac its humour; and even there, on close observation, may be found the light and cheerful nation laughing at everything, even danger, and making a joke of everything, even in victory. From such a soldier may heroism be expected — not barbarity; it is not in his nature." But he adds that from the general distress must be excepted the course followed by the army of the Duke of Wellington in the south. "As this general had taken the course of paying ready money for everything, in solid gold, he had attracted such a quantity of provisions to his line of march, that, even with the extraordinary consumption occasioned by his passing, food declined in price."

Such a testimony is too pleasant to our national feelings to be omitted, and with this we conclude, though we could spend many more pages over the etiquettes and the difficulties attending the return of Louis XVIII., and the ins and outs of the Cabinet. The result we carry away is, that in those days there was something like a solid stratum beneath the chaos of disintegrated materials. Everyone, whether Republican, Buonapartist, or Royalist, had something to rally round, and knew it. Has the last half-century broken up even this lower foundation, and left nothing but a whirlpool to settle down when the force of agitation is over?

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COMMON LAW.[1]

BY ALBERT V. DICEY.

An English reader of French or German finds it easier to master the details of Roman jurisprudence than to ascertain the steps by which the legal institutions of his own country assumed their present form. The explanation of this fact is, that English lawyers, just because they have generally studied no law but their own, have found it difficult either to understand its historical development, or to bring clearly before their minds the exact problems which it presents for solution. As you cannot comprehend the grammar of your own language if you are ignorant of every other tongue, so the student of English law can hardly understand the growth of English law for want of acquaintance with any other legal system with which to compare it. The study of Roman law, as Mr. Bryce has well remarked, will enable English lawyers to criticise the terms, conception, and progress of their own law, "from an independent point of view," and the attention now directed to the laws of Rome will have the apparently paradoxical, but really natural effect of directing attention to the many curious problems presented by the development of English law.

The inquiry which it is the object of this essay to propose for consideration, is, How is it that English law has given birth to two different legal schemes, that is, common law and equity, administered by two different and, in some respects, antagonistic courts? To put the same inquiry into another shape, How has it happened that the ordinary law courts have not themselves embodied in their system those improvements in, or modifications of, the law known as "equity"?

The question is directly suggested by even the most superficial survey of Roman legal institutions. Both at Rome and in England you can watch the growth of "equitable" law, and a comparison of Roman and English history shows what the essential nature of equity is, and how it comes into existence. If a law is, by means of direct legislation, superseded by a new and presumably better rule, nobody calls the new principle a rule of equity or justice, since it is, like the law it abrogates or supersedes, simply the law. But if a judge indirectly does away with the effect of an existing law by giving effect to some principle of justice, which in reality abrogates the existing rule of law, but in form leaves it standing, then everyone is conscious of the contrast between the old law which nominally exists, and the new judge-made equitable law or equity. A recent Act, for example, enables a married woman to sue and be sued. No one talks of the new statute as "equity," since it is as much the law as was the former state of things which it superseded. But suppose that the common law judges had resolved to disallow the plea that the plaintiff to an action was a *feme covert*, and thus had in effect, though not in so many words, done away with the principle prohibiting her from suing at law, there would then have existed a formal rule of law, making it impossible for a married woman to sue, and a practice of the courts enabling her to do so. The former would still have been considered "law;" the latter would be styled "equity." And this

[1] "The Academical Study of the Civil Law. An Inaugural Lecture delivered at Oxford, Feb. 25, 1871. By James Bryce, D.C.L., Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford." Macmillan and Co.—"Institutionen," von C. F. Puchta. Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel. "Reeves' History of English Law." Reeves and Turner.

would have been still more certainly the case if the judges, instead of directly disallowing the plea that the plaintiff was married, had, by use of a fiction, assumed that every woman who brought an action was unmarried, and forbidden the fiction to be questioned.

So far, therefore, as concerns the nature and origin of "equity," Roman and English law throw light upon one another. Equity is seen to be, in its most general form, nothing but new, and generally more just principles introduced by the courts, so as nominally to leave the existing law in force, but really to repeal it. But though the annals of Rome explain the real character of "equity," they also raise the question now under consideration, that is, Why did not our ordinary courts follow the path marked out by the *prætor*, and themselves introduce those alterations which have in England been effected by Chancery, and have ultimately resulted in the distinct system of equity?

The progress of equity at Rome, and the contrast it presents to the development of English law, cannot be more neatly expressed than in the following passage, taken in a curtailed shape from the works of Mr. Austin:—

"If the *prætor* gave a right unknown to the *jus civile*, he did not give that right explicitly and directly. He declared through the medium of his general edict that he, the *prætor*, would give [any person] an action, or would entertain an action if he thought fit to bring it. If the *prætor* abolished the rule, which was parcel of the *jus civile*, he did not abolish it explicitly. He declared, through the medium of his general edict, he would permit the defendant to defeat the plaintiff's action by demurrer or plea. . . . . This obscure and absurd mode of abrogating law has been pursued by our own chancellors. Where a common law rule is superseded by a rule of equity, it is left to appearance untouched; but if any attempt is made to enforce it by action, the plaintiff is restrained by the chancellor from pursuing his empty right. The only difference between the cases arises from this:—In Rome there was no distinct tribunal affecting to administer a distinct system of law under the name of equity, consequently the equitable defence was submitted to the *prætor* himself, or to the very tribunal before which the action was brought. In England there is a distinct court affecting to administer a distinct system of law under the name of equity; consequently, the action is brought before one court, and the defence, in the shape of a suit, is submitted to another. . . . . In England the mess of complication and absurdity is somewhat thicker than it was in ancient Rome."

The difference therefore is, or at any rate at first sight seems to be, this:—In each case a system of equity, that is of judge-made improvements, was introduced by the courts. At Rome the great common-law judge (for this is the nearest description one can give, in English terms, of the *prætor*) himself moulded the law so as to adapt its action to the views of justice or expediency which from time to time approved themselves to public opinion. In England the judges remained, or are supposed to have remained, the administrators or representatives of strict law, and are thought to have left the introduction of equitable modifications to the hands of an independent and hostile tribunal. Few persons, further, can doubt that if law is to be changed by means of judicial legislation, the course of things at Rome was simpler, more beneficial, and, in that sense, more natural, than the course pursued in England. The question, therefore, is in effect, Why was it that our Bench did not adopt the policy of the *prætor*, and expand the common law till it met the requirements of modern society?

The first answer is, That in matter of fact the earlier judges, and some of their later successors, modified the law, much in the same way in which the *jus civile* was altered by the *prætors*.

No doubt this is a fact which has been forgotten by the public, who are accustomed only to the regular and staid

administration of modern justice, and which has been concealed by the language of eminent judges. "I have been in this profession," says Lord Kenyon, "more than forty years, and have practised both in courts of law and equity; and if it had fallen to my lot to form a system of jurisprudence, whether or not I should have thought it advisable to establish two different courts with different jurisdiction, and governed by different rules, it is not necessary to say. But, influenced as I am, by certain prejudices that have become inveterate with those who comply with the systems they have found established, I find that in these courts, proceeding by different rules, a certain combined system of jurisprudence has been framed most beneficial to the people of this country, and which, I hope, I may be indulged in supposing has never yet been equalled in any other country on earth. . . . . It is my wish and my comfort to stand *super antiquas vias:* I cannot legislate; but, by my industry, I can discover what my predecessors have done, and will servilely follow in their footsteps." This expression of self-satisfied conservatism, which contains a sneer at the genius of Lord Mansfield, expresses pretty much what is popularly conceived to have been the permanent attitude of the common-law judges, and does, as a matter of fact, roughly, though with some exaggeration, express the feelings which animated the Bench at the beginning of this century; but nothing can be a greater anachronism than to suppose that the feelings and habits of 1810 represent the sentiments and practices of the Bench at other periods. It is mere matter of history that common-law judges in other ages have not acquiesced in the existence of two legal systems, have not been careful to stand on the beaten paths, and have not hesitated in effect to legislate,—generally, it must be added, with great benefit to the public.

A glance at the salient features of English history establishes the truth of this assertion.

Our legal as well as our constitutional arrangements may be roughly said to have settled down into their permanent form in the reign of Edward I. At that period there already existed a technical, formal, and rigid system of law. The maxim for instance prevailed that *qui cadit a syllabâ cadit a totâ causâ*, or, in other words, that an action might be lost by the merest slip in pleading. In this respect the condition of affairs was like the state of matters at Rome, when only the old forms of action were allowed, of which we are told that they gradually came into general discredit, because the subtlety of the older lawyers had brought matters to such a pass that a party who erred in the least tittle was liable to lose his cause. Moreover, as again in Rome, so in England, the forms of the law were not sufficiently plastic to afford protection for all the rights which, as society advanced, had gradually obtained recognition. An examination of the older forms of action is of itself sufficient to prove that at the accession of Edward I., and probably before this date, there must have been felt a want of legal remedies sufficient to meet the needs of the time. For the older actions show that the protection of land, and of personal freedom, together with the enforcement of certain definite forms of contract, was all that the law courts undertook to achieve. At a time when the normal contract was a deed or bond, construed, it may be added, in the strictest manner, it is obvious that many of the transactions of mercantile life must have failed to receive due legal protection. Indeed, it is a plausible conjecture, that the extent to which the dealings between traders or merchants must have been protected in the time of which we are speaking, can only be accounted for by supposing that the authority of guilds, of corporations, and possibly of the Council, supplied the protection at later times given by the law courts. The want, at any rate, of sufficient legal remedies is apparent from the celebrated provision of a statute of this reign, that "whensoever it shall fortune in the Chancery that in one case a writ is found and in the like case (*in*

consimili casu), falling under like law and requiring like remedy, is found none, the clerks of the Chancery shall agree in making a [new] writ;" since this enactment, on which depends all that vast class of actions known to English law as actions "on the case," is, when stripped of its legal phraseology, nothing less than a vigorous attempt to amend the law by allowing new actions wherever it was desirable to recognize new rights.

Not merely did there exist a want of legal remedies, but obsolete ideas or superstitions opposed great difficulties to the due administration of justice. A defendant's right, for example, to wage his law, was in effect the right of any rogue to escape from his obligations if he chose to add perjury to breach of faith.

Nor was the formality, rigidity, and antiquated character of the law the sole matter which needed reform. The courts were greatly hampered, and this is a matter which deserves considerable attention, in putting into force the powers which in a certain sense they possessed. They were, for example, much restricted at common law as regards the extent of their jurisdiction. Thus they could not originally give compensation for the breach of a contract or a wrong committed out of England, or even within the Duchy of Chester. A more serious defect was the want of adequate means for compelling the appearance of a defendant. The only strictly legal resource was, in most cases, to take his goods in pledge until he saw fit to appear; and there was no lawful means of arresting him or forcing him to give bail. Nor were the means for executing a judgment at all satisfactory.

The task therefore imposed on the judges was to expand the existing system, so as to afford protection for new rights not recognized by it, to get rid of obsolete customs which hampered the administration of justice, and to extend the jurisdiction whilst rendering more effective the procedure of the courts. In each of these directions they accomplished a great deal. They did not, it is true, provide new rights of action, nor give anything like the full effect to the statutory permission to issue new writs; but they did, though in a roundabout way, afford recognition to new rights. It appeared, for example, very doubtful whether contracts, not under seal, could in general be enforced, at any rate when they did not result in a distinct debt. The courts, however, acting in part under the authority of the statute, so extended the old action of trespass as to make it a means for recovering damages for the breach of contracts not under seal. In attaining this result they made considerable use of what were in fact merely legal fictions. But no conception can be formed of the boldness with which fiction might after all be employed by any one who has not studied in detail the curious mass of arbitrary assumptions on which were based the actions of trover and of ejectment. In the one case, the plaintiff was supposed to have lost goods which he never lost, and the defendant to have found goods which he never found. In the second, a fictitious plaintiff brought an action for a purely imaginary trespass against a fictitious defendant. But in each case under this mass of fictions lay hidden a substantial improvement. The plaintiff who brought trover, instead of the older action of detinue, for the conversion of his goods, avoided the risk of losing his cause through the defendant's readiness to tender his oath. Ejectment, though artificial enough in appearance, was an easy mode of deciding the right to the possession of land, without going through all the difficulties of a "real" action. It may indeed be said generally that the actions elaborated by the ingenuity of the judges had always one and often several of the following recommendations:—They either made it possible to enforce a new right not before recognized in the law courts, or made it impossible for the defendant to wage his law; or, lastly, were of such a form as to give the courts the power of compelling the defendant to appear. Our main point, however, is not the advan-

tages of the procedure invented by the judges, but the fact that they did covertly give new actions, or in effect introduce "equity." If their labours did not attain the result achieved by the judicial legislation of the *prætor*, they were, in the long run, by no means ineffective. There is, for example, no better established rule of common law than the principle that a *chose in action* cannot be assigned, or that if X is indebted to A, A cannot transfer to B the right to sue X. The judges have never over-ridden this maxim, but in the course of time they have greatly diminished its force,—first, by allowing B to sue in A's name, and secondly by permitting the custom of merchants to control the precepts of law. Indeed the great, though gradual triumph of the "equity of the common law," has been by the use of assumptions, which are mainly fictitious, to give such an immense weight to custom, that is, to the practice of common and especially of mercantile life, that all the complicated and artificial contracts which inevitably arise in a highly civilized and trading community can be dealt with by the common-law courts in accordance with common-law procedure.

The jurisdiction of the courts, again, extended, as has been pointed out, over a limited area. Here an absurd fiction was employed as a remedy for a patent defect. The courts had not the power to entertain complaints arising out of transactions which had taken place abroad, but they had the power, and used it, to pretend that a contract made or wrong committed abroad had in reality been made or committed in England. Hence, down to modern times, a person injured, say at Minorca, alleged that the wrong had been done "at Minorca, to wit, at London, in the parish of St. Mary-le-Bow, in the Ward of Cheap," and thus brought the case within the jurisdiction. A jurist may smile at this childish fiction, but no one can deny that it remedied a great practical evil, and that the magistrates who originally invented or made use of it were by no means disposed servilely to follow in the steps of their predecessors. It would, indeed, be perfectly easy to show—at the cost, however, of entering into minutiæ which, if told briefly, would be incomprehensible, and if narrated at length would be tedious, to a lay reader—that under the cover of fictions the common-law bench have from time to time introduced considerable equitable innovations. They, like the *prætor*, occasionally allowed pleas, *e.g.* that of duress, unknown to the common law; they, like the Roman magistrate, occasionally enforced perfectly new rights, as when a surety was first allowed to sue his creditor for the money which he had been forced to pay on the creditor's behalf; they further, again like their Roman predecessor, often greatly modified the course of procedure, as when, in comparatively modern times, they begun to give new trials with reference to the merits of the case, and thus affected the whole working of trial by jury. The judges, lastly, showed an energy peculiarly their own, to which, for several reasons, special attention should be paid, in extending the jurisdiction of their respective courts. The King's Bench, by the use of one fiction, viz. that the defendant had committed a trespass, drew to itself questions of contract, over which by law the Common Pleas alone had jurisdiction. The Common Pleas attempted to rival the advantages of the King's Bench by an invention of its own; whilst the Court of Exchequer, on the pretence that the plaintiff in an action was hindered by the act of the plaintiff from paying debts due to the Crown, drew within its sphere the whole mass of ordinary actions with which the Court was not intended to have any concern.

So far, therefore, have the judges been from avoiding innovations, that an inquiry naturally arises as to what were the motives which made them at some periods such active innovators.

It will be found that the older judges were led to effect reforms, and especially to extend the jurisdiction and powers of their courts by the weight of two influences which, though each of a different kind, have ceased to exert the same force on their modern successors.

The judges of England have, it must be remembered, been at all times men of eminence and of considerably more than average talent. It may further be plausibly conjectured that in the earlier periods of our history, the amount of talent and energy devoted to the study of the law was relatively greater than in modern times, for the simple reason that the progress of civilization tends to increase the number of careers open to educated men. Add also to this, that in ages in which science either did not exist as a pursuit, or was very imperfectly developed, the amount of interest felt in legal studies was probably greater than that which could be experienced in an age when men can devote themselves to scientific pursuits. If, further, it be remembered that the arrangements of the English bar have tended to allow men to rise to judicial eminence because rather of their general reputation than of very special legal knowledge, it will be seen that to a slight extent in England, as to a much greater extent at Rome, men could come to occupy high judicial positions who combined in a peculiar way the great advantage of professional training with the equally great if not still greater advantage, of sharing the sentiments and opinions of laymen. A body like the English bar therefore, headed by such men as the judges, would be impelled to legal reform by somewhat the same motives, though acting with much less strength, as those which at one period forced all the best talent of Rome to the pursuit of jurisprudence. It was, moreover, during many centuries, in fact, in one sense, down to quite modern times, certain that modifications in the law must be introduced, if at all, by the action of the courts rather than by direct legislation. For whoever realizes what a Parliament really was under the Plantagenets or the Tudors, will see that it was scarcely fitted, if indeed any Parliament ever was fitted, to carry out legislative reforms.

If one motive which influenced the Bench was the rational desire to effect improvements, another influence to which little attention has been paid produced very considerable effects. The energy with which the courts strove to extend their jurisdiction has been referred to. A very slight study of legal annals shows that, on the one hand, the Chancellor perpetually attempted to encroach on the jurisdiction of the Bench, whilst the law courts with equal vigour attempted at once to repel the inroads of the Chancellor, and to invade each other's respective provinces. What was the source of this energy? The answer is, a desire for fees. The court depended, to a great extent, for support on fees. Increase of jurisdiction meant increase of business, and increase of business meant increase of income. The competition, in short, between the courts was a competition for business, and governed by the same principles as the competition between rival trading firms. The vendors of public justice were, like other tradesmen, influenced by the twofold wish to receive high payments and to obtain an extensive custom. A student of Hale's Tracts will conclude that the King's Bench gained an advantage over competitors by adhering to the maxim of "small gains and frequent," or, in other words, by making its process comparatively cheap and effective; whilst the Common Pleas, overburdened with useless officials and expensive forms, though occasionally extorting large sums out of the rare customers of the court, gradually ruined trade. This language sounds strange to modern ears, but is not stronger than the terms employed by Hale. He describes the "scrambling and scuffling among protonotaries, each striving to get as many attorneys as he can to his mill;" and says distinctly of the Common Pleas, "There are certain unreasonable practices used in that court, which doth not only exceedingly prejudice the people, but gives every court in Westminster advantage of them, and serves no other purpose but to swell the attorney's bill, and at present helps to fill their protonotary's pocket, and reimburse with advantage the purchase of his place." The last words are suggestive, and point to one of

the modes at least in which the magistrate on the bench might feel a personal interest in the increase of fees. Indeed, the whole subject of the ancient system of payment by fees suggests several inquiries. Is it, for instance, a simple accident that the law courts would be found most active in inventing fictions by which to give new remedies at those exact times when the Chancellor seemed to be about to encroach on the sphere of the common law, or, in other words, to draw away the business of the courts? Can it, again, be a simple accident that both payment by fees and the disposition of the judges to undertake any new jurisdiction has each ceased? Payment by fees is after all payment by results, and it is certainly a curious inquiry whether one of our courts would, as now, get through about half of the business achieved by each of the other two if its members depended, say, for a third of their salaries, on fees paid in proportion to the amount of work done?

Whatever may be the answer to some of these questions, there is, it may be conceived, no doubt that the common-law judges have, in accordance with very strong and very natural motives, been the introducers at different times of many equitable improvements. Indeed it may be fairly said that half at least of the best and most satisfactory part of our law is the work of their judicial activity. But the moment that this is perceived, the question, as originally stated, arises again, though under a different form. Why is it that the Bench went so far and went no further? Why did judges who were so capable of introducing equity not introduce into the common law the improvements which in the face, more or less, of their opposition have been introduced by Chancery?

The inquiry is one which barely admits of a single brief answer, since the course of English law has been the product of the joint action of several different forces. Still it is possible to afford a reply which, though to some extent resting on conjecture, affords a more or less satisfactory solution of the problem.

In order to understand the causes which limited the action of judicial reform, it is necessary to note briefly what were the boundaries within which the equitable innovations of the bench were confined.

No common-law judge ever in so many words gave a new right of action. The law courts again, though in effect altering the existing law,—as, for example, when introducing the system of recoveries,—never openly, we may perhaps say never consciously, undertook to legislate. They were also unable to modify what may be called the fundamental scheme of the system which they administered. Every action, for example, ultimately depended on the writ. Its whole course was essentially determined by the pleadings, and the pleadings themselves were to a great extent the result of trial by jury, an institution with which the judges had neither the power nor the will to tamper. How rigidly in some respects the principles of the common law have, even down to modern times, been maintained, may be shown by two examples intelligible even to lay readers. A married woman, were it not for the intervention of courts of Chancery and the provisions of the recent statute, would still hardly possess a single enforcible right over her property. This is the more curious as the judges have from time to time shown a wish to modify the harshness of the law, and have strained and rendered inconsistent the whole law of agency in order to enable married women to provide themselves with the necessaries of life at their husbands' expense. It would, again, appear a mere dictate of common sense that, if X owes A £20 and A owes X £15, X should, when sued by A, be allowed to balance or set off £15 due from A against three-quarters of the sum due to A. This seems a matter of procedure, and strictly within the competence of the courts; nevertheless, this right of set-off is a right dependent on statute, the theory of the law being that A must bring an action and recover £20 from X, and X bring another action and recover £15 from A.

The judges have further gradually suffered to become obsolete powers which might have been used so as to expand

the sphere of the common law. At a very early period the suggestion was made that the liberal use of the power to allow actions on the case might have made the intervention of Chancery altogether unnecessary. Modern English magistrates exhibit an intense disinclination to pronounce any judgment on hypothetical cases; whilst men like Coke or Holt frequently made one case an opportunity for indirectly deciding a whole host of questions not necessary for the determination of the matter immediately in hand.

It may indeed be roughly laid down that the common-law courts developed the common law to the very utmost limits consistent with keeping even in appearance within the principles of the established system, but showed either want of will or want of power to break through any of its boundaries.

If this statement of the facts be substantially correct, the causes of the phenomenon may be brought under two heads.

The first, and what may be termed the internal reason, why the judges were not able successfully to imitate the *prætors* in gradually fusing law and equity, is to be found in the highly developed character of the scheme of law with which they had to deal. No one can see without some surprise how artificial, rigid, and complex English legal arrangements had become, certainly as early as the reign of Edward I. Yet a very slight inspection of the statutes of that time will convince the inquirer that legal reformers, whether judges or legislators, were called upon to modify institutions far more complicated, and of a far tougher texture than the civil law which *prætors* bent into conformity with rules of justice. The rigidity, moreover, of the existing system was intensified by an alteration which may have developed so gradually as to have aroused little notice, even while it was being effected. This change was the transition from oral to written pleadings. As long as each party stated his case in court by word of mouth, before the facts were submitted to a jury, great power of moulding the law was left in the hands of the judges, who settled the pleadings and dealt with them in substantially the same way in which the *prætor* handled the formula. The oral discussion of the plaintiff's claim and the defendant's answer, moreover, made the strict technical rules innocuous, since if either party made an error, he could, as may be seen from reports of early pleadings, amend, retract, or alter his statements. Indeed, even the most technical of pleading rules were probably originally nothing more than thoroughly sensible regulations instituted for the fair conduct of a discussion by word of mouth. When, however, the statement of the case on each side took the shape of formal written documents, drawn up by the parties or their advocates, then the control of the court over the pleadings must have ceased, and have ceased exactly at the time when technical rules, devised with the view to an oral disputation, became harmful subtleties, through their transference to a written system of pleadings, and required to be modified by the controlling hand of the magistrate.

Add to all this, that the system of trial by jury, whatever its merits, and they are very considerable, is one which will always be found inapplicable to the adjustment of the complex claims and counter-claims which, as civilization advances, require the intervention of the law, and that its success supposes the existence of an average of intelligence among ordinary citizens, higher than can always be found even among the inhabitants of modern England. Yet to this system the common-law judges were tied down, whilst at the same time they were hampered by a want which even now restrains the beneficial action of the common-law courts. This is the need of a satisfactory and sufficient body of subordinate officials. They suffered also from a defect which their successors hardly feel. They had by no means perfect control over the officials whose duty it was to carry their judgments into execution.

At this point, however, we touch on the second, or what may be termed the external reason which led the judges,

though much against their will, to leave the modification of the law mainly to courts of equity.

The reason is to be found in the original relation of the law courts to the executive government,—a matter the due examination of which will supply a solution to most of the enigmas of early English law.

The English law courts were offshoots or branches of the original *Aula Regia*. One of their greatest merits is, that they so rapidly became courts and ceased to be departments of the administrative government; but this, which is in one point of view their strongest, is in another their weakest side. As the courts assumed the judicial and lost an administrative character, they ceased on the one hand to be parts of the sovereign power, and on the other to exercise direct control over the administrative machinery of government. This separation of the courts from the government was probably unforeseen, as may be inferred from the fact that in the statute before referred to the right of issuing new writs, that is, of giving new actions, is given not to the judges, but to the clerks in Chancery; whilst other circumstances also suggest the conclusion that the separation between the courts and the Chancery was in the time of Edward I. by no means as marked as it soon afterwards became. On the other hand, the king, the council, the chancery, though distinguishable between themselves, long remained in substance different forms of the sovereign power. The three expressions each represent the executive administration or government. In the king, in the council, and in the chancellor, who more than any other official represents both the king and the council, remained what may be called the reserved or undefined powers of the Crown—powers which each succeeding century has lessened, but which originally far outbalance the definite authority possessed by single bodies, such as the Parliament or the law courts. To put the same thing in other words, the Chancellor was originally, as he is still, both a legal functionary and a member of the government; but originally he was what he is not now,—a principal member of the administration, and his legal and judicial characters were so far from being disconnected that his action as a judge was in early times a mere result of his position as a member of the government. The king, or the chancellor as specially representing him, had in his hands whatever executive power—sometimes feeble enough—a mediæval government possessed, and could therefore often render far more effectual justice than could the ordinary judges; and it is a very plausible conjecture, of the truth of which we entertain very little doubt, that the intervention of the Chancellor was originally in effect the intervention of the executive government, and was justified on the ground either that the king must supply justice when the regular tribunals failed to do so from the technicalities of law; or, and this was even a more cogent reason, that the government must enforce law in cases in which the law courts were powerless to give effect to their decisions.

The Chancellor's character as a member of the executive, has, to a certain extent, escaped the notice of modern writers, since they see that the Chancellor at the present time administers a system of law as fixed and as technical as that which governs the common-law courts; that he has done so for ages past; and that many of the sneers directed at the arbitrary character of equity rest upon a total misconception of what such expressions as "equity," "the conscience of the court," and so forth, really mean; but to transfer to the older chancellors ideas derived from the proceedings of the modern Court of Chancery is to commit one of those anachronisms into which persons who study law solely as lawyers are peculiarly liable to fall. Such students would find it a useful corrective to the errors to which they are prone, to examine the chapters which Mr. Spence has devoted to that very curious topic, the obsolete jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery; they will then perceive that the Chan-

cellor, or, to use modern terms, the law officer of the executive government, constantly intervenes in cases of outrage and spoliation, of obstructions to the course of the law, of corruption among the ministers of justice, and generally in all cases in which the common-law courts lacked power to render effective justice. Let anyone, again, who doubts what was the original, and what may be called the natural character of the equity administered by Chancery, turn to the same author's account of the way in which, in the reign of Elizabeth and her immediate successors, the chancellors undertook to supplement the action of law, and so enforce by the power of the court the performance of strictly moral duties. When we find that Lord Chancellor Hatton exhorts a plaintiff to be dutiful to his uncle, that in various cases one of the parties is ordered to beg pardon of the other in open court or elsewhere, that a chancellor makes the ground of his decision the "holy conscience of the Queen,"—and the bearing of the term is explained by a Lord Keeper receiving from Her Majesty private instructions as to the decision of a cause,—we perceive both how close was the connection between the original equitable jurisdiction of Chancery and the sovereign powers of the Crown, and how easily so called equity might at one time have become a mere mask under which the arbitrary will of the sovereign might override the decision of the courts.

In the curious way in which one institution reacts upon another the intervention of Chancery increased the fixity and rigidity of the common law. Much may be justly said in censure of the conservatism displayed by the common-law judges when they are compared with the *prætors*. But it must be remembered that the courts had at one period to resist a peculiar peril. The judges, as already shown, were compelled, from their disconnection with the executive power, to allow the intervention of an official closely connected with the Crown. The Chancellor, in virtue of this very connection, no doubt, introduced in many cases rules more flexible, more conformable to justice, and more fair than those of the common law. But the chancellors also exhibited a tendency, the nature of which may be fully appreciated by anyone who reflects upon the close connection between the council, the chancery, and the Star Chamber, to substitute the will of the sovereign for the government of law. This tendency the judges were bound to resist, and did resist, on the whole with great success; but in carrying on this contest with arbitrary power they intensified the narrowness and technicality of the common law, and to a great extent gave up the effort to mould it into a more just and equitable shape. When, at a later age, a great jurist like Lord Mansfield attempted, in the true spirit of the best Roman magistrates, to expand the boundaries of the legal system over which he presided, his efforts, though they achieved more than is generally supposed, yet to a certain extent failed of their object, simply because the time had nearly arrived when indirect judicial legislation had of necessity to be superseded by the operation of direct legislative enactment.

To the inquiry, therefore, why in England the two systems of law and equity have developed side by side, the reply is in its most summary form as follows:—The common-law judges did at one period, under the influence of very strong motives, modify the rules of the common law. These motives ceased to operate, and judicial reforms ceased with them. The judges did not, however, at any period act with anything like the vigour of Roman magistrates, and the ground of their inactivity in improving the law will be found ultimately to depend upon the fact, that the courts were at a singularly early period disconnected from the government, and, partly from powerlessness and partly from other causes, were compelled to leave the introduction of equity to an official standing in very close relation to the Crown.

MARIE OF VILLEFRANCHE.

BY MISS CROSS.

CHAPTER I.

It was a cold, snowy day when I went to see Marie: the villagers had their heads tied up in brilliant-coloured handkerchiefs, contrasting pleasantly with the white snow, and they shuffled quickly over their errands in their clanking sabots. There was a good deal of talk and laughter among them, but all the faces looked pinched and cold.

"Where did Marie la Veuve live?" I asked. All knew, and all were willing to show me the way, for "Marie was the village favourite," as one of the gossips explained to me: "she kept a silent tongue in her head; had been a good daughter, sister, and wife; was helpful to those in trouble, and joyful with those who rejoiced; but things were going badly with Marie, since the birth of her fatherless child, and there was no hope of peace, and these *coquins de Prussiens* were eating up the land."

When I entered Marie's room, she was lying on her bed, white and still, with a little swaddled bundle beside her. "This is my baby," she whispered, setting upright the little stiff image. The baby opened its dark eyes, and looked at me with that entire want of speculation in its gaze common to its kind. Marie said no more, but her face was as speaking in interest as her child's was vacant; she took my hand, and held it in both of hers. There was not silence in the room, however, for beside the bed stood the voluble little mother-in-law, telling me all the symptoms; how there was no milk for the little one, how feverish the mother was, what sleepless nights, what exhausting days. "The doctor says it is because there is trouble on the mind. Of course there is trouble, with the husband dead, shot down before the eyes of his brother, on the heights above Sedan, on that fatal day of August 31st; of course there is trouble, with nothing to eat, and all the little savings going; is it not all true, *ma mère?*" And the little old woman turned for corroboration to a bent figure sitting at the farther corner of the room, stretching out lean long fingers towards the glow from the little stove. "Yes, yes," murmured this other, "it is the war, famine, and fever that have done it all. I have just this and that," taking up the hem of her dress and petticoat, "just this and that, all gone; and then the smell of powder and blood!"

"Never mind her," said the other to me apologetically; "her mind is gone, but she is Marie's mother, and in her day was the belle of the village: she married well, and had a farm of her own, plenty of linen, and three great *lits montés*. Marie was not the only child; there was another, a boy, humpbacked, and of weak intellect, who showed no love for any one but Marie, and her whole life was devoted to him until he died. My son never laughed at him as the other village lads did, but would spend long hours in amusing him, and the boy was never stubborn or wilful with Jacques. And then Marie married my son, and all the village said she might have done better, but a man who is gentle with children is sure to be gentle with women, and a son who is thoughtful for his mother is likely to make a good husband; and so I told Marie: and to Jacques I said, 'Never leave off asking her until you get her;' and in the end he did win her. And now he has died fighting for his country, and I am proud and satisfied, though I am not happy." The brave little woman paused here to lift the corner of her apron to the dim old eyes.

All this time Marie lay back upon her pillow, tearless and still. She was

not a strikingly pretty woman, but there was a supplicating sadness in her large, dark eyes, softly veiled by black lashes, and there was a wealth of sweetness and tenderness about the full, slightly compressed lips, that lent to her whole face a strange, fascinating interest.

Had this sweet, silent woman, I wondered, drifted unknowingly into matrimony—was it "juxtaposition in fine?" or was it that deep, sensitive gratitude that grows so near akin to love in a woman's heart?

Jacques had not ridiculed the idiot boy, and she, so loving to her brother, and too young to sound the depths of such a sacrifice, had given herself to Jacques for recompense. And now trouble had come, and she had been near to death, and, as the woman said, all the little savings had gone. The case was bad, but Marie was not so downcast as I had expected; perhaps she had at this moment forgotten much that she had suffered; perhaps, also, she was experiencing a great and undefined relief. What if there should dawn a new life for her, with health, and her child?—a life without dreads, or suppressed wearinesses, or smothered incompatibilities. "If only I could live!" said the speaking eyes. So, at least, I read her story. Otherwise it might almost seem strange that she should wish for life, with nothing to look forward to but widowed loneliness. She and I had hardly uttered a word together, but, as she held my hand in hers, I felt arising between us a sudden sympathy that springs up between two people, recognizing a spontaneous trust that needs no outward expression.

The door was now opened softly to admit a German soldier, one of those *coquins de Prussiens*, carrying an armful of small cut logs of wood. I had noticed him, as I came in, chopping them up in front of the door. He gave me a military salute as he passed on tiptoe to the little stove, where he began to replenish the dying flame, moving about silently and softly. There stood a little saucepan of milk on the hearth, which the women were neglecting; he moved it to a little distance from the fire, and, stirring it, saved it from being burnt. He then opened a cupboard, and drew out a little packet of corn-flour which I had sent to Marie the previous day. "Ah! I had forgotten," cried *la belle mère*, quickly drying her eyes; "she ought to have had that an hour ago. Go and get some water from the well, Heinrich, while I mix some in a cup." Heinrich reached her a cup and spoon from a shelf, and passed out as quietly as he had come in. He was a powerfully built man, with a great head, set rather clumsily on square upright shoulders; there was a gentle dignity in his manners, and a good resolute expression in his deep, grey eyes. One felt he was the reposeful element in that little household; the women had taken the part of requisitioning the enemy, and making full use of his kindly helpfulness, while he, the strong one, was being bullied, because of his strength, by the weak ones.

"Do you not think there is danger," whispered *la belle mère*, as she accompanied me to the door, "having that great Prussian in the house, with Marie so young?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, astonished.

"I don't say that he is not all that is *convenable*, and Marie is entirely engrossed with her baby; *mais après?* How long is it to last? I ask myself. When are these Germans to be sent away? Marie is a good woman, and he a good man, notwithstanding that he is our enemy. He has, too, such a way of doing things for me before I ask him, seeming to divine all we want. My Jacques was always willing, but not forethoughtful as this one is. I have nothing to complain of in Marie's conduct; she scolds him, and he never answers her back, and she sends him about and he always goes. *Mais après?* In my day it was an impossible thing for a young man and woman to live together without falling in love, but the young are more reasonable now—at least, Marie, I know, is reasonable; she and Jacques were very different from me

and my man. Whoever would have thought that I should grow to be an old woman, living on all alone?"

"I don't think you need anticipate anything," I said; "Marie's baby is her great interest."

"If only he were like the rest of them, cruel and exacting, I should feel easier, and could complain," she muttered to herself, as she re-entered the cottage.

CHAPTER II.

On the following day I journeyed to a neighbouring town, to pay a visit to an ambulance in which I had nursed during the troubled times that followed the capitulation of Sedan, and I almost forgot Marie's little household, in the interest of renewing old acquaintances. As I arrived at the door of the well-known sombre-looking house, a young man hobbled up to me, and, seizing my hand, shook it heartily.

"Don't you know me?" he asked; "I am the one out of the five amputated that survived in that crowded little room. Look here; what a splendid support I have got." He went on displaying a clean wooden stump, strapped on to his shattered limb. "And this, too," pointing to a decoration on his breast—"yes, I can hold up my head proudly among all these Prussian dogs, for I fought wildly for France, but to what use is it? What has come of it? We are betrayed first by our Emperor, then by our generals; and even our women cringe and snigger to these loafing barbarians. Few Frenchmen can, like me, hold up their heads, and feel satisfied they have done their utmost for their country." And off stumped my quondam patient, followed by a little troop of *gamin* admirers.

"The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb," thought I, as I watched the poor maimed lad limping about so gaily.

I found things in a progressive state inside the walls; the French came up to me, voluble and hearty, recognizing in me a friend whose pocket might possibly be filled with tobacco and cigars, if not the bearer of important news from the outer world. The Germans were silently dignified, and gloomily hopeless about their own recovery. "Could I write a brief poem to a distant lady love?" "No." "Well, would I ask the doctor to prevail upon the cook to make some stronger soup?" "Yes, I would do that." "Had I by chance a cold sausage in my pocket?" "No; could I do anything else?" I inquired. "Yes, Madame might make some."

Some weeks after my return home from my visit, I went again to see Marie; I had heard she had been getting on well, and I found her up, and much better, with a new and brighter expression on her face. Her mother had just been discussing the advisability of retiring to bed; she had tired of her coffee roasting, and knitting, and the afternoon was gloomy and cold. I helped the tottering old woman into an inner room, where, in a sort of berth hollowed into the wall, she lay down and soon fell asleep. While I was with her, the German Heinrich came in, and went straight up to Marie. "Why don't you tell her? You can trust her, and she might help us." I knew he meant me. "Speak, Marie," he went on, bending over her his great head, with the strong, short-cropped hair. He was all-powerful; Marie would have done anything for him, and he knew it, and she knew that he knew it; and yet he was pleading and tender, and gentler than she was. Her eyes had fallen under his gaze, and her lips pressed themselves together; she had struck pettishly the great big hand that enclosed hers. It is only the strong and the great who are gentle; it is the weak who strike out cruelly and recklessly to save themselves from falling. I came out from the inner room, and sat down in the old mother's chair, on the other side of the fire. Heinrich came and stood before me, erect and resolute. "Madame," he began, "I love this Frenchwoman, Marie, of Villefranche, and I wish to

marry her; but if we made our intentions known in the village, either she or I would be torn in pieces by the people, for at this hour there is no love lost between the despoiled and the despoilers. In loving Marie I do not forget my country, nor does she renounce hers. I only find that love, when it comes, triumphs over all other feelings and considerations. Could you not speak to the *curé* for us, and get him to marry us privately?" "But," I interrupted, "surely it is too short a time since the death of Marie's husband." "I have been in the house for months, and have to-day received marching orders," he put in. "And he has been everything to me, and done everything for me, and I cannot bear it any longer," added Marie, in her low, passionate voice. Then the big man knelt down, and kissed and stroked the pale hands that held with effort her baby's weight.

On my way home that evening, I called at the *curé's* house. I gave my name, and he came shuffling along the little garden walk, with sabots pulled over his shoes, so as to open the gate to me himself. We bowed and scraped to one another, and remarked on the depth of the snow as we made our way to his sanctum. In the centre of the room stood a writing-table, covered with greasy-looking volumes, thin letter-paper, ink, and sand; there was an open fire-place, filled with ashes, and two logs placed ready for lighting. The *curé* immediately stooped down and lit a match (though I protested), and the room was soon lighted with the sparkling flames. On the mantel-shelf stood small dusty images of the Madonna and the Crucifixion, balanced by a pipe and tobacco pouch; a cupboard happened to be half open, and on its shelves were ranged flasks of various sauces and spices, and mouldy old bottles of sealed wines. He motioned me to a chair, and drew a little mat in front of it for my feet; and with his snuff-box in his hand, and his head meekly bowed down, he listened to my tale. It was a difficult story to tell, and I stuttered and stammered over it, but the priest was all attention. "That is all very right," he said, in a reassuring way; "there are much more complicated cases than that in the village. And so you think they should marry," he went on, lifting his sleepy eyes to mine.

"Yes, indeed I do, and any little expense Marie may incur I shall most gladly——"

"Of course, I understand," he interrupted, waving his hand in a deprecating way. "Poor Jacques, he could neither read nor write, but, as he said, that did not prevent him from serving his country. Well, we will try and arrange matters in a quiet way some time soon, and in the meanwhile Marie and this German must keep quiet and bide their time."

And then I rose, and he, bowing low, put on his sabots again, and accompanied me to the garden-gate.

On the following day I called again at Marie's cottage; she expected me, and had put the little coffee-pot on the stove, and had sent Heinrich out to get some new bread for me, talking of everything but the one subject nearest to her heart. She was looking charming, and was making a great effort to be energetic. I was being warmed by her hot coffee, and we were waiting for Heinrich and the bread, when the outer door opened, and a great gust of cold wind swept through the narrow passage. Marie was holding a saucepan over the fire; the pan shook and trembled, and I feared for the fate of the milk as Marie turned her eyes, so full of lustrous light, to the door. I was feeling a little shut out, and aggrieved about the probable loss of the milk destined for my cup, as I noticed Marie's distraction, when—thud-thud, came along the passage, and—thud-thud, echoed through the room. As I looked at her, I saw that suddenly the love-lit eyes waned and paled, and from her clenched white lips came an agonized shriek. She staggered forward, and fell into her husband's arms.

"Marie, mignonne, c'est moi, regardes ton Jacques," and he tried to lift up the blanched face to his. "Ah! it was you who saved me," he went on, turning

and recognizing me. "How much I owe to you! Figure to yourself, my Marie, a party of five were brought from the field; all had to undergo amputation, and I alone survived the surgeon's knife. I thought it was all up with me, when I fell pierced by two balls, and with those riderless horses careering over me, and knew nothing more until I woke to find myself in an ambulance without my leg; and now I walk with my head as high as any of those *scélérats de Prussiens.*"

I looked round bewildered, and saw Heinrich in the doorway; he stood like one petrified, holding the loaf of bread listlessly in his hand; his face and form seemed to shrink, and all strength appeared to have left him; he gave one despairing look at the bent head crowned with its glistening braids of black hair, and silently quitted the room.

I laid Marie upon her bed, and watched beside it for many miserable hours, while she passed out of one fainting fit into another. It was a totally different home-coming to what poor Jacques had anticipated; he had meant it to be a triumphal entry—an unexpected, unalloyed pleasure—instead of which it had only been a scene of consternation and distress. He found, however, a hearty welcome from all his neighbours, who, when Marie got better, came flocking in to express their congratulations.

I returned home that evening with a very heavy heart: on the road I met Heinrich. "I am going to try and get other quarters inside the town," he said to me as I came up to him. We walked together side by side, sadly and silently. A party of Prussian officers came riding joyously along the road; they were returning from scouring the country, on the pretence of an alarm from Francs-Tireurs. All were noisy, ruddy, and full of life: they looked curiously at my companion as he returned their military salute. Why should a conquering German look so downcast? they seemed to say. A little further on came rattling at full speed the Feld-post, bristling with soldiers and bayonets, each cart driven by a sullen, scared-looking French peasant. As we passed them, the men called out friendly greetings to Heinrich, but he did not raise his bent head, as with long absent strides he waded through the snow. As we passed through the gates leading into the town, with all the bustle and confusion round us, he began abruptly to talk aloud his inmost thoughts.

"And how my mother will grieve for me!" he said. "I have written to her from time to time, telling her about my love for Marie, and she has so well understood—she has all a man's chivalry for women. At first she wrote, 'Do not give your heart to a Frenchwoman, my son,' but in her last letter she said, 'When the war is over, and if your life is spared, bring Marie with her babe and the two old women to our valley of the Wisperthal; the house is roomy, and with us there will be peace and plenty, and we shall together forget all that has been,'—and now," he went on, flinging up his arms, "it is all like some wild dream that is passed. You are tired," he said, looking down at me with his kindly penetrating eyes, "but you will sleep to-night and get rest, while I—I—my life now will be one long restless night, when waking I find her not."

"You are a soldier; you can fight," I said, feeling more pity for Marie.

"Yes, I can do that," he said, laughing hoarsely.

Some days afterwards I was in the doorway of a house opposite to that of Jacques, when my attention was attracted to a little crowd collected round his open door.

Two Uhlans had come riding down the street, and stopped to join Heinrich, who was mounting his horse and bidding farewell to his hosts. Jacques held out his hand and gave Heinrich a kindly shake, for the wounded Frenchman could afford to be polite to his enemy; the old mother had come tottering into the light, and, while shading her eyes with her hand, was giving a long earnest look at the departing guest. The bustling little mother-in-law was calling out her last farewell to Heinrich, who, though he was one of the detested invaders,

had proved himself a helpful and kindly inmate. Marie was standing with her baby in her arms at an upper window; she was full in the light, not partly hidden, as a girl might be, looking her last on the man she loves. She was gazing down with her Madonna face, full of a high purpose and a calm serenity: the war within her had been sharp and fierce, but the struggle was over, and she had accepted her fate as God had willed it. She had come forward into the window to bring peace and encouragement to Heinrich.

There was a divine tranquillity about her whole bearing that struck him as he glanced up with a sad disturbed face into the calm above him; he looked again, long and earnestly, and the shadow of a great grief seemed to pass away, and the drawn, hollow lines about his face softened into repose. She, out of the depths of her despair, had taught him that hard life lesson, "*que la liberté est l'obéissance volontaire.*" We are not sent into the world to rest in the haven of a great love, to seek and win our individual happiness; love comes, as spring comes, to renew all life, to cover the hard, cold earth with softness and sweetness, to bring the tender buds to blossoming perfection, to fill the clear air with fragrance and light. What if the spring passes? is there not the long summer of twilight and peace? Marie had loved, and her love had made her stronger and better: she had suffered, and the suffering had raised and purified her whole nature; she was going to "live the life," not as she had planned it for herself, but as fate had decreed it. The beauty of renunciation shone out of her clear eyes, and in the majesty of her figure there breathed the restful calm that follows upon the tumult of a storm subdued.

"They are not men, they are machines!" exclaimed a young girl scornfully, as she moved away from the little group at the door. She had threaded a red ribbon through her ebon hair, and had lifted up her bright eyes laughingly to look into Heinrich's face; he was adjusting his long, glittering lance in the stirrup at the time, and had either not noticed her glance, or had gazed at her vacantly with his dim, grief-ful eyes.

I stood and looked after the three figures, sitting square and upright on their powerful horses. As they passed out from the village street on to the straight highway, bordered with stately trees, whose frozen branches, entwining with one another, formed a trellised arch in long perspective, one heard the clank of the horses' hoofs far up the road. The scene as I saw it, with the shadows of evening softening all harsh outlines, seemed like some dream-picture, bathed in the rose and amber light of a waning sun; there was no joyous rippling sound of running water, all the fountains were frozen dumb, thin clouds of vapoury mist wreathed slowly up into the air from above the rough-hewn crosses that bordered the roadside, marking the resting-place of those killed fighting for their fatherland. Heinrich turned to give one last look, and then the three horsemen passed out of sight.

Jacques crossed the street, and caught sight of Marie at the window. She smiled, and held up the laughing baby. Jacques' face became radiant, as he stood leaning on his crutches, watching the mother and child, and then limped quickly back again into the house. Then Marie leant out for a moment, her whole face involuntarily changing as she looked for the last time into the misty distance, beginning perhaps to realize with something like despair the level dulness of her future daily life—it was a passionate farewell look—a helpless, wistful gaze; she was young and eager, with throbbing pulses and an aching heart, that revolted against the woman's relentless will. The child looked up into the altered face, its gleeful crowing changed to a little weak scared cry; Marie started back, and, bending her head low over her baby, hushed its wailing sobs. And in the fading light I saw the indistinct outlines of Jacques' good-humoured, meaningless face: he put his hand lightly on Marie's shoulder, and drew her into the room:

he shut the window, and began to trim the evening lamp with his deft hands. And from behind the lamp I saw Marie's grand figure passing to and fro, as she hushed her child to sleep: there was silence in the room, and in the blessed stillness I knew that she would gain strength and calm—that peaceful calm that steals its way into a woman's soul, when she holds in her firm arms the sacred burden of a sleeping child.

CONCLUSION.

When the snow had melted, and the tender blades of grass had sprung out from the brown mould in the fields and hedges, and small buds had dotted the slender shoots of the trees, I went to bid farewell to the villagers of Villefranche. It may be in the coming years I shall see them again in times of peace and plenty, when war is no longer devastating the rich gardens of the Ardennes, and fever and famine are passed away as a tale that is told. But never can I forget France as she appeared to me then, "beautiful amid her woes," her proud spirit unbroken, her faith in her old prestige unshaken, her children silently suffering in her cause: how bright, how patient, how proudly uncomplaining they were; how soft, how winning, how warm-hearted; what quick sensibilities, what flashes of keen humour, what dignity and grace. Are the French indeed so callous and frivolous?—these earnest, devoted husbands, these tender, helpful wives, supporting with their united, unwearied efforts large families of bright-eyed children? What a rich study were the faces of the old men and women! Life had not slipped idly past them; their old age was stored with rich memories. We wept for their sufferings, but no tears came from their eyes; they suffered in silence, waiting and hoping it was but a black cloud passing over the blue breadth of their sky,—it would break and disperse, and France would appear from behind it brighter, greater, more glorious than before. So thought the simple peasants as they faced starvation in their ruined homes.

I found Marie's old mother sitting spinning outside the door, in the chequered sunlight. "And so you too are going, and Heinrich has gone: nothing is left,—*c'est la guerre, c'est la guerre.*"

Within, Jacques was seated at a table, having a writing lesson; Marie stood at his elbow, guiding his pen.

"It is never too late to mend," said Jacques, as he rose to give me his chair. "I ought to know how to write: I ought to have written to Marie when I was away. She has told me all. I do not blame her; the fault was mine."

I put into his hand a letter that I had just received from an unknown correspondent, announcing the death of Heinrich, who had been shot at Orleans. When he was dying he asked his doctor to write me a few lines: "he wishes you to know that he is at rest, Marie, and that his last prayer was for happiness for you and Jacques."

Marie wept as she read the letter. Jacques drew her close to him, and sheltered the tear-stained face. "Marie," he said gently, "I suffer such pain, such constant gnawing pain, that I sometimes wish I too had been killed outright."

Marie quickly raised her head; the hot tears ceased to flow.

"No, dear Jacques; no, it is much better as it is."

She supported him to a couch, and, sitting down beside him, held his thin suffering hand in hers.

"When you touch me, Marie, the pain seems to pass away from me."

"I am so glad," she whispered, bending over him her wistful, smiling face.

I went out softly, I bade them no farewell; but as I left, I, too, like Heinrich, prayed that Marie and Jacques might be happy, with such happiness as God gives to those who do not question, nor struggle against destiny, but work and wait, earning that long rest which is the end of life.

MR. WHYMPER'S "SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS."[1]

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

FEW Alpine travellers, I suppose, forget their first sight of the Matterhorn. I well remember for my own part how, as I was toiling up the hot valley of Zermatt one summer afternoon, the great mountain, till then unknown, suddenly started from behind a corner; and how I sat down in utter amazement upon an inviting hummock of turf, and gazed at its wondrous cliffs till the pain inflicted by certain red ants, who showed a brutal indifference to the view, overbalanced my sense of natural sublimity. For some years afterwards that remained a sacred spot, on which incense of a certain kind was regularly burnt to the great idol of mountaineers. An improvement in the road has swept away the hummock and the ants, and some change has passed over the mountain itself; but whether recent events have added to or detracted from its romance, the Matterhorn will always remain unique in its terrible majesty. Mr. Whymper prefaces the volume of which I am about to say a few words, with the rather discouraging remark that "the most minute Alpine descriptions of the greatest writers do nothing more than convey impressions that are entirely erroneous." If by "erroneous" is meant simply "inferior," the statement is of course correct; if Mr. Whymper means that it would be rash even for a great genius to attempt to describe so stupendous an object as the Matterhorn, there is much to be said for his opinion; yet even an ordinary writer, if he cannot paint the Matterhorn in words, can give more or less adequate expression to the emotions which it excited in his breast. At any rate, it may safely be said of the Matterhorn that, even in old times, there was something ominous and ghastly about its crags. Perhaps one had something of that feeling which is said to prevail amongst the dwellers in earthquake regions—a sense of insecurity from the apparent inversion of the natural order of things. When the solid earth rocks, or when a mountain rends itself into such strange shapes, the mental faculties seem to undergo a sudden wrench; our most trusted assumptions give way, and we feel an awe analogous to that produced by the dread of the supernatural. Indeed, I have heard a sensitive lady declare that she could not sleep in a room from the windows of which the Matterhorn was visible: she fancied it in dreams to be a monstrous pale phantom of the heights just ready to stalk slowly down the valley. My own imagination is not so poetical; and as everybody must have a comparison good or bad, I will admit I can never look at the Matterhorn from the Swiss side without thinking of a diabolical cock of superhuman size crowing defiance to the world. The great pyramidal mass stands for the cock's head and neck, whilst the delicate snow-curve above the Zmutt glacier (one of the most exquisite designs in this or any other mountain) fairly represents the bird's tail. There, at any rate, when I knew him first, the Matterhorn proudly threw back his shoulders and contemptuously challenged all comers to a trial of strength. Looking at the mountain with our present knowledge, it is hard to fancy that a change has not taken place in it, as well as in

[1] "Scrambles amongst the Alps, 1860–69." By E. Whymper. London: John Murray. 1871.

us. The long ridge which runs down to the Hörnli appears to have become less steep, whilst the terrible cliffs above the Zmutt glacier have gathered additional gloom. The first has now the outward appearance of accessibility, because we know it to be accessible in fact; whilst the others have acquired a more painful association than any in the whole range of the Alps. The challenge has been accepted, and the mountain defeated; but it has taken a terrible revenge on its conquerors; and some of us will never look again at the torn glacier which lies at the foot of the fatal precipice, and descends in massive avalanches to the lower reaches of the Zmutt, without a sense of sadness that mars the exquisite beauty of the scenery. There fell Michel Croz, one of the best and bravest of guides, and Charles Hudson, as simple and noble a character as ever carried out the precepts of muscular Christianity without talking its cant. The stern and savage scenery in which they and their companions met their fate has a melancholy voice for mountaineers.

Mr. Whymper, the only traveller who survived, has now told the story of that accident, and of the adventures which preceded it. Alpine literature, it is probable, has rather palled upon the world at large. Whatever merits were possessed by the records of climbing, considered simply as a sport, were not of a kind to be very enduring; and Mr. Whymper's book may perhaps come a little too late for the popular interest in the subject. It has, however, two merits which may raise it above the ordinary level of such records. The first of these is its artistic beauty. In the passage already noticed, Mr. Whymper goes on to say that his pencil may possibly do what his pen cannot. The proposition might be disputed in its strictest sense. Woodcuts are no more capable than letter-press of conveying to those who have not been eye-witnesses of its wonders the true magic of Alpine scenery. But whatever can be done by woodcuts—and more, as I believe, than has ever before been done by them—is successfully accomplished by Mr. Whymper. Nobody can tell without some experience what it feels like to crouch under a rocky ledge, and see huge masses of rock hurled in every direction down the flanks of the hill, whizzing like cannon-balls close to your head, shivering themselves to atoms like bursting bombs, and making the whole mountain quiver under the crashing thunder of their fall; or to lie at midnight on the bleak ridge, thousands of feet above the valley, and watch the great battlements of the mountain wall glaring out capriciously in the flashes of lightning, or standing black and grim above the storm at your feet; or, still less, to catch an inverted glimpse of peaks and snowfields bounding suddenly upwards, as you descend a steep snow-slope by a rapid and unpremeditated header through the air. Neither can all of us realize the process of creeping across a snow bridge suspended over the fathomless depths of a blue crevasse, or springing over the yawning chasm cut deeply through the knife-edge of crumbling rock, which forms the only available retreat to civilization. Nay, there are some people who will be puzzled by the view along the narrow backbone of the Mont Blanc range, where one side seems to have been carved out smooth and vertical by the sweep of some monstrous hatchet; nor even, though the least ambitious travellers may see the view, will any but the experienced traveller really decipher the meaning of the marks which represent the huge rocks of the Matterhorn rising majestically above the Théodule, barred and streaked by a few clinging patches of snow. Even in the least ambitious of these scenes, the observer must add something from his own stores. The wonders of the Alps cannot be put down in black and white on a page of 5 inches by 7. Still, Mr. Whymper has done all that can be done by such means. To mountaineers, who can interpret what is at best a kind of shorthand writing by the help of their own recollections, the illustrations will be thoroughly delightful and satisfactory,

whilst even the cynical in such matters may gather some hints which, let us hope, will serve to make them in future more indulgent to the lunatics of the Alpine club. The illustrations, in short, are really beautiful, and may attract those who have acquired the bad habit of pooh-poohing all mere narratives of mountain adventure.

Upon this topic, however, I cannot linger. Mr. Whymper has another merit upon which I must dwell at a little greater length. There is, in short, a certain dramatic unity about the book. If it had been turned into verse, for which, to say the truth, it is not particularly well fitted, it might have been called the "Matterhorniad." From the beginning to the catastrophe the great peak looms before us, and the awful conclusion, which we know to be approaching, gives a certain seriousness to the narrative. The work is not, as I have said, precisely poetical, and indeed it differs from similar productions chiefly by a certain dogged and business-like tone by which it is pervaded. Mr. Whymper seldom indulges himself in the time-honoured facetiousness of Alpine climbers; he sternly represses any tendencies—supposing him to feel any—towards fine writing; and he seems to assume throughout, for a primary fact, that the ascent of the Matterhorn is worthy, as an investment of human energy, to be put beside the investigation into the laws of gravitation, or into the true theory of the development of species. Obviously he regards the whole affair in a grimly determined spirit, very unlike the frivolous dallying with excitement of some of his contemporaries. In this, indeed, lay the secret of his success; and though the story is an old one, and most people have heard enough of it, a few paragraphs may be devoted to setting forth some of its lessons. The full materials are now before us, and we may form as complete a judgment as will ever be in our power. The ascent of the Matterhorn was the culminating victory of the Alpine Club, and the record of that achievement will give the best notion of the spirit of the pursuit in its palmiest days.

The most curious point in the whole story is one which has been often noticed; mountains were defended partly by their imaginative prestige, and partly by their intrinsic difficulties. The Matterhorn is a striking example of the efficiency of the first of these modes of defence. It was, in certain senses, not quite unlike that monument which,

> "Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies."

This is true chiefly of the northern, or, as it is called, the Hörnli ridge. Thousands of visitors to Zermatt have looked at it, and assumed, without hesitation, that it was totally inaccessible. Many of them were experienced mountaineers, but were hopelessly deceived by the boldness of the imposition. Even when the veil was lifted for a moment, it always returned after a brief interval. Some years before the final assault, old Peter Taugwald, one of Mr. Whymper's guides, remarked to me that it would be tolerably easy to climb it to the point called the "shoulder," and his assertion turned out to be strictly true; but at the time neither he nor I fully realized the possibility. If we believed, it was with that faint and unsteady belief which only apes conviction. Three years before the ascent, Melchior Anderegg made the same remark to me on the Hörnli; and though for the instant the truth flashed upon us, it disappeared again under the influence of a short stroll to another point of view. Thus a comparatively easy and certain route to a point close below the summit had been staring mountaineers in the face for years before it was actually tried.[1] The story reminds me of the ordinary anecdotes about apparently impregnable fortresses. All the proper methods of siege are carried on energetically and

[1] The Messrs. Parker and some excellent amateurs tried this route at an early period, but were without guides, and did not reach any great height.

unsuccessfully, till somebody remembers an easy mode of reaching a neglected postern, and calmly walks in without any particular trouble. Though it is clearly foolish, I cannot remember without a sense of shame that I and others must have contemplated this convenient staircase some hundreds of times, and every now and then thought vaguely of trying it, and yet that we never had the necessary resolution or clearheadedness to make the assault. The route from the Italian side, though far more complex and more really difficult, had not the terrible simplicity of its rival, and threatened and bullied instead of telling a downright barefaced lie. A little attention to simple rules of perspective, a few observations coolly taken, and the Matterhorn would have been assailed from its weak side, and the long series of desperate expeditions rendered unnecessary. Two or three obvious mountaineering axioms should at least have led to trying the route; as it is, we can only confess our weakness, and try to excuse ourselves by the plea that the highest portion even of this route is one of the most dangerous places in the Alps. Perhaps it was a consciousness of the difficulty of the last steps which deterred us from taking the first.

However this may be, the fact may serve to illustrate the extraordinary influence of the Matterhorn upon the imagination even of trained mountaineers. The bold face which it showed upon its least guarded side, diverted the line of assault to the terrible cliffs that rise above Breuil, and they, to say the truth, were tremendous enough in appearance. So tremendous indeed was their aspect, that scarcely half-a-dozen guides and travellers were prepared to give them a fair trial. Mr. Whymper and Professor Tyndall were perhaps the only travellers who surmounted the first impression, and Bennen and Carrel the only guides who attacked them more than once with a real intention to succeed. We receive an impression from Mr. Whymper's narrative which is not altogether a pleasant one, that even amongst these few there were certain jealousies which postponed the final triumph. The fact is rather implied than expressly stated, and it is needless to consider the rights and wrongs of so unpleasant a question. In one way or another, however, the route was slowly explored. Each expedition moved a little further forwards than its predecessors. The difficult "chimneys" and towers which beat the first explorers, turned out to be assailable by direct approach or a judicious flanking movement. A base of operations was securely fixed high upon the flanks of the mountain. Professor Tyndall at last reached the foot of the highest cliffs, and was turned back under circumstances which are not quite clear, though it would seem that his Italian guide concealed his knowledge of a possible route in order that the glory and profit of the first ascent might not be shared with a Swiss rival. The operations had been carried on with great courage and perseverance, and the details may be sought by those who care for them in Mr. Whymper's pages. It is enough to say that the sap had been carried to the edge of the final entrenchment, and that one man, the Italian Carrel, had at least a shrewd suspicion of the way in which the final assault might be successfully delivered. And now we come to the last act of the drama, which has never before been so clearly explained, and which, as will be seen, has a certain dramatic force, conferring a genuine tragic interest upon the whole story. When Hamlet has been meditating his uncle's death through four acts, and labouring to work himself up to the necessary resolution, the catastrophe is finally brought about by accident, or, if we please to say so, by fate, instead of by the natural development of the situation. Much in the same way the overthrow of the Matterhorn is produced by a sudden shifting of the scene, and the story ends in a most unexpected climax.

Mr. Whymper came to Breuil in 1865, determined to try one more pull with his old enemy. There he found Carrel, the most energetic of its assail-

ants, and the man who was really in possession of the secret; but whilst making the necessary preparations for the assault, it suddenly turned out that Carrel was treacherous. He had made arrangements with an Italian gentleman, and Mr. Whymper had the vexation of seeing his expected ally calmly moving off to the assault in the interests of a rival. The position was certainly irritating; but one chance remained of disappointing his faithless friend. Mr. Whymper had already intended to change the line of assault to the Swiss side. He instantly returned to Zermatt, hastily made up a party, and attacked the mountain by the long-neglected Hörnli route. At 11.40 P.M., on the 14th of July, he had reached the summit, and saw his former friend and present rival climbing slowly from the Italian side, and still twelve hundred feet below him. The retort was perfect; the triumph of climbing the peak was doubled by the triumph of anticipating the Italians; the victory came in the very nick of time, and the travellers, whilst revelling in the thought of having secured the greatest of all mountaineering prizes, felt that they had also won about the most exciting race that could easily be imagined, a race up the most inaccessible of Alpine peaks. The game had been well played, and for a heavy stake. Carrel's false move had thrown the victory into the hands of the English party, and they were excusably triumphant. Perhaps the natural exhilaration may have thrown some of the party a little off their guard, and contributed to the final accident.

That is in brief the story of the conquest of the Matterhorn. The mountain which so few, even of the bravest guides, cared really to look in the face, which had taxed the skill and energy of such excellent mountaineers for years together, fell at last to a sudden *coup de main*. Since Saussure's twenty-five years' siege of Mont Blanc, it is certainly the most striking narrative of its kind, and nothing can well rival it in future. That particular mine of glory has been fairly worked out; and though the genuine pleasure of mountaineering will be at least as great as ever, the charm of being the first to tread a previously unscaled peak, must be reckoned amongst extinct enjoyments. Was the game worth the candle? is the question which will naturally be asked, and to which in this place I cannot attempt any satisfactory answer. The story, however, just noticed, and some other passages in Mr. Whymper's book, suggests one or two remarks, which more or less bear upon the point. The accident which added so melancholy a climax to the story, is very clearly explained by Mr. Whymper. Nothing, indeed, could well be simpler. The least practised of the party fell in such a way as to knock the strongest guide off his hold in a dangerous place. All mountaineers will agree that if such an accident occurs in such a place, the chances of escape are infinitesimal; and the moral is, that such accidents should never be permitted to occur. If it is asked whether they can be completely avoided, the answer is plain. They have never yet been known to occur, and their occurrence is beyond the verge of probability, in expeditions undertaken by a party of good amateurs, with a sufficient number of good guides. Four amateurs, one of whom was inexperienced, with three guides, of whom two were comparatively incompetent, should never have thought of attacking the most difficult mountain in the Alps. Such a proceeding was contrary to all canons of the science. It is useless to ask with whom the blame rests, though the circumstances just related may partly explain the haste and carelessness with which the expedition was made up. I will only make one remark in passing. Mr. Whymper very properly denounces the absurd fable that the elder Taugwald cut the rope. It was a simple impossibility for him to do so; and if the rope had not instantaneously snapped, the whole party must have been killed. In fact, the three survivors probably owe their lives to Taugwald's presence of mind, to which Mr. Whymper does justice. But I rather regret that he

should not reject decidedly another grave, though less serious accusation, which comes in fact to this, that Taugwald intentionally used a weak rope in fastening himself to Lord F. Douglas, in order to have a chance of being separated from him in case of accident. Knowing the carelessness too often displayed on such occasions, the confidence which guides will show in weak ropes, and the probable state of excitement of the whole party, which would easily account for such an oversight, I think that the hypothesis of deliberate intention on Taugwald's part is in the highest degree improbable; and there is not a particle of direct evidence in its favour. The presumption would be that Croz was almost equally responsible; and, at any rate, such accusations should have some more tangible ground than a vague possibility. A discussion of the point would be out of place here, and I venture upon this digression merely for the sake of an old guide, who has always had a high character, and, to the best of my knowledge, has well deserved it.

To return to the more general question. The Matterhorn accident was unmistakeably due to a neglect of notorious precautions. The reader of Mr. Whymper's book will be, however, inclined rather to wonder that no fatal accidents should have occurred earlier than that this should have occurred when it did. We—I speak of Alpine travellers in general—are certainly given at times to the literary device known as "piling up the agony." We can, on occasion, give a very terrible turn to a very simple adventure. The temptation is great, for it would be easy to persuade an inexperienced person that the ascent of Snowdon required reckless courage. Mr. Whymper, however, is a remarkably cool-headed, and even matter-of-fact person. His narratives are generally as unimpassioned as affidavits. And yet, Mr. Whymper's pages fairly bristle with hair-breadth escapes. Besides that marvellous somersault on the Matterhorn, there are at least half-a-dozen occasions on which his escape seems to have been due to a good luck which he had hardly the right to expect. To quote no other case, he crossed a snow slope under a threatening "serac," which came down in a tremendous avalanche directly after he had passed, and which, had it fallen a few minutes before, must have swept away the whole party. There is, to say the least, something rather startling about the coolness with which he recounts these adventures. "Here," I should say, if I might put myself for the moment in the seat of the scorner, "are you, an experienced mountaineer, who fully understand the theory and justice of the art, who have been generally travelling with the best of guides and with competent companions, who assure us in the most placid manner that no serious danger need be incurred, and wind up with recommending prudence; and yet, if your own accounts be accurate, you have been constantly running risks which no skill could have avoided, to say nothing of the fact that the story ends with a fatal catastrophe brought on by a neglect of your own risks. How do you justify the contrast between your precepts and your practice; and even if we should admit (which scarcely seems to be true in many cases) that the risks were all the result of temporary disregard of the rules you lay down, does it not prove that the temptations to break the rules are too great for a wise man to encounter? A man who is always stepping into gin palaces need not get drunk unless he pleases; but the practice is rather questionable for men of average strength of will. Are not mountaineers tempted so strongly to plunge into excesses, less immoral, but more speedily fatal, that they had better avoid even the danger of temptation?"

Mr. Whymper may answer these questions, if he pleases. For my part, I shall decline to give any elaborate reply, being content to refer my readers to the disquisitions contained in the valuable works devoted expressly to the practice and theory of mountaineering. The dangers may or may not be excessive. I am content here to regard them from a purely literary point of view.

Of course, to people who like highly-spiced narratives, the casualties can hardly be too frequent. If guides were massacred on the Alps as freely as Communists in Paris, the story would be all the more exciting. And yet I must confess that, to a person of severe taste, the intrusion of these horrors into narratives of pure sport has something in it not altogether pleasant. An accident here and there may be tolerated. If nobody was ever killed in hunting, the pursuit would lose some of its dignity. A Guy Livingstone may have his back broken occasionally, partly because we are heartily glad to get rid of such a ruffian, and partly to remind us that it requires some real courage to jump over a big fence. And, in the same way, I do not altogether object to an occasional reference to the fatal consequences which are inseparable from a habit of walking above lofty cliffs on staircases of ice. But, for my part, I prefer the good old narratives where sudden death is kept further in the background. In the days of Saussure, or even of Agassiz and Forbes, accidents were few and far between, and yet people had a greater dread of the mountains than at present. The mixture of tragedy and comedy is supposed to be somehow congenial to our natural tastes, but it is a very difficult style of composition. I do not mean for a moment to object to Mr. Whymper telling us the story of the Matterhorn accident. He relates it simply and unaffectedly; it was desirable that it should be told authoritatively, and some very useful morals may be deduced from it. I only wish to suggest that persons who still continue to climb mountains should so arrange their pursuits that it may be pleasant to read about them afterwards. An amply sufficient supply of accidents has now been accumulated to allow any future writer to season his narrative with references which may make us shudder to our hearts' content. The glaciers of Mont Blanc and Mont Rosa leave a sufficient tinge of blood upon our imaginations, and even the Oberland, though comparatively free, is haunted by more than one unpleasant memory. Artistically speaking, it would be desirable that no more additions than are quite unavoidable should be made to our stock of horrors. We shall then be able better to enjoy the peculiar charm which ought to be characteristic of Alpine stories. They should bring back to us the keen enjoyment of pure mountain air breathed by lungs in the highest sanitary condition; of Alpine scenery drunk in at every pore by healthy bodies; and of pleasant sights and sounds such as refresh the weary Londoner in the intervals of his toil; but we should leave horrors to war correspondents and the contributors to sensational periodicals, and let our records of enjoyment suggest mental repose rather than fierce excitement.

Perhaps, however, these are the spiteful observations of a person who has abandoned any intention of gratifying the public by a catastrophe of his own, and grudges that pleasure to people of a less selfish disposition. After all, it is a matter of taste, and the value of human life is very differently estimated by competent observers. Leaving these topics, which it is impossible to avoid in a discussion of Mr. Whymper's book, it is proper to add, before concluding, that he has some other claims to the attention of his readers. He gives, for example, a discussion of the hypothesis put forward by Messrs. Ramsay and Tyndall as to the erosion of valleys and lake-basins by glaciers. I do not enter into the argument, because I should despair of throwing the smallest light upon its merits. Confining myself, as before, to the literary point of view, I will simply observe that it is pleasant to see that Mr. Whymper shows the same pugnacious temperament in his scientific disquisitions as is illustrated by his performances as a mountaineer. He grapples with Professor Tyndall much as he grappled with the Matterhorn, and shows the same pugnacity whether or not he shows the same skill. This unconscious exhibition of character may probably recommend his book to some readers who, in an Alpine point of view, must be reckoned amongst the profane.

He is evidently a tough, indomitable person who requires a good many knocks on the head, whether from rocks or from professions, before he will loose his hold. Now that he is parted from the old employment of his energies, the more faithful amongst mountaineers will hope to see him exhibiting the same qualities in some different direction. He has already paid a visit to Greenland; and should he determine to visit the North Pole, they will have a well-founded confidence that he will not fail for want of obstinacy and endurance. And here, lest I should unawares fall into some remarks about Anglo-Saxon enterprise—which would certainly be far from novel and possibly not quite true—I will take leave of Mr. Whymper's narrative; though it is not without melancholy that I feel myself to be parting from what must be one of the last, as it is certainly the most beautifully illustrated, of the literary family to which it belongs.

A SUNSET ON YARROW.

The wind and the day had lived together,
  They died together, and far away
Spoke farewell in the sultry weather,
Out of the sunset, over the heather,
  The dying wind and the dying day.

Far in the south, the summer levin
  Flushed, a flame in the grey soft air:
We seemed to look on the hills of heaven;
You saw within, but to me 'twas given
  To see your face, as an angel's, there.

Never again, ah surely never
  Shall we wait and watch, where of old we stood,
The low good-night of the hill and the river,
The faint light fade, and the wan stars quiver,
  Twain grown one in the solitude.

A. L.

A DAY WITH THE PIES.

BY CHAS. BUXTON, M.P.

SINCE I was a small boy my one ambition had been to pay a visit to the Pies at Scoulton; but years had chased years to the shore, and my hopes of seeing them had never been fulfilled. At last the day came. Two exquisite mornings turned away my thoughts from politics to the woods and fields, and on Thursday, May 25, finding "Army Regulation Bill Committee" put down as the Order of the Day, I telegraphed to the Rev. Arthur Upcher at Wreningham, near Wymondham, in whose rectory I was sure of a welcome, to say I was coming, and would go the next morning to Scoulton to see the Pies. What a change from the preceding evenings in the House of Commons! Not a breath of wind disturbed the deep peace in which the country was wrapped. The meadows of rich grass shining with buttercups, the rooks cawing from the elms, the blackbird fluting from among the blossoms of the thorn—how far sweeter than the prate of the everlasting Colonels and Mr. Cardwell's oft-repeated replies! As the twilight fell, and we walked between the lilacs and laburnums of the shrubbery, the nightingale, disturbed by our footsteps, just touched his lute for a moment, and then sank again into sleep.

Perhaps some reader who was taught at school only Latin and Greek, and no really useful knowledge, may ask what *are* the Pies of Scoulton. They are black-headed gulls, smallest and prettiest of all the English gulls, except indeed the little gull, the scarcest of strangers. Their heads are black and their backs are blue (not unlike Mr. Lear's Jumblies); their underclothing is brilliant white, and their delicate long bills and legs are red. There are three places in England where they breed: one is a reedy lake in Northumberland, another in Lincolnshire, the third is at Scoulton, near Wymondham, in Norfolk, where their eggs are usually taken to the amount of nine or ten thousand a year, and sold in Norwich Market, the last lay being always respected; but for two or three years they have all been left, as the gulls seemed to be diminishing.

Alas! the morning rose gloomy and windy, with every prospect of rain; but as we drove along the wind fell, the sun shone out, and it became a perfect spring day. The approach to the Mere is through a beautiful shrubbery, which leads to Woodrising Hall; the Mere itself is of considerable size, with two islands, one small, but standing very high above the water, and with a summer-house on the top, buried in trees. The other island is large, flat, and marshy, with reeds growing far into the water round it. I was disappointed, as we rowed along, at seeing only some twenty or thirty of the gulls flying about at the further end of the lake, instead of the multitudes I had expected; but on rounding a corner of the larger island, one of the party gave a shout, and in a moment there sprang up from the reeds (like the devils at the call of Satan) at least a thousand of these beautiful birds, filling the air with their cries. The noise at a distance is like a very soft caw-cawing of rooks, though when you come near it has a somewhat harsh and guttural sound—but perhaps they were angry at our intrusion. As we approached, the scene became one of the most unique character. The lake is surrounded with trees: all were in their bright spring verdure, lighted up by a brilliant sun, and against this background were to be seen the sparkling white forms of the gulls as they flew round and round, and up and down, in every imaginable direction. Nothing can be more graceful than their flight; every movement is in a gentle curve, and the contrast of their black heads

with the whiteness of their bodies, adds extremely to the effect as they skim past. They showed by their tameness that they knew perfectly well we had no evil intentions. Every now and then one would plump into the water close by us, and examine us carefully with his bright black eye; after satisfying himself about us, he would rise softly, and rejoin his companions. The nests are made by pressing three or four of the reed plants down, and so forming a soft platform resting on the thick stems, and raised about a foot above the water. The first nest we saw contained young birds, covered with long down, brown in colour, with blackish stripes down the back. We took one or two very young ones out of the nests to examine them, to the extreme indignation of the parents, who dashed so close past my head as I held them in my hands, that I thought they would knock my hat off. The boatman said they often actually do this to him, but then they know him better. Plenty of larger young ones might be seen stealing away over the mud under the reeds, or swimming between them. One little fellow had a mind to test our speed and set off across the water to the shore. We rowed after him as quick as we could, but he got safe under the bank, and so far beneath it that the longest arm could not reach him. Some of the nests still contained eggs, green, blotched with black, like plovers' eggs, but larger, more blunt, and far less delicious to eat. After the first alarm the gulls for the most part settled again among the reeds, but a shout always brought them up again, and at once the air became filled with waving wings and shining plumage. They never ceased crying, their mouths being always a little open as they sped along, not moving in a body together like rooks, but weaving their way in and out, crossing each other's curves in a way that suggested the lines in the "Ancient Mariner"—

> "And in and out, in reel and rout,
> The death fires danced about."

The spectacle was certainly one of singular interest and beauty.—It is a curious fact that they always arrive exactly on March 12. Now, how is it possible that these and other migrants should keep this accurate account of their appointments?

They live, I believe, mostly on the worms that they pick up in the neighbouring ploughed fields. We saw one field that was under the plough, with twenty or thirty of them hard at work, and I was told that they are often to be seen following the ploughman's heels much closer than even rooks will dare to do. They may perhaps be glad of fish whenever they can get them, but Scoulton must be twenty-five miles from the sea, and is quite away from the system of Norfolk Broads, which lie in the east, full thirty miles away. We did not see them fishing in the Mere itself. The farmers never injure them, as they are found extremely useful, and do no harm whatever. Occasionally they are seen till nine or ten at night, chasing the cockchafers among the trees.

As we rowed back we saw a father and mother dab-chick with their little ones, a lovely fleet, swimming across the Broad. We gave chase, but with no evil intentions, and it was amusing to see the children instantly vanish under water with a slight splash, and not one of them reappeared. No doubt they had been born with an "innate idea" (*pace* John Locke), that their safety lay in swimming under the bank, before they rose again to the surface. The parents would not take the trouble to dive, but vanished among the reeds, long before we reached the spot. By this time the sun was overcast and the blackest of black clouds was rising in the west, while the wind rose fast, and we had barely time to get under the shelter of the summer-house on the island, when a frantic squall of wind with torrents of rain swept over the lake, and while we ate our luncheon the waters below were in wild commotion. In a few minutes it had passed away, and was followed by "the stilly hour when storms are gone,"—and so ended our visit to the Pies of Scoulton.

THE STATE PAPERS OF FRANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS."

AMONG the irreparable injuries inflicted on France and on the world by the rabid and malicious fury of the "*Commune*," is one which will be more keenly felt by the historian and the antiquarian than even the demolition of the noble and storied edifices of Paris, swept ruthlessly away, with their intensely interesting associations and traditions.

At the moment when the demon of destruction let loose in Paris was sparing neither life nor property, and popular fury, venting itself with special satisfaction upon every object connected either with authority or tradition, went so far as to set fire, among other time-honoured monuments, to the Palais de Justice, it was natural we should ask ourselves with consternation, What—in this universal cataclysm—can have been the fate of the Archives of Paris? What also can have become of the venerable Archivist, the faithful guardian and zealous protector of these unique and priceless historical treasures—the living glossary of these authentic and suggestive documents, the intelligent interpreter of their often mysterious significance?

What a treat it was to spend a morning at the Préfecture—to talk history, the stirring and romantic history of France, with this zealous and learned consignee, in every way worthy of his trust! What a feast he could provide out of his vast storehouse, filled as it was with the very concentrated essence of historic lore!

There is something more than mere sentimentality in the enthusiasm which fires us when we see beneath our eyes, and hold in our hands, the genuine, original documents from which all history has been taken—the raw material out of which the web of fiction and fact, poetry and prose, romance and history, have alike been woven—the terse, simple, honest statements which have been so distorted by the interests, the party-spirit, or the prejudices of those through whose hands they have been transmitted to us, that when we see them in their virginal purity we find it difficult to believe they can have any connection with the inflamed and exaggerated, the coarse and passionate, forms under which we have been taught to know them.

There were, however, among these same State Papers of France, some records so hideous in their naked truth that no historian *could* render them more ghastly; so fiery in their native colouring that even a modern dramatist would have found it difficult to make them more sensational; and, strange to say, in these days of boasted progress and civilization, the very fiercest of them are vividly recalled to us by the not less sanguinary and diabolical acts we read of as occurring at the present hour.

Little, indeed, did we dream when studying those fearful details, that a second Reign of Terror was in the future of our own experience, and that scenes as revolting were about once more to disgrace the same nation.

Since the date of the petroleum-incendiary fires in Paris, grave have been the conjectures and various the reports as to the destiny of this invaluable portion of what we may term the "properties" of the State; it is therefore with no small satisfaction that we learn from an authentic source the safety of the greater part of the "Archives Historiques," rescued, strange to

say, by the merest accident, the details of which are as follows:—

In the month of January last, during the siege of Paris by the Prussian troops, a fire suddenly broke out one day at the Préfecture de Police, at that time under the direction of M. Cresson, whose coadjutors were M. Choppin, now Préfet de l'Aisne, and M. Léon Renault, now Préfet du Loiret. The conflagration was promptly arrested and proved to have been the result of an accident; it, however, aroused the fears of M. Cresson, and suggested to him the possible occurrence of many disasters, which he prudently resolved to forestall. He immediately caused the most valuable of these MSS. to be removed to a place of safety, selecting for that purpose a vault, in which he had them bricked up, enclosing with them the celebrated Venus of Milo, one of the choicest of the antiquities from the Louvre; to this precaution alone do we owe their preservation from the destruction in which they must have been involved when, on the 24th of May last, the wing of the edifice whence they had been abstracted was maliciously fired.

From the schedule[1] of all that now remains, appended below, it appears that several extremely interesting documents are absent: among those missing, is one of which we should be sorry there could be a duplicate, and yet the world can hardly afford to lose so striking and characteristic a relic.

[1] Authentic list of the portion of the Historical Archives saved from the Préfecture de Police:—

The prison books containing the *écrous* (entries) of prisoners confined respectively at the—

Conciergerie from the year 1500 to 1794
Châtelet ,, ,, 1651 ,, 1792

At the Prisons—

Of St. Martin, from the year 1649 to 1791
,, St. Eloy, ,, ,, 1663 ,, 1743
,, La Tournelle, ,, ,, 1667 ,, 1775
,, La Tour St. Bernard, ,, 1716 ,, 1792
,, Bicêtre, ,, ,, 1780 ,, 1796
,, La Force, ,, ,, 1790 ,, 1800
,, Port-Libre (Port-Royal), for the years II. and III. of the Republic.
,, St. Lazare, for year II. of the Republic.
,, L'Egalité (Collége du Plessis), for the years II. to IV. of the Republic.
,, Ste. Pélagie, from 1793 to year VII. of the Republic.
,, the Abbaye, from 1793 to year II. of the Republic.
,, the Luxembourg, from 1793 to year II. of the Republic.
,, the Carmes, from 1793 to year II. of the Republic.

Of the Maison de Santé de la Folie-Regnault, for year II. of the Republic.
,, ,, Maison de Santé Belhomme.
,, ,, ,, du Temple, from year IV. to 1808.
,, Vincennes from 1808 to 1814.

The Registers of the interrogatories of individuals arrested for emigration and opposition to the Revolution, from 1793 to year II. of the Republic.

The Registers of divers police researches, from 1790 to year II. of the Republic.

The Registers of prisoners by order of the King, from 1728 to 1772. (Provincial Prisons.)

The Registers of criminal proceedings, from the year 1725 to 1789.

Inventory of persons imprisoned by order of the King within the jurisdiction of Paris.

Inventory of persons imprisoned by order of the King. (Provincial Jurisdiction.)

Decisions of Provincial Councils.

Sentences and decisions of the Parliament of Paris from 1767 to 1791.

MS. collection of laws and police regulations, known as the "Collection Lamoignon," 1182 to 1762.

The Registers of the banners and colours of the Châtelet.

The laws, regulations, and edicts enacted from the time of St. Louis to that of Henri II. inclusive.

Notes on the prisoners of the Bastile from 1661 to 1756.

All *Lettres de Cachet* between 1721 and 1789.

The Procès-verbaux, or official statements of Police functionaries, from 1790 to 1814.

Judgments, orders of arrestation, of transferment of liberation of prisoners, from 1789 to year V. of the Republic.

Notes by Topinot Lebrun relative to the individuals cited before the Revolutionary tribunal.

Funeral services, programmes, and other particulars relating to the inhumation of Princes.

All the papers relating to the attempt by the infernal machine of the Rue St. Nicaise.

Papers relating to the trials of Georges Cadoudal; Général Mallett; Fauche; Borel and Perlet; Lavalette; the Confederates of Paris; of Maubreuil; the Twenty-two Patriots; Ceracchi; the Ex-conventionalists; the Conspiracy of 1820; Louvel; Mathurin Bruno; La Rochelle, &c. &c.

We are all familiar with the figurative diction which speaks of books "written in blood," but few of us have realized to themselves the horror with which they would peruse such pages; yet, among the vast collection of State curiosities preserved in the extensive chambers of the Préfecture, existed a volume which might be literally and not rhetorically so described. I have held it in my hand, *horresco referens*, and turned its discoloured leaves, and read upon them the dreadful tale of human passions—for every line is the confession of a crime.

The history of this ledger is that of the "Hundred Hours." It stood propped up desk-fashion upon a small shelf facing the door of the Abbaye which opened into the court, and at the extremity of a short passage, up and down which paced Maillard, while the miserable prisoners, after undergoing a mock trial of a few minutes' duration, were led out, unconscious whether they were condemned or acquitted, and handed over to the "travailleurs," better known as "Septembriseurs"—those hired and extemporized executioners only too readily to be found in times of popular tumult—to be savagely butchered. The whole process of arrest, judgment, and execution appears to have occupied less than a quarter of an hour, and the voice of humanity must have been utterly stifled. The registry is made with consummate terseness: "Jugé par le peuple et mis à mort sur-le-champ," without the assignation of any cause, stands opposite every name with rare exceptions, though "Jugé par le peuple et mis en liberté" does occur once or twice. Opposite one, is this singular and suggestive entry: "Jugé par le peuple et mis *en libre*," with a stroke through the last two words and the correction "à mort!" We ask ourselves, with a shudder, was this an act of clemency repented of during the penning of the entry? or—who knows?—was it that, after being acquitted, the wretched victim was massacred by mistake? Alas! none will ever know, till this world has ceased to be.

As the wretched prisoners, helpless and unresisting, were cut down and thrown quivering and mangled on a ghastly heap, their blood, like that of Abel, was crying vengeance from the ground, and was even then, as we shall see, rising up in silent but eloquent testimony against their relentless and inhuman murderers. Every page of this curious and, let us hope, unique volume, is stained with the blood of these hapless creatures, as it was dashed out of their frames with the clubs and knives with which they were slaughtered; while on some of the leaves remain the marks, sometimes of fingers, sometimes of the entire hand, of the brutal murderer who came in, reeking with gore from his scarcely-finished work, to inscribe his own name and that of his victim, and to obtain the price of blood.

The mode in which the payments were made, we learn from what may be called the Supplement to this bloody record: a file of "*Bons pour 25 francs*" preserved along with it, each being signed on the back by the "travailleur" who received it, and, after his name, added his trade or occupation and address. Little deemed he when complying with this formality that he was writing his own conviction; for we are glad to find that a day of retribution came at last, and on the strength of this very evidence, these "travailleurs," consisting of tradesmen and artisans, were traced, prosecuted, and convicted under the Restoration; being then punished either with the *Bagnes* or perpetual imprisonment.

Another hideous episode of this fearful epoch recorded here, was the massacre of the Collége de St. Firmin, scarcely less barbarous than that of the Carmes. The following singular I O U, which I copied, bears upon it its evidence of the principles on which such work was done: thus, it survives to be read by succeeding generations:—

"Commune de Paris.

"The citoyen treasurer of the Commune will please to pay to Gilbert Petit the sum of 48 livres, in consideration of the time devoted by him and three of his comrades to the des-

patching (*expédition*) of the priests of St. Firmin, *during two days*, according to the requisitions made to us by the section of *Sans Culottes* who employed them.

"Dated, à la Maison Commune,
This 4th day of Ventose, IVth year of Liberté and 1st of Egalité.

(Signed) NICOUL & JÉROME LAMARCK,
Commissaires de la Commune."

It is endorsed—

"Received the sum of 48 livres.
GILBERT PETIT + his mark."

The College of St. Firmin had existed since 1220, and stood in the Rue St. Victor. It had been abandoned for some time when the house was opened as a seminary for preachers, and St. Vincent de Paul was appointed its chaplain. This religious institution, suppressed in 1790, became the property of the nation, and served as a prison during the Reign of Terror.

It was at the time of this suppression that the wholesale assassination of the inmates occurred, and it is thus described by Nougaret :—

"At the Séminaire de St. Firmin," says he, "the ruffians, tired of executing their victims one by one, burst open the house, and rushed frantically within ; in a few minutes it presented the appearance of a vast shambles, human blood began to flow on the beds and floors of the dormitory, and to pour in a stream down the stairs. Men still living were thrown from the windows to fall upon the pikes, bayonets, and scythes of those who stood below to receive them and finish the barbarous work.

"Those who had taken sanctuary at the altar were assassinated at its foot; while falling on their knees and striking their breasts they were receiving the benediction of the most venerable among them, and were imploring Heaven to pardon their murderers. Among the ninety-one priests thus sacrificed, was one Joseph-Marie-Gros, vicar of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet, who had always entertained the most paternal affection for his flock. While bewildered by the frantic figures of the cowardly villains who surrounded him, his eye fell on a face in the midst of them, which he immediately recognized as one of his parishioners, to whom he had always shown special kindness. A ray of hope illumined his horizon as the familiar features approached. 'Mon ami,' said he, 'surely I know you?'

"'Maybe you once did, but I no longer know any one but the Commune that pays me.'

"'Have you, then, forgotten all our former relations?'

"'Entirely.'

"The venerable old man gave himself up, and a tear trembled in his eye as he thought of the sinful ingratitude and perversity of his former catechumen. Meantime the fellow, surlily turning away his head that he might not meet the meek and silent reproach, beckoned to his comrades, who at once seized the grey-haired octogenarian, and remorselessly threw him from the window. His head was broken on the pavement below, which was strewn with his brains. His aged limbs quivered for a moment, but he moved no more, and his body was thrown on the ghastly heap beside him. When his will was opened, it was found he had left all his little property to the poor of his parish, with a special legacy to the miscreant whose hand had been the instrument of his death."

Among these State Papers are enumerated the *écrous* of all the prisoners who passed through the cells of the Abbaye during the Reign of Terror. Among them what can be more moving than that of the unfortunate Queen—the beautiful Marie Antoinette—once the idol, and a few short years later the butt, of the populace? Well indeed might Alfred Nettement pen those elegant and touching sketches of her as "*Heureuse comme une Reine*," and "*Malheureuse comme une Reine!*"

By these insolent cowards we find her name entered as "Marie Antoinette, veuve de Louis Capet le *raccourci*"! while that of the Princess Elizabeth, the King's sister, stands—"Marie Elisabeth Capet, accusé d'avoir excité le peuple à la haine et à la révolte contre l'autorité!" A singular charge to be made by fellows themselves rebels against all law and order.

Madame de Lamballe's and other distinguished names appear in the hideous list, where also we read that of Charlotte Corday.

Of all, however, perhaps the most curious, the most interesting, and certainly among the most valuable to the historian, was a bundle of papers contained in a worm-eaten wooden casket. Monsieur Labat, seeing how deeply occupied I was with the fortunes of the beautiful and hapless Queen, whose cruel fate I do not think I had ever so vividly

realized to myself till this moment, produced this ancient box from some hidden recess, and placed it on the green baize cloth before me, with something like veneration; then, pointing to it, he said solemnly:—

"That box contains the solution to one of the enigmas of history. In that correspondence lies the complete and ample justification of Marie Antoinette, and the true story of the COLLIER DE LA REINE."

The papers seized at the house of Robespierre, after his assassination, are numerous, and, as may be supposed, among them are some terribly compromising. One bundle consisted entirely of anonymous threats and warnings addressed to this democrat, who must have lived for some months in hourly expectation of the fate he finally met. One of these is accompanied by a singular pen-and-ink caricature, in which he is represented sitting on a tomb occupying the centre of the paper: on it is inscribed the comprehensive epitaph—

"Cy-gît toute la France!"

Beneath his feet are two volumes, labelled "Constitution de 1792," and "Constitution de 1793." On either side is a semicircle of guillotines, each specifically inscribed to signify that it has served to exterminate a separate class of society—nobles, landowners, ministers, officials, politicians, *savans*, priests, religious orders, tradesmen, &c. &c. At the base is one more guillotine, on which lies "Monsieur de Paris," the only individual now left alive, and whom Robespierre himself is therefore in the act of guillotining. We are given to understand by a note at foot, that Robespierre having caused the whole French nation to be executed, and no longer needing the services of the headsman, is giving himself the trouble of executing *him*, and then means to reign in peace over the whole of France.

The *procès verbal* of the *post-mortem* examination of Mirabeau is another curious *pièce*, proving that his death was not the result of poison, but of his own intemperate habits.

Absent likewise from the existing list is a characteristic autograph letter addressed by Louis-Philippe Joseph Egalité to his daughter, regulating her expenditure at the time when, having compounded with his creditors, he was himself living on an allowance of 200,000 livres a year. The Princess was then hiding in Brussels, and the letter was entrusted to a female domestic, who, bribed by the self-constituted Government of France, betrayed her employers to them and gave up their whereabouts, placing the letter in the hands of the President.

In it the Duke desires her to limit her expenses to 4,000 livres a month, and directs that her establishment shall consist of a "gouvernante," a "femme de chambre," and a "valet de chambre," and that she shall keep only one "carosse à deux chevaux, pour sa promener trois ou quatre fois par semaine."

The report of the execution of Cartouche, also preserved here, affords some very dramatic particulars not generally known. This brigand was not only an immensely powerful man, but he had an iron will, and, when undergoing the fulfilment of his sentence, suffered the application of the "question" in very severe forms, without for a moment flinching or wavering in his determination not to betray his accomplices, persuaded as he was, that, before the final issue, he certainly should be rescued by the armed force of his desperate band. With wonderful constancy and confiding patience did the brigand chief await the arrival of his followers; and even when his limbs were so dislocated and mangled that he was about to be carried off to the scaffold to which he was no longer able to walk, he yet held firmly to his conviction of their intrepidity and fidelity. Alas! however, for this heroic faith, which might have been better placed, no signs of relief appeared; and when, arrived under the shadow of the guillotine, he saw himself hopelessly forsaken, his heart was filled with disappointment and rage.

"Stay," said he to the *Valets du*

bourreau, who supported his shattered frame, "I have revelations to make."

On this, Cartouche was carried back —Heaven knows in what condition—to his cell, the condemned cell, an awful place to behold; pens and paper were brought, and the wretched convict made a last supreme effort to write down the names of his false friends and faint-hearted adherents. It was in vain; his arm dropped lifeless by his side, and he was fain to content his vengeance by dictating the fatal declaration.

Thirty names he gave, including those of two of his mistresses, which head the list, as it there stands appended to his "acte de condamnation."

This evidence, however, though fatal to his gang, served him but little, and the sentence which condemned him to die on the wheel was not even commuted; for we read in the margin of the record the fearful words "*rompu vif*," testifying to the mode of his death, and another note states that he lived twelve hours on the rack!

The Genovevan library possesses his skull, bequeathed by him to the Fathers of that monastery, within which he desired to be buried; it is asserted that just before he expired, the miserable man sent for one of these religious, and made a full and penitent confession.

Cartouche received his education in the same college as Voltaire, and among the *écrous* of the Bastile preserved here, his name is, by a singular coincidence, inscribed on the same page as that of "Arouet," when incarcerated there for libel—"pour crime de poésie," as the accusation is styled.

The "lettres de cachet" of all the prisoners who were ever arrested according to that formality, form another important collection among these papers: these "lettres de cachet," of the mysterious nature of which so many romancists have availed themselves, were all signed by the King, and countersigned by the Minister; and by the mode in which the two signatures were bracketed together, it was impossible any other name could be inserted between. A knowledge of this fact may contribute to spoil some few pages of some few French novels, and upset the probabilities of their plots.

The *écrou* of Ravaillac I was curious to see, and it was instantly brought me. It stood in the middle of a double-columned page of an old book, so ancient that it almost crumbled beneath the touch. It shows this miscreant to have been *not* "a Jesuit," as history generally states, but a "*practicien*,"—a mechanic or industrial—possibly, a medical—practitioner.

That of Jacques Clement has been lost.

Many similar notes does my Diary of the year 1859 contain of visits to the Préfecture, but the above will suffice to show how deplorable would have been the loss had such unique and priceless memoranda been sacrificed to the insane fury of an association of coarse and unappreciative roughs.

It is a remarkable fact that notwithstanding the revolutions that have laid bare all the most hidden corners of Paris, notwithstanding the sacking and pillaging of public buildings, and the great interest many must have had in searching, appropriating, or destroying such documents as these, never, but with one solitary exception, has a single item been abstracted from the collection. Every successive archivist has remained sternly, as well as diplomatically, faithful to the traditions of his predecessors.

The occasion to which I refer, occurred during the Empire, when it appears that all the documents having any reference to the *affaire de Strasbourg* and the *affaire de Boulogne* were removed by supreme authority, on the plea that they belonged to another department, were not restored, and have never since been found!

The following anecdote appeared to me curious and characteristic, and as such I offer it to my readers: it is, at all events, authentic.

In 1848, when Caussidière was at the head of the Préfecture de Police, an individual, destined subsequently to occupy an important position, presented

himself one day at the Dépôt des Archives, and, exhibiting an authorization signed by certain members of the Government, requested that a register he required to consult should be given up to him. M. Labat received him, and, having listened to his request and examined his paper, returned it to him, at the same time politely but firmly regretting that it was quite impossible to comply therewith, on the plea that it was contrary to all precedent in the history of the nation for the archivist to allow the minutest item constituting his trust to leave the premises; he added, however, that he should be happy to allow any paper to be examined in his presence. This arrangement did not appear to suit the applicant, who withdrew extremely dissatisfied with the reply.

M. Labat repaired at once to Caussidière's room, and informed him of the visit he had received and the demand which was its object.

"And you acquiesced?" replied he.

"By no means," said M. Labat.

"How! When he produced an authority!" exclaimed the astonished Caussidière.

"The refusal was absolutely imperative," answered M. Labat. "Only see whither such a precedent would lead us! My trust was handed to me intact, and I must transmit it in the same condition. Ours is an office in which we must, perforce, establish an inviolable solidarity; and the moment I am compelled by superior authority to infringe upon that principle, I shall resign my position."

Caussidière, well aware of the value of so zealous a defender of property so important to the nation, was delighted with the intelligence and courage of his subordinate.

"My dear M. Labat," said he, "would that France possessed a few more such public servants as you. Continue, I pray you, to act with as much prudence and firmness as you have exhibited to-day: I authorize you to keep a loaded pistol on your desk, and if need be to fire it at the first person who attempts to meddle with your papers, even if it should be myself."

CORRECTION TO "SOUVENIRS OF THE CAMPAIGN OF THE LOIRE."

I WISH to rectify some passages in my article in the May Number of MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

(1.) I spoke on page 79, col. 1, of a theft committed by a Bavarian ambulance. I have since learnt that the German military department, to which we addressed our protest on the subject, has restored sixteen quilts to the village of Raucourt.

(2.) On page 73, col. 2, I stated, on the authority of a peasant, that the people of Civry and Varise had fired on an ambulance. I have lately seen the Mayor of Varise, who was on the spot at the time, and he tells me—what is in itself more probable—that there was no ambulance at all, and that the firing was directed against the scouts and the requisition-party of soldiers. It was on a Friday that the skirmish took place and the Bavarians were killed; and on Saturday they came back in force with two guns, and burned the village to the last cottage.

(3.) Page 71, col. 2. I am assured by a well-informed Bavarian officer, that the fact here mentioned does not carry the weight attributed to it by the hero of the adventure, who was himself my informant.

(4.) But my most serious mistake is contained in page 80, col. 1, where I related, on authority which I believed to be unexceptionable, a story to the disadvantage of M. Bethmann Hollweg. Recent inquiries have convinced me that the story is totally incorrect, and I desire to express my deep regret at having circulated a report at once so false and so injurious to the reputation of that gentleman.—These four examples may serve to show the difficulty of being accurate, even when a writer is most earnestly bent on being so.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1871.

Contents:—

I.—A Week in the West. From A Vagabond's Note-book. Part II.

II.—Patty. Chapters XLVII.—LII.

III.—Achilles and Lancelot. By Horace M. Moule.

IV.—Cave-Hunting. By W. Boyd Dawkins, F.R.S. Part III.—The Caves of Yorkshire.

V.—Callimachus. A Sketch.

VI.—Red Ties. By T. E. Kebbel.

VII.—Madrigal. By Alice Horton.

VIII.—Edward Denison.—In Memoriam. By John Richard Green.

IX.—A Victim of Paris and Versailles. Part I.—Paris.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1871.

A WEEK IN THE WEST.

FROM A VAGABOND'S NOTE-BOOK.

No. II.

In knocking about the world, the question must frequently occur to the vagabond, whether it is pleasanter to know who his fellow-travellers are, or not to know? Is it not what one does not know of one's fellow-creatures, rather than what one can get to know of them, that really interests us? The mystery of life is, in fact, that which makes it endurable. Every man and woman I come across is a mystery, an enigma to me; a mystery which I can never entirely unravel under any circumstances or conditions yet discovered on this planet. Perfect knowledge of one another is not within the reach of the children of men,—only a certain rule-of-thumb, hand-to-mouth knowledge, which still is sufficient for getting the old world's business tidily carried on, even in these confused later days. Of two, three, perhaps, if I am lucky, of a dozen of my fellow-mortals, I can say, with absolute confidence, that under certain given circumstances they will act thus and thus; that A will never "run word," for instance, and that B will do what is equivalent in our time to going to the stake,—will put his money, position, life, and fame on the cast of an act of justice. But to know so much involves years of intimacy, and many stages of the journey of life, plodded and fought through side by side. Of the remaining six or eight hundred millions of men and women, who are jostling along the same road, eating and drinking, buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage, what can ever be known to me but that we are travelling the same way, bound for one goal? That they are all here, and getting along side by side with us as best they can, is proof enough that they are wanted for something.

"'Tis little we can do for each other," says Emerson. "That by which each man conquers in any passage, is a profound secret to every other being in the world, and it is only as he turns his back on us and all men, and draws on this most private wisdom, that any good can come to him."

Obviously true as this is, so far as the physical comforts of travel are concerned, the getting the best rooms at hotels and the like, I doubt if it can be said to hold further. If a vagabond desires to conquer in the particular passage of enjoying each stage of his pilgrimage to the utmost, the question still occurs, will he attain his end best by turning his back on all men, and drawing only on his most private wisdom, or rather by getting, through any channel open to him, all such information as he can about his fellow-voyagers for the time being? The most obvious

of such channels are undoubtedly those registers which it has become the custom of late years to keep at all hotels, and other places of public resort, in which stand recorded the names, homes, destinations, and callings of the passing multitude. Occasionally, indeed, some further gleam of light shines out of their pages on one or another of the dim population, from the remarks which are added gratuitously by eccentric travellers. I remember once following a Frenchman for some days in Switzerland, who, to the description, "rentier," by which he designated himself, added invariably "à la poursuite de son épouse." I was not fortunate enough to overtake or identify him. As a rule, however, the most one can ascertain of the intelligent, complaisant, or offensive person with whom one has been sharing a "coupé," or at whom one has been glaring across a "table d'hôte" for the last three days, amounts to no more than that he is Mr. Jones, of London, or Mr. Smith, of Philadelphia. Does so much knowledge help you in performing the whole duty of a vagabond—which consists in—well, in making the day's journey as pleasant, to yourself, certainly—and to fellow-vagabonds?—on the whole, yes, to fellow-vagabonds also—as pleasant as possible?

But what a coil is here over the question whether I shall go and look up my new acquaintances in the guests' book of the Clifton Hotel before starting for the cars! That is what it all comes to, and I have done it, spite of ingenious theories. We are all Eve's children—at least I believe so hitherto, with all respect for the pundits of science—and curiosity will have its way, with, not seldom, as small results as in my case. The entries in this guests' book mean nothing—do not even give Christian names, only initials. I shall ear-mark my fellow-voyagers, therefore, in my notebook by their salient characteristics. The elder may safely be set down as "the optimist," for he has apparently no anxiety about his own impedimenta, or the future of his country. What shall the other stand as? There are already signs about him that he is by no means destined to take life easily, as the indifferently acted tragi-comedy which he is like to find it in another lustrum or two. A diligent, struggling, protesting nature, with whom it shall go hard, but he will get his full change for whatever outlay he may be called on to make in his wrestle with circumstances. For the nonce I shall enter him as "the struggler." Ah, there he is, I see, already in trouble this morning with the portmanteaus. It must be almost time to start for the Niagara depôt, and so for the great West.

In America they put the smoking car next the engine, and use it for third-class passengers. Why such assiduous smokers should put this sort of slur on the indulgence of the favourite national habit I can't say. There used to be a theory that there were no distinctions of classes in American travelling, as in an older and more corrupt world, but it must be pretty nearly played out by this time. The fact is that first, second, and third-class are rapidly becoming the rule all over the States. To almost every train one or more Pullman's cars, drawing-room cars, or sleeping-cars are attached, in which the citizen who would travel luxuriously must disburse at the extra rate of from three to five dollars a day. The mid-train is made up of the ordinary cars, and in front comes the smoking-car, in which you may travel, if you are willing to keep to it exclusively, at a rate considerably below the ordinary fare. When I entered the smoking car at Niagara, it was nearly full of rough, up-country fellows, lumberers, farmers, and artisans, with a sprinkling of softer-handed and less bronzed and bearded passengers from the other cars. I took the vacant seat next to one of the latter, who, seeing me somewhat in trouble with a damp lucifer, handed me his cigar to get a light from. I thanked him and returned it.

"Been staying at the Falls, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, for a day or two."

"Clifton House, sir?"

I assented.

"Happen to run across an Englishman, tall, slim, in rough brown shooting-coat, and dingy wide-awake, common sort of age, about mine. He's travelling with a young fellow——"

I interrupted him and named the optimist.

"That's he," said my friend, slapping his knee; "so you know him?"

"Slightly," I answered. Here was already a good reason for having hunted out the names in the guests' book. "Well," he went on, "he's an old friend of mine. Knew him in England, and a brother of his at Singapore. Three days back he sent me word he was going off to see the West. He just talks of it as if it was about like an English county. So, as there's a piece of line I must look at soon down Iowa way, I thought I'd come along and see after him, or he won't see much of the West, I guess. You don't know when he started?"

"Why, yes. He's in this very train."

"That's luck! Then we shall soon have him nosing in here for his pipe, I guess." And sure enough, in a few minutes, as we were just sighting the lake, the door opened, and in walked the optimist, pipe in hand. "Well, this is famous. Why, what brings you here?" he said, as they shook hands warmly.

"Brings me here? your letter, of course. I always told you I'd show you something of our big country; so I came off next day, after getting your letter at New York. Why didn't you write sooner?"

"Oh, you're a busy man. I didn't want to bother you; we should have got on well enough."

"You'd have done nothing of the sort. You don't know how to go about this business. You never put a word into yours as to when you were going off, or which way. It's an uncovenanted mercy that I've caught you."

"But are you really coming with us?"

"Raather! At least you are coming with me. Fact is, as I was telling your friend here, there's a new piece of line just built across the Iowa prairies that our folk want me to look at before we take it for good; so I thought I'd just come off and do it, and pick you up if I could hear of you anywhere about. When we stop at Hamilton I'll just wire our people at Chicago, and tell them to have the Champaign and an engine ready to meet this train, so that we may start at once and lose no time."

"What's the Champaign?"

"Oh, that's our directors' carriage—a sweet thing as a car; half the weight of one of these Pullman's, and twice as comfortable."

"What a thing it is to be a potentate! That young fellow is with me, you know; he's in the next car, keeping an eye on the bags."

"Yes, yes, he'll come along, of course, and your friend here, too," alluding to me, the vagabond. "There are plenty of berths on the Champaign."

I could see a twinkle in the optimist's eye as I was included in his party by the potentate. I found that he had not taken the precaution to consult the guests' book as I had done, so that at this time he did not even know my name, if indeed he knows it at this day, of which I am by no means sure.

All day we steamed along through Canada West at a steady average pace of twenty miles an hour, or rather better, including halts at Hamilton, London, and other smaller towns of Ontario. Much of the country, especially along the eastern portion of our route, was well cleared, the large enclosures bearing evidences of careful farming. Good substantial houses and homesteads were frequent, and the heavy crops and fine herds of cattle told a tale of comfort and prosperity which was confirmed by the look of the people whom we saw by the wayside, or who got in and out of the cars for short distances. In other districts matters were not so far advanced. Log cabins standing in the midst of a few acres of unfenced clearing, where the crops were coming up amongst blackened stumps, alternated with tracts of forest, on the borders of which a few hardy beasts were browsing,

and round not a few of the cabins groups of ruddy, bare-legged, well-grown, well-fed children scrambled about, splendid specimens of the young Canadian human stock which is so fast subduing this grand province between the great lakes. Every few miles fine broad highways—not metalled, indeed, but cleared, and bearing traces of frequent use—crossed the line at right angles, running down to the lake on one side, and away up into the country, often for forty or fifty miles (so the guard averred) on the other. Unlimited elbow-room on every side; a teeming soil only waiting for its lord and subduer; a country destined for great things, so every traveller must admit, and certain to become one of the gardens of the world. To the Englishman, the question occurs pressingly, Under what flag? But I am not above owning that a whole day's railing through such a new country, where there is no very marked beauty of mountain or river—even though it may be the first of English provinces, and whatever its capabilities for the agriculture of the future—is apt to become a trifle monotonous, though the power of ranging up and down the whole length of the cars at will is a great relief. But no journey is tedious in good company, and in this respect I soon found that the luck which often attends vagabonds had stood me in good stead, and that I had probably fallen on a good time for my plunge into the West.

If our cousins, of whom no man is fonder than I, will excuse a criticism, I would say, that in the give-and-take and rough-and-tumble of society, they are apt to be too sensitive—to see offence where none is intended—to put far-fetched constructions on words and acts, and to keep too sharp a look-out for any which can be twisted into a slight to them or their country. On the other hand, when you do get a pachydermatous Yankee, one with about as tough a social skin as the best class of educated Englishmen—and in these days they are far from rare—there is no company like him, and our potentate proved to be one of these. He had knocked about in his time all over the world, and had tried his hand at many things, finishing by taking pretty much on his own shoulders one of the great schemes of American railways, and carrying it by sagacity and patience from imminent bankruptcy to eminent success. He was confident enough of himself to stand on his dignity with no one, and proud enough of his country, and confident enough in her future, to bear any amount of chaff as to the peculiarities of Uncle Sam.

Our party had soon established a settlement in one of the central cars, by reversing one of the moveable backs to the seats, so as to make a compartment for four, to which we gravitated periodically, after halts for meals, or when we became tired of smoking, or loafing on the platforms at the ends of the cars for the sake of the view. We all found ourselves seated here, knee to knee, as if for a rubber at whist, after our twenty minutes' stop at Hamilton for early dinner. The conductor's cry, "all aboard," and the tolling of the great bell on the engine, had found us still busy with our knives and forks, and we had clambered up the steps of the last car after the train was already in motion.

"Well," said the struggler as he steadied himself on the platform, "I do like not to be bothered by a guard, but left to get on to the train when I can, and how I can."

"One of the many advantages of pure democracy," said the potentate.

"Democracy? how do you mean?"

"Well, I mean just that. I say that our railroad system is democratic, and Europe can't have it. And you can't have it; you're not up to it."

"I like that! How do you make it out?" said the optimist.

"See, now, if it isn't true. In Europe, under your paternal governments, which do everything for everybody, you're obliged to be at the station and get your ticket ten minutes before the time. Then you're run into pens like cattle, according to your class, and never trusted on the platform till the train is up. In England, you're one

point better, you're allowed to go on the platform, but you've a set of ridiculous rules as to closing the office-doors, not issuing tickets after the bell rings, and locking up carriages. Now here, we just issue tickets as long as anyone wants them, and then let them get into the cars as they've a mind to, or as they can. If they're late, or break their shins, that's their look out. They've just got to take care of themselves, and that's what democracy means."

"No government, eh? Everyone to do as he darn pleases."

"Well, yes. That's about our mark."

"Now, beloved potentate," broke in the optimist, "out of thy own mouth will I condemn thee. Switzerland is as pure a democracy as you, and there the system is as paternal and stupid as in France. And here we are in Canada, and just as free to break our necks or miss our trains as you are; yet you'll please to remember that the Dominion is not a republic, but rejoices in a queen, and all the privileges of the British constitution, which you ungrateful and stupid colonists threw away a hundred years ago. Now what becomes of your precious theory?"

"It's simply this. Switzerland don't set the tune; she's got to follow her big neighbours, and can't straighten out her own way; but Canada here is just a chip of our block, and has got to follow our lead."

"I like that, Canada a chip of your block! Why, from all I can see and hear, she's more loyal than an English home county; and the people—well, the people, if they're not English, I can scarcely see the difference. They're at all events ten times more like English than they are like Yankees."

"Look, for instance, at the dinner we've just been eating. All the time we've been in the States we've never set eyes on a good joint. When you stop on your lines one of those severe young women comes and slaps down before you half-a-dozen nasty little white saucers, with a mess of chicken fixings in one, a little greasy bit of steak in another, a tomato in a third, and so on. Now, at Hamilton, there was mine host, a rosy-gilled man in a good white apron, with a splendid joint of meat before him which he carved as though he loved it. I was glad to see him rebuke your impatience when you wanted to begin cutting at the other side; and then one got a comfortable mug of ale, instead of your eternal iced water. You could hardly see such an old English meal now at home. It reminded me of our old coaching days; I haven't eaten such a slice of beef since I crossed the water."

"He nearly lost us the train, but I'll allow 'twas good beef. But now you're three to one, and before I tell you what I think, I want to know whether you all agree now. Do you call Canada East English? you've been there, I understand."

"Yes, with our friend here; but I'm not so crazed about the Dominion as he is. You must know that ever since we entered this big continent by way of the St. Lawrence, and the optimist saw the river running two miles wide at Montreal, 600 miles from the sea, and ocean steamers lying by the wharves there, his eyes have been so dazzled by the beams of Canada *in esse* and Canada *in posse* that he can't see a single mote or speck in her."

"And that's why he thinks her so British. But do you?"

"Yes; I agree with him there. The whole of this Canada West, for instance, seems to be dinning into every one on board the cars to-day, 'Look here, you through passengers; you may have been in those States yesterday, and you will be passing into them again in a few hours, but meanwhile you're on British soil, where loyalty, and royalty, and all that kind of thing are at home.' Didn't you notice the crown on the Custom-house at Niagara this morning? and all day we've been running along a Great Western Railroad, with guards and porters in the conventional uniform at every station. Your citizen porters are too fine—save the mark—to wear uniform! Then, we've passed Woodstock and London—villanously the latter stank of petroleum, by the way; and now we're

travelling through Kent and Essex, *en route* for Windsor. These names prove a good deal, I take it."

Potentate.—"Not a bit. There are more of them in New England—whole districts of them. What do you say to Plymouth, Boston, Cambridge, Portland? and there's a Middlesex, and a Berkshire in Massachusetts, with Reading and Newbury for county towns."

Struggler.—"Ay, but those are all pre-revolutionary names, and these Canada ones all recent. There's the difference. I don't believeyou've give n any place in the States an old English name since 1776."

Optimist.—"And a pretty hash you've made of it, in consequence, with your names. Look at your New York Adam of seventy years ago, who went about the district we came through the other day, on our way to Niagara, christening places out of his 'Lemprière'—Marcellus, Syracuse, Ovid, Utica, Cicero, Rome, and so on."

Po.—"Well, what harm? You only object because the names are two thousand years old, and foreign. You forget that we're the 'heirs of all the ages,' and are bound to have a slice of every time and country set into the great republic. We've got to show that we can swallow you all."

Opt.—

"'You air the whole world's wonder,
And you hev' the loudest thunder,'
Accordin' to population:

we know all that, of course; but I don't believe you'll even swallow Canada."

Po.—"You don't. Do you think England is going to keep her, then?"

Opt.—"I don't know about that. But I think she's quite big enough, and strong enough, to stand by herself, and that there's a large and growing party amongst her best people who mean that she shall. What good would she get by joining you? Higher taxation and a protectionist tariff are no great inducements."

Po.—"But our protectionist tariff isn't going to last much beyond this next Presidential election, nor our war taxes either; and, even as matters stand, annexation would double the value of all the property in Canada."

Opt.—"So I hear you all say; but I can't, for the life of me, make out why."

Po.—"Because you'd have Yankee brains and capital turned on to Canada at once."

Struggler.—"You'd prescribe a 'railway ring,' and a 'gold ring,' and a 'coal ring,' I suppose. As to self-reliance and enterprise—however it may be politically, in all other directions Canada needn't be afraid of comparison with you. Look at the growth of Montreal, and Toronto, and Hamilton; look at her line of ocean steamers; at her mercantile marine! Why, on these great lakes she has beaten you out of the field, and got pretty nearly the whole carrying trade in fair competition with you. Look at her woollen manufactures, which are not only getting a footing in the States, in spite of the tariff, but are beginning to beat the best English goods!"

Po.—"Well, I allow all that. What does it amount to? You've got just now some half-a-dozen first-rate men in Canada, who have set these things going, and made them successful. But you don't suppose those men won't be the first to go in for a wider field, more elbow room. They're not of the sort who would sooner be big fish in a little hole, than good-sized fish in a big hole."

Opt.—"But why should they change the British pool for the Yankee?"

Po.—"Because they're not really in the British pool, and they would be in the American. If there's one thing more than another which convinces me that you're not up to the time of day over in that precious island of yours, it is the way your statesmen handle these colonial questions. Now, as I was just saying, there are, perhaps, half-a-dozen first-rate men in Canada—men who have done more to build up the prosperity of the Dominion, as you call it, than all the Governors-general you ever sent out there. And what do your wiseacre governments do with them? Why, once in six or eight years, they just make perhaps one of them a knight, side by

side with a city alderman or two. If I were a British minister, and wanted to keep Canada, do you suppose I wouldn't make them peers of the realm?"

Opt.—"Bravo! our democratic potentate has actually got to appreciate the hereditary principle."

Po.—"I don't know about appreciating principles. But you've got your House of Lords, and can't get rid of it, and so, I should say, might try to make some decent use of it by putting in your best men, whatever part of the Empire they come from. It don't want an Achitophel to see that if the hereditary business once got a footing in Canada, it might prove a strong card to play against us. But what's the use of your knights?"

Opt.—"Well said, old fellow. Give us one or two more Yankee notions for keeping Canada, and I'll write to the Colonial Secretary."

Po.—"You're welcome to a dozen. Nothing will teach your big folk their business; that's our surest card. Now, you're drawing all your troops home, and taking away even the old worn-out sentry boxes from the up-country stations, regardless of expense. Do you think that's a good way to strengthen the connection?"

Opt.—"I'm bound to admit that we've heard objections to that policy in Canada."

Po.—"I should say so. You see, when there were two or three good British regiments, and a staff of young swells about, it gave the Canadian girls a chance, and monstrous pretty nice girls too,—and so you pleased their fathers and mothers, and kept society in Montreal and Quebec in touch with London. All that kind of thing tells. For every Canadian girl that married an English officer, you got a set of people on each side keen for keeping up the connection."

Opt.—"It's nuts to hear you always drifting back amongst the House of Lords and the Upper Ten, you democrat of the democrats! So you would keep a crack regiment or two in Canada, if you were an English minister?"

Po.—"I reckon so. When the last batch of red coats go aboard at Quebec or Halifax, that means annexation or independence in a couple of years. —Here, I say, boy, some of that iced water; I'm parched with teaching you Britishers."

So the potentate stopped the boy who perambulates the cars with a big can of iced water, and we all refreshed ourselves; after which an adjournment forward was moved for the smoking car. And so the hours and the train moved on westward always, till tea-time. Then on again till the twilight settled down on the long stretches of forest and clearing, and the sultriness passed out of the air, and moon and stars came out in the still bright night.

The struggler and I had turned out on the platform at the end of our car, and were enjoying the night run, when our engine bell began to toll, speed slackened, we became aware of lights, and a big river right ahead of us, into which we appeared to be about to run bodily.

"What have we got to now, I wonder?"

"Windsor, I suppose; and that must be the St. Clair, which alone divides us from the great Republic. Don't you feel the air of freedom beginning to circulate already?"

"But how the deuce are we going to cross to those favoured shores? That's Detroit, no doubt, opposite, but there's no bridge, and no steamer that I can see. Are you game for a swim?"

"I expect it's a big steam-ferry, and we don't get out."

So it proved; our engine unhitched, and went round to the rear, pushed half its load of cars under a big shed on the water's edge, ranged up alongside with the rest on the other line of rails, and then, without more ado, the big shed sheered off from the bank, and in a few minutes had panted across the river, with engine, cars, and passengers, to Detroit.

My good luck still held out; the night train was starting at once for Chicago, and I found on inquiry that every "section" of the sleeping-cars

attached to it had been taken in advance. There appeared to be nothing for it but to make the best of it in one of the ordinary cars; but on my way forward I fell in with the struggler, dressing-bag in hand.

"Hallo, where are you off for?"

"The front cars."

"Haven't you a berth? What, all taken?"

"So it seems."

"The cars are abominable places to spend the night in, much worse than our English carriages, where you can stretch your legs at any rate, or lie down if you have luck."

"But my choice lies between staying behind or sitting up in one of them."

"Which would be a good prelude to roughing it in the West. However, through the improvidence—providence you will call it—of the optimist I can help you out of the scrape."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it seems some friend of his was so strong on the desirability of having a whole section to oneself in a Pullman, that he went days ago—this was before he had handed over the purse, mind,—and extravagantly engaged two whole sections for the pair of us. So, you see, you're destined to be comfortable, after all."

"I'm delighted to hear it, but why?"

"Why, of course he and I, under the despotism of the darkey bedmaker, occupy the two berths in one of our sections. So you just stow yourself away in the other. 'All aboard' has been called some minutes since. That's your section, number twelve, centre of the car, you see, least swinging; good night."

So saying, he pitched his bag into an upper shelf, that looked uncomfortably close to the roof of the car, and climbing carefully after it, for fear of planting his foot in the face of the optimist, who was already sound asleep below, disappeared behind the curtain.

Rejoicing at my unexpected luck, I followed my young friend's advice with no little satisfaction, and turned into the spare berth which the recklessness of the optimist had placed at his disposal. I was awakened in due course by my boots, newly blacked, which were thrust to within an inch or two of my nose by the glossy, dark hand of the negro boy who acted as bed-maker to the car. I relieved him of my property, and peered out of my section. Vague sounds of stirring humanity were about.

What could be the matter with my young friend in that top berth of his? A narrow opening in my curtains enabled me to contemplate his proceedings unobserved. There were evidently serious difficulties behind the curtain. The side glimpses I caught showed me the unfortunate and well-named struggler in the position of the letter S. He was struggling with the problem of induing his nether integuments while lying on his back in that coffin-like crib—not an easy or satisfactory process clearly, as the jerkings and contortions behind the curtain proved. Before long, however, he thrust out a dishevelled head and indignant red face, and, after a stern glance round, emerged feet foremost, and slid down to the floor.

"It's too bad, I vow," he growled.

"You couldn't sleep?"

"Oh, I slept well enough, thanks, for a novice. But on taking a first peep from behind my curtains just now, my eyes met those of an elderly lady, who, with an amazing disregard of all the proprieties, has been made tenant of the section opposite mine. I was fool enough to undress last night in the dark; but I can tell you, dressing on one's back in one of those confounded upper berths, without daring to protrude so much as an elbow, for fear of outraging a wakeful female's ideas of decency, is a feat that wants practice to do neatly."

"I condole heartily. We must try to get rid of our English squeamishness."

"All the same, it's a barbarous arrangement. Why don't the directors simply keep separate sleeping cars for men and women?"

"Why don't railway directors do a score of simple things? They're much the same all the world over."

To be continued.

PATTY.

CHAPTER XLVII.

COMING HOME.

LONG before Nuna expected she heard the sound of an arrival, and she knew by instinct that her husband had come back.

She made a desperate effort at calmness.

"I will not reproach him," she said; "the picture will speak for itself. If I speak out, I shall get passionate and foolish, as I used to be with my father."

But it did not occur to her, in her misery, that she had usually made this same resolution to be calm and reticent before each of those unhappy disputes at the Rectory.

She had made her resolution; but the strange, wild trouble that came on her as she heard Paul's step, kept her eyes from his face as he came in. She had an instinctive dread of betraying herself.

There is no use in attempting to revise life,—"if I had done this at that moment, then such and such a calamity would have been spared me;" the chief events of our life are already graven for us with an ineffaceable writing. We may modify them; we may hasten or retard their coming; but from all eternity such and such joys and sorrows have been willed to our portion: only when we rail against this blind fate or destiny, or whatsoever else it may please us to name the inexorable law of being, we are apt to forget that freedom is left us—freedom to change thorns to roses, bitter to sweet—if we so strive to submit ourselves to all that is laid upon us, that our trials and griefs become at last the way we would have chosen, had such a choice been possible to poor, weak humanity.

But Nuna was far from such a goal; and if she could have seen the beaming love in her husband's face, her undisciplined heart would have insisted that it was just that drooping of her eyelids, meant to hide agitation, which began the wretchedness of her life.

Paul was startled that she should sit there motionless. He looked round in utter amazement, and he saw Patty's portrait.

Man is probably a less irritating being than woman is; but he has usually one weakness in which he is unrivalled—whatever mischance happens, he must at once fix blame on somebody.

Paul had come home, his heart brimful of love and resolve to atone to Nuna for all he might have inflicted on her in the way of neglect; and yet, being a man, his first feeling at sight of the picture was that Nuna had been somehow to blame, or that it would not have been there at all.

He was annoyed, and he had that extremely disconcerting sensation to a self-possessed man—he felt awkward and uncomfortable. It seemed to him that a scene was inevitable; he hated scenes.

He walked past Nuna up to the picture.

Nuna's resolution fled away; her self-control seemed flying after it; she felt no power of restraint left in her, and yet she could not begin a quarrel with Paul.

"Why doesn't he speak to me?" she thought. "Why before my face does he show that she is more to him than I am?"

But these thoughts were too passionate to be long kept in bondage. Her bosom heaved with its wild throbbings; she must have suffocated if she had not spoken.

"Why did you let me see it at all? Why not carry on your deceit to the end?"

Even then her good angel pleaded. She was shocked by the bitterness of her own voice—the contempt of her words.

"Deceit!" Her manner stung Paul past bearing; it was a spark falling on the tinder vexation had made of his patience. "Don't talk such nonsense, Nuna. Deceit! One would think I was a child, accountable to you for everything I do!" He had been ready to say that he had meant to tell her everything; but pride stopped the words, and made him say just the reverse.

All the pride, too, in Nuna's nature stirred; she raised her head haughtily.

"You are very unjust. I never have expected you to tell me all you do, though I believe it would not have been unusual if I had expected it; but I must feel deceived when a thing of this kind goes on for weeks without my knowledge."

"A thing of what kind? In Heaven's name what do you mean? Mayn't I paint a woman's portrait without asking your leave first?"

Paul had lost command of his temper, and he knew it; and when he looked at his wife, there was such a new unwonted sternness in her eyes, that he shrunk from her almost with dislike. Nuna saw his movement, and read in it a fresh proof of his want of love for her.

She loved Paul too dearly to think of herself, or she might have known that by standing aloof with that hard proud look she was depriving herself of all power of soothing him. If she had only thrown her arms round his neck; only shown him that, spite of all, she loved him deeply still, Paul would have softened: but Nuna was like us all; she knew her own feelings, and she forgot that Paul could not know that her face was not speaking the language of her heart; each moment her bitterness increased.

"Of course," she said calmly, "if you think you have acted rightly, I have nothing more to say; but I don't see that you can expect me to agree with you, or to feel pleased with what you have done."

She spoke more quietly, but so coldly, that Paul gazed at her in surprise.

"If there's one thing I have dreaded more than another in my life," he thought, "it has been jealousy. If Nuna is turning jealous, she'll drive me mad."

He stretched out his hand as if to impose silence, and Nuna's heart swelled more proudly still.

"You have quite mistaken me"—there was a sadness in his voice that tried her firmness—"and I have still more mistaken you. Will you hear what I have to say now, or will you try and recover yourself first?"

What a curse pride is, and specially when it gets uppermost in a woman! Here were these two poor human souls striving to get closer to each other, and yet, because each mantled itself in its own dignity, getting farther asunder.

"I have nothing to recover from," said Nuna. She kept her eyes away from Paul. "It is because I am so weak he despises me," she said to herself, in the strange hallucination that jealousy will work in the steadiest mind, "and he does despise me, or he would love me. He shall not say I am weak now."

Weak! Oh, Nuna! At the very moment when your weakness would have been to your husband the perfection of sweetness! What use in strength when you should be weakest?

Paul bowed his head: his thoughts were bitter enough. What a self-delusion he had created! He had longed so ardently for this return home,—hastened it; for what? to find the wife he dreamed that he possessed, cold, jealous, standing on her rights, as unlike the fond, devoted woman he had pictured, as his own feelings were unlike those of last night.

"When I got the commission to paint that picture," he said,—and he looked at it while he spoke,—"I did not know who Mrs. Downes was; and when I found out, I did not tell you for two reasons: first, I really thought you had too much sense to object to my paint-

ing it; and next, I believe Mrs. Downes does not wish to be known as Patty Westropp. I don't blame her for this; she's a rich, fashionable woman now. She is not in our way of life, and it seemed to me useless to discuss her at all."

Paul said all this in a cold, lofty way; he felt how lame it sounded, and yet he was vexed at his wife's continued silence.

He waited a few minutes; Nuna neither spoke nor moved; then he muttered something about breakfast, took up his hat, and went out.

"What is life for, I wonder?" he said, as eager now to get away from his home as he had been to come to it. "Surely the existence of Tantalus in the myth was a fair representation of what life has held for me."

And then he told himself it was all his own fault; that life was for men that which each made it for himself; that if he had not believed in women, and invested them with qualities of which they were incapable, he would not have been disappointed; and in the midst of this scepticism as to earthly bliss came the memory of his mother's loving, unselfish nature, and he sighed.

"I did not know what she was while I had her. I knew nothing of women then; they seemed to me far off, like a band of angels, almost too good to be loved even."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A COMMAND.

The sittings for the unconscious woe-working picture had spread over a much longer period than they seemed to occupy; possibly, the time had passed more quickly with Paul Whitmore than it had with Mrs. Downes—for Time has a knack of flying with artists; they seem always, to themselves, to progress so slowly.

The last fortnight of June had been singularly oppressive; there had been no rain for weeks, and the clouds were evidently sultry, and hung about of evenings in heavy masses, puffing out a sulphureous breath, as if they meant shortly to let folks below know what was the sort of storm brewing up behind their shelter.

Roger had grown feebler and feebler; and now he lay on his comfortless bed, awaiting the arrival of Miss Coppock. His face had that unnatural hue which paleness produces on a sun-burnt skin; but there was a blue tinge on his lips, and a sunken extinguished look in his eyes, which told a beholder that the flame of life had got low in that wiry body stretched out on the bed.

He was restless with fever and impatience; yet, true to his restrained nature, he kept still; his long gaunt limbs showing through the scanty bed-covering like those of some recumbent effigy in stone.

"She'll come," he muttered; "I knows the ways of her." He smiled, and the effect was ghastly; for the smile did not go beyond his lips. "I saw that day in the street she'd be willing to do just what she thought Patty might mislike; they've fallen out, I take it. Well, it seldom answers for mistress and maid to change places; and that's about the case with Miss Coppock and Patty."

Here the door was softly opened, and Patience came in.

She came up to the bedside, rustling her silk skirts, and speaking in the high-pitched artificial voice which seemed to her to be a sign of breeding; but the ashen face, the faded eyes, the aspect as of a shadow cast by a coming presence, made her words falter as they came, and then cease altogether.

Roger moved his eyes to her face, and kept them fixed there. A strong expression of repugnance came over him as he noticed a new unreal bloom on Miss Coppock's cheeks.

"Old fool!" he muttered, "is she going in to rival Patty in looks? She weren't comely ever, but now she don't look wholesome."

"I'm so sorry," Patience began, finding he made no answer to her first greeting.

Roger's eyebrows had lowered, and he looked up at her through the thick grey thatch.

"Are you, ma'am? I ought most like to say, I thank you. Why should you be sorry, Miss Coppock?"

"Dear Mr. Westropp, what a question!" Patience felt nervous at his new tone towards her; her affectation came back, and she had her high voice again. "Surely mere common feeling makes any one sorry to see a fellow-creature suffer; but, besides that, I consider you quite an old friend, and the father of dear Mrs. Downes, too. Why, there are such abundant reasons."

"Be there?" He lay looking at her with a hard inquiry in his eyes; it seemed to Patience he had sent for her only to gibe, and that she had better go away.

"I'm sure, Mr. Westropp, if I'd known——"

"Then it were just for love of me and of Martha," he interrupted her, "that you came, eh, ma'am? were it, indeed? I'm afeared I don't feel as thankful as I ought; and did you think I sent for you for the pleasure of looking at you, ma'am?"

"Good gracious, Mr. Westropp!"—and then she stopped, frightened into a sort of quailing submission by the unexpected energy of Roger's words, and the kindling of his sunken eyes.

"Listen, if you please, ma'am—for much talking don't suit me, I ain't the strength for it—don't let Patty come a-nigh me; if I go, she'll be glad enough, there'll be no fear left then of my turning up to disgrace her, but I don't want her here beforehand. I sent for you, ma'am, to tell me where Miss Nuna bides in London."

Patience started; she thought he was wandering.

"My dear Mr. Westropp, why should you trouble yourself at such a time about Mrs. Whitmore? I'll do anything for you that is to be done; only tell me, please, what you'd like. I think you ought to have a better nurse than that old woman."

"Very like you do; perhaps I do too; but don't you put trouble on yourself as you've no call to. I put one trust in you, ma'am, and you failed me. I asked you to keep Patty from spendthrift, wasteful ways, and, instead of that, why you axially help spend my money—yes, *my* money — you know well enough it were mine by honest right. Look at your silks and your flouncins;" he grew more vehement as he felt his strength leaving him; "you've got my property on your back, that's how you kep' faithful to your promise."

His last words were thick and choked; and he lay still, panting and labouring for breath.

Patience had no experience of illness in others; Roger's anger and his exhaustion frightened her equally; she felt he ought not to be left to die there alone, and yet she shrank from staying beside him.

"I shall tell Patty he's ill," she said to herself: "there's no use in listening to his raving; she's his own daughter, and she ought to see after him."

She was not looking at Roger; she thought his eyes were still closed, and she moved like a cat towards the door.

"Stay where you are," he spoke sternly,—he knew that fear would keep her stationary; "why do you go before you know what you was wanted for?"

"I beg your pardon,"—Patience was afraid to tell the truth,—"I was only going to tell your nurse you were ill."

Roger lay looking at her curiously, almost with a smile on his face.

"Women 'ull all lie if they can get the chance," he said. "I ain't got a nurse, and you warn't going farther down nor the street-door. Go there, and welcome; but listen to me fust. Find your way to Miss Nuna's house, and tell her I bide here, and I want her,—quick too." He saw refusal in Patience's face, and he raised his hand warningly. "There bean't overmuch that I believes in," he went on, "but I've heerd a dyin' person's curse ain't a safe thing to have laid on one. I'll lay mine on you if you don't do as I bid ye."

"My goodness!" Miss Coppock was alarmed out of all her gentility. "Whatever are you thinking about? Of course I will. Lor', Mr. Westropp, don't be so dreadful, don't; don't stare at me like that; oh, good heavens! he's dying."

Her voice grew into a shriek; for Roger lay panting again, with eyes and mouth widely opened, and she thought he would die while still angry with her. "Oh, Roger Westropp, I'll go to Miss Nuna; I'll do everything you bid me if you only say, 'Bless you, Patience Coppock,' and shake hands."

It had come to the ex-milliner that she was undergoing a realization of one of the scenes in her favourite romances, and this light taught her that the best antidote to a curse was a blessing from the lips which had threatened it.

"Bless you, Patience Coppock; but you're mortal wrong if you look for profit from blessin' o' mine—you may go now;" his fingers twitched so restlessly, that she was forced to loosen the grasp she had laid on them. His eyes moved towards the door; she saw how impatient he was she should go.

"Good-bye," she said, "it shan't be my fault if Mrs. Whitmore doesn't come to you at once."

CHAPTER XLIX.

MISS COPPOCK'S WARNING.

When Nuna was fairly alone, she burst into passionate weeping.

"Oh, what have I done, what have I done? driven him away by my jealousy, and he'll never come back!"

She started up and ran to the door, but it was too late: the hall-door banged loudly; Paul was gone.

He had come home a day sooner than she expected, and instead of springing forward to welcome him, she had sat like a stone, and then, without waiting for any explanation about the picture, had reproached him with deceit.

"Whatever a husband does, a wife is bound to honour him and love him." Poor Nuna's tears dropped like scalding rain over the slender hands pressed against her throbbing bosom. "And what has Paul done? He could not do anything wrong, he is an artist, and he must admire beauty; don't I worship beauty in women, and how can he help it? Oh, my darling! my darling! come back to me."

This penitent mood lasted some time, but Nuna wanted stronger help than mere feeling, against herself. Jealousy in an ardent nature is like devouring flame; you may slake it and it seems extinguished, but it lies smouldering, ready to leap up in active life at the slightest arousing.

She had kept steadily away from the picture, but afternoon came, and still Paul had not returned. She went up to it desperately and looked at it.

Her dinner had been sent away untasted, she looked haggard and worn, and she knew it.

"What can he feel when he sees us side by side?" she said. She went abruptly and fetched a hand mirror from her bedroom, and then she placed herself before the picture, and forced herself to compare every feature with Patty's.

There was a passionate glow in her eyes at first, but as she persisted in her painful work her cheeks grew pale, and the firmly compressed lips parted into a listless look of despondency.

Her jealousy had been maddening, but it took a new despairing element as she noted with unsparing eyes the total want of any resemblance between herself and the beautiful face in the picture. It would have been easier to bear Paul's admiration for another, if it had been attracted by charms which in any way reflected her own; but between Nuna and Patty there was the wide difference which time can never bridge over. Painting could not do any more justice to Patty than it can do justice to any beautiful woman; but it could represent, in a measure, all the loveliness she possessed. Nuna's beauty was so entirely dependent on expression, on the ever-varying emotions which seem to lay the soul bare beneath the pure transparent skin, that it was no wonder she was unconscious of any power to charm; no wonder either that her heart sank like lead as she stood comparing her own face with Patty's. The beautiful picture smiled at her, not cruelly, Nuna thought, but in pity at her weakness.

She put the glass down on the table, and struggled hard against the disorder which she felt was mastering her soul.

She was humbled at her own vanity, it was new to Nuna to care about her looks.

"How silly I have grown! he thought, sadly; "was Elizabeth right when she said I could never guide myself?" She made another effort at steadiness. Already she knew, even with her imperfect self-knowledge, that agitation and disquiet were as open doors to the subtle temptation which had destroyed her peace. If she would not be conquered by her jealousy, she must be self-restrained.

"Why don't I believe all Paul says? I do believe entirely his view of it. If I could only not think that horrid woman tries to make him like her better than he likes me!" and then she strove to think that if she were really the trusting wife she called herself, she should be sure of her husband's love.

But this last argument was an unhappy one; the poor devoted heart might blame itself, but nature and truth would be heard; and they both spoke out from the very depths of her love.

"There's no use in being miserable." She pushed her hair out of her eyes, and almost a look of her girlish archness came back. "Paul may not love me as I love him. I'm not worth it, most likely, but I am his wife, and he's much too good and too honourable to give way to liking Patty. I must see her." She shrank as she spoke, but she nerved herself against her reluctance. "Perhaps I have been wronging her, perhaps she loves her own husband very much, and I have been making myself miserable for nothing at all."

The afternoon was changing into evening when at last she heard footsteps on the stairs; but an instant's listening told Nuna this was not Paul's rapid tread. The servant announced Miss Coppock, but Nuna was so startled by the change in her looks that she hardly recognized her old dressmaker.

Miss Coppock came in voluble and high-voiced, a mixture of servility and patronage: surroundings were much in her estimation, and to find her former employer in an old-fashioned part of London, with not even a regular drawing-room to receive her in, was to Patience a decided confession of inferiority. She had driven to St. John Street in a cab this afternoon, but she was going home to one of the best houses in Park Lane, and she drove out daily in Mrs. Downes's fashionable carriage, yet in the midst of these self-complacent suggestions, every now and then, something in Nuna's refined face, in the gentle courtesy of her words and her manner, sent the ex-dressmaker back to her own rank of life, and made her feel like an impostor.

"You are surprised to see me, Mrs. Whitmore, I dare say, but I have brought you a message from Roger Westropp."

She looked round her at this, and she saw Patty's picture.

Miss Coppock gave a little start—Mr. Whitmore must have told his wife, after all—but Nuna was questioning her about Roger's message, so she was forced to be patient.

"I suppose Roger has sent for his daughter," said Nuna; "she sees him sometimes, of course?"

And then Nuna blushed; it seemed to her that she was prying into Patty's arrangements.

"Not often." Patience laughed spitefully; it was a relief to have found some one to whom she could speak freely.

"She can't like Patty; it's not in a woman's nature," she said to herself. "Well, Mrs. Whitmore, you see Mrs. Downes has a position to maintain, and all that kind of thing takes time, you know; and going to court and fêtes and balls and operas is, of course, of far more consequence than going to see an old father, when we're ashamed of him. Dear me, yes, she don't even know he's ill:" here Miss Coppock laughed again.

But she had quite misunderstood her listener's silence; a flush of indignation rose in Mrs. Whitmore's face. Miss Coppock had told her she was Mrs. Downes's confidential friend, and Nuna was disgusted at her treachery.

"I will go and see Roger Westropp as soon as possible," she said, coldly. "If I find him very ill,"—she was thinking aloud, rather than addressing her companion,—"I shall write to Mrs. Downes."

Mrs. Whitmore's manner irritated Patience; the woman had been stung and goaded by Roger's taunts till she was ready to vent her resentment on the first victim she met with: she had felt sure of Nuna's sympathy, and the fresh rebuff made her spite overbear her prudence.

"I wouldn't really, Mrs. Whitmore;" she shook her head and gave Nuna a look full of compassion. "I dare say you didn't know it, but when Mrs. Downes was only Patty Westropp she never could say a civil word of you; and *now*, it stands to reason that she can't like you."

Nuna grew crimson; she stiffened into haughtiness.

"I really do not care to hear what Mrs. Downes thinks of me; but if I find her father very ill, I shall certainly write and tell her, Miss Coppock."

Here Patience met a look in those deep liquid eyes which almost made her rise from her seat; it carried her back to the time when she had stood, pins in hand, fitting on Miss Nuna's dresses.

She looked at her own silk skirts, and then at Nuna's simple muslin gown, and the contrast gave her fresh courage.

"Of course, Mrs. Whitmore, you must do as you think fit; but if I was in your position, knowing all that I do know, I would not interfere between Mrs. Downes and her father."

She waited here, but Nuna would not question her; she was anxious to get rid of her visitor, and she thought silence the surest way.

Miss Coppock sat some moments, but she meant to have her say out whether Nuna helped her or not.

"Good morning, Mrs. Whitmore." She rose to go away; but she would not see Nuna's outstretched hand; her anger had got beyond the bounds of decorum. "Well, Mrs. Whitmore, be warned or not as you please; all I know is, if I had married a man who had been head-over-ears in love with Patty Westropp, I shouldn't like him to spend all his time with her as he does spend it now; and, above all, I'd take care not to vex her. Mrs. Downes don't spare anyone who stands in the way of her vanity,—I know that."

She rustled off; a twinge of conscience made her turn her head away. She did not want to see how Mrs. Whitmore had received her warning.

CHAPTER L.

NUNA'S PROMISE TO ROGER.

When Paul came in at last, and told his wife not to sit up for him, as he was going to the theatre with friends, it seemed to Nuna as if she had heard the words before; as if this cold, estranged manner of her husband's were the reality of her life, and all the brighter, fonder ideas she had fancied or cherished, dreams.

And when next morning came and he sat opposite her at breakfast, hardly speaking a word but absorbed in his paper, she felt it was useless to struggle against fate: complaint and explanation would only alienate him altogether.

Her jealousy seemed dead; what right had she to be jealous? She had married Paul knowing he had loved Patty, and she had been so willing to believe his love for herself, that she had not paused to reflect on the rapidity with which he had transferred his affections. In the long hours of the last sleepless night she had had spare time to realize this thought, and to feel its truth.

"I gave my love too easily; I was won at once; I have made my own life," she said, in a quiet mood that was neither submission nor despair; 'and now I have got to live it." She did not do herself the justice of remembering how hard she had pleaded against the hurry of her marriage.

She had so shrunk from approaching the subject of Patty, that she had not told Paul of Miss Coppock's message; and he had gone out now, and would

not be home till evening. Nuna hesitated to go and see Roger unknown to her husband.

"But Miss Coppock seems to think he is dying; it is wicked to delay. Suppose he dies alone?"

She shrank a little at the idea of finding herself by Roger's death-bed; but, in her cottage visiting, she had met with death, and it did not terrify her so much.

She went; she found the squalid house at last, after about twenty inquiries, and gave a timid knock at the door. Even her unobservant eyes were shocked by the dirty, ruinous aspect of everything: moss had found a home in every crack of the stone steps; and the parlour window looked as if it had received the mud splashes of a twelvemonth.

The door opened slowly, and then she recognized Roger Westropp.

His stern face lightened over with a smile. "Will you please walk in, ma'am?" he said.

Nuna went on into the little room, but she had no eyes for the squalor around her. Roger's face had taken her back to Ashton; for the first time since her marriage she wished herself in her old life again.

She seated herself on the shabby, faded green sofa, but Roger remained standing. Nuna was still to him his young mistress; neither his wealth nor her poverty could work any change in their relative positions.

"It's very kind on you to come, ma'am." Nuna smiled up at him, looking so young and sweet and bright, that Roger felt all his old worship of her revived.

"I'm so glad to see you so much better, Roger; I was afraid I should find you very ill indeed,—Miss Coppock said you were."

Roger's face clouded over; he put both hands behind his back and stiffened into hardness.

"She said so, did she? and yet she's never came anear this morning to see if I wur dead, or livin'! I wur mortal ill yesterday, ma'am, but towards evenin' I took a turn, and this mornin' I'm better still. I'm afeared I'll disappoint some folks a while longer as 'd be glad to feel there was a few feet of earth between they and their secrets."

"Oh! please don't say so, Roger." Nuna spoke in a shocked, distressed voice; almost as if she were crying.

"I'm only sayin' truth, but that there's not what I've got to say to you, ma'am. If you'd ha' come yesterday, maybe I'd ha' said more, but now——" He fumbled in his waistcoat, pulled out a bit of folded paper, and then slowly opened it and flattened it on the mantelshelf, before he turned to put it in Nuna's hand.

As her eyes followed his movements, they fell on Patty's likeness still resting against the blurred looking-glass. All the colour faded from Nuna's face; her eyes lost their liquid dancing light; one instant, so it seemed to Roger Westropp, had robbed her of her beauty and her youth. But Nuna did not notice his earnest, attentive glance; her eyes remained fixed on the little portrait.

"Have you seen my daughter, Miss Nuna?" he said with a sharp, inquisitive look.

"No."

"Why not?" he said bluntly; "I hear your good gentleman sees her most days." Nuna changed colour with startling rapidity; she felt his keen gaze on her face, and she had no strength to hide her agitation.

Roger was noting every change; the drooping head, the quivering lips, the varying colour; and silently he put these side by side with Miss Coppock's talk.

His wits were keen, but they were not inventive, and he stood some minutes before he could see his way to helping Nuna in her trouble.

"It's just as it were at Ashton," he said to himself; "Patty don't care a fig for the fellow herself, but she can't abide to spare him to another woman—the vain hussy!"

And yet, mingling with his pity for Nuna, came a sort of fatherly pride in Patty's beauty.

Nuna opened the paper.

"'Messrs. Jones & Co.' I don't understand," she faltered.

"You've got to put that writin' by, ma'am, till so be as you hear as I'm taken; then if you goes with it to Chancery Lane, you'll get full informations at the office; but"—he stopped and looked at Nuna to impress her with the importance of his next words—"don't you take no notice to my daughter about that paper, nor to Miss Patience, neither."

"I'm not likely to see either of them," said Nuna, proudly; and she got up to go away.

Roger looked at her, and he smiled in his own peculiar fashion.

"That bit of paper may be of use to you some day, ma'am, for all you don't seem to set no store by it now; I'm a-going now to ask you to do something for me."

"What is it?" Nuna smiled; she was vexed at her own ungraciousness. "I am very glad to do anything for you, Roger."

"Thank you, ma'am; it's to go to Park Lane, No. 7, and ask for Mrs. Downes. See her, if ye please—don't you be put off with no Miss Coppocks,—you see Patty, and tell her to come and see me directly; if she don't come to me, then I goes to her."

Nuna stood trembling.

"I can't," she said; "your daughter would think me an intruder. No, indeed I can't."

"Listen here, ma'am." He touched Nuna's clasped hands with one bony finger. "You was always a good young lady to your father, and others besides; you're not a-goin' to refuse to send Patty to me when I'm sick and wantin' to speak with her? She's my own child, Miss Nuna. She ain't a lovin' child like you, ma'am, but she'll come if you says them words to her plain and straight—she'll come."

"Can't I write instead?" Nuna urged.

Something in Roger's stern voice and his tall, gaunt height, made her feel like a child with him.

"No, ma'am, writin' won't do. You'll not refuse an old servant, Miss Nuna?" he said earnestly; "it's life and death, I may so say, for me to see Patty. I shan't rest easy till you give me your word as you'll go straight to Park Lane."

While he spoke, a strange, wild plan had darted into Nuna's mind. Why should she not see Patty? She had wished it herself yesterday, and then had shrunk from asking Paul.

"Am I always to be a coward?" she said, and she nerved herself with the struggle only timid natures know, and yet which, once achieved, lifts them to even daring bravery.

"I'll go," she said, abruptly. "Must it be to-day?"

"Yes, to-day, ma'am." His manner had altered; he saw that Nuna could only be compelled into his service by her belief in its importance to himself. "Unless Patty knows to-day, there's no use in telling of her. Thank you, ma'am, I'm obliged to you."

He opened the door while Nuna stood looking at him; she had not yet realized that which she was about to do.

CHAPTER LI.

A GOSSIP AT THE "BLADEBONE."

There is a sensation well-known to persons of a nervous temperament; a something more or less akin to second sight. It is not presentiment; it is rather a consciousness of that which takes place respecting them in the mind of another, and it may exist in a mind entirely free from any leaning to mesmeric influence. When Nuna's thoughts were drawn so strongly to Ashton, she was on the lips and in the hearts of her friends there, and her coming among them was the subject of desire—even of written entreaty.

Mrs. Bright's round, rosy face, which no amount of straw-coloured bonnet trimming or white lace veil could pale, was full of excitement as she walked from the Parsonage gate to the "Bladebone."

If she had not spied out Mrs. Fagg on the doorstep, I incline to think that Will's mother would so far have forgotten the proprieties of life as to communicate her news to Bob the ostler,

with whom she had left her pony-carriage on her first arrival in the village. For with Mrs. Bright "the proprieties" were a lesson still. In her husband's lifetime she had been left free. Will's public-school education had made him more fastidious than his father about outside matters; but the Miss Parsneps were the oracles who really influenced Mrs. Bright—the Miss Parsneps who always knew the right thing, and did it; who seemed never to be compelled to ask with the poet, "And what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?" even about so momentous a point with them as the wearing of flounces by maid-servants.

Mrs. Bright sometimes told herself that the Miss Parsneps must have had "opinions" in their cradles. They were so very settled, while she, poor plump body, was for ever changing in her endeavours to fit on a skin of consistent propriety, which nature had never meant her to wear.

With all her unswerving devotion to the aristocratic spinsters, she was never quite at ease with them. It was a relief to talk to a person who, like Mrs. Fagg, was her acknowledged inferior, and yet sufficiently well-taught to keep her place, even when Mrs. Bright, in the full gush of her confidence, sometimes forgot her own position. The reason of this might lie in the fact that Mrs. Fagg had the rare but ignoble gift of being satisfied with the state of life in which she had been born, and had no desire to tread on the heels of her superiors.

The months that have passed since we last saw these two, have brought little change to the smooth skin and bright cheery eyes of the comely widow; but there is more alteration in Mrs. Fagg. It is hard to give this alteration in words; it is scarcely a physical change.

There may be a paler tint on her face; the earnest eyes, set so far under her square, sharp-templed brows, may be a trace more careworn and sunken, but the mouth is less firm; there is a chastened sweetness in the smile that greets Mrs. Bright; an almost liquid light in the blue eyes—that light which we associate instantaneously with motherhood—there is so much of fostering love in it. Looking up at Mrs. Fagg from the bottom of the steps, and remembering your first impression of her, you say to yourself,—if you are a thoughtful person,—

"This innkeeper's wife has passed through some great sorrow since I saw her last, or maybe some great joy."

For though prosperity is apt to harden the heart by turning its love on itself and its own possessions, yet at its first incoming it unseals a spring of thankfulness which will gush forth on those near it; and, if this spring be kept unchoked by pride and greed, who is to say that prosperity may not be as helpful as adversity? But this is a digression: for it was sorrow in the beginning that had changed Mrs. Fagg.

"How's Dennis to-day?" said Mrs. Bright, raising her flounced muslin as she stepped upwards; and in former times Mrs. Fagg would have soliloquised, "Vain old fool," at sight of the said flounces; but toleration had grown of late with sorrow, with the mistress of the "Bladebone," and, besides, the question was an engrossing one.

"Well, ma'am, I'm sorry to say, thank you, not quite so well; there's a thundery feel in the air, and I fancy he's much more sensible to weather-change now than what he used to be, and he's tired besides; he's asleep just now."

"Ah! then of course I won't go and see him." Mrs. Bright gave a sigh of relief.

Dennis had had a sudden illness in the winter, and had been ever since a helpless invalid; his speech was imperfect, and it was no easy matter to keep up a conversation with him.

"Any way you couldn't see Dennis now, ma'am." There was the old acerbity in Mrs. Fagg, and her head jerked back in a minute. "Miss Menella Parsnep's been with him an hour to-day, and in my opinion she's been too much for him, though she have read him to sleep."

"Oh! how can you, Mrs. Fagg? why, I should have thought it such a privilege for dear Miss Menella to take so much notice of Dennis."

Mrs. Bright had rather surprised herself. She knew that she had spoken just as one of the Miss Parsneps themselves would have spoken, but her feelings were somehow jarred by her own words.

"You see, ma'am,"—Mrs. Fagg spoke in her driest voice,—"you think a deal of them Miss Parsneps, and I think a deal o' Dennis,—that's how it is. Miss Parsneps is well enough in their way; but then, what a very small way it is! If God Almighty didn't shape two elm leaves exact and similar, it ain't likely He meant men and women folk to follow suit, and squeeze theirselves to one pattern; each one's way is best for each one's self." Then, with sharp emphasis, "There's that Miss Menella been tryin' to persuade Dennis he'd be better, if he went down to Primrose Place and let her nurse him awhile."

"Dear Miss Menella, has she really?" Mrs. Bright's plump hands pressed themselves together in a gush of enthusiasm. "How good and kind she is! just like a sister of charity, or a nursing mother, or an angel."

"Not much of that," Mrs. Fagg smiled, as a vision of the tall, bony figure of Miss Parsnep came with Mrs. Bright's words; "and if she'd only asked Dennis, poor soul! But to sit and tell me I should find it a relief, and I should get through twice as much work without him! I've thought old maids apt at keeping married women to their work; picking holes and interfering about children and such where they can in the manner of doing it: but to tell a wife she'd do anything better without her husband beside her, than with him, and him ill, passes belief, and patience too, for that matter."

Mrs. Fagg ended abruptly as if her tongue had run away with her, and had been brought to a halt against its will.

"She didn't mean that,"—Mrs. Bright always suffered at any break in the harmony of her neighbours; "but you know you've had a great deal of anxious nursing and care since Christmas; and Bobby having scarlet fever, and peeling so dreadfully on the top of everything; and although nobody did take infection, still they might, which to me makes Miss Menella all the kinder."

Mrs. Fagg made no answer. Mrs. Bright's sentences, like some folks' notes, had a way of tying themselves in a double knot, and defied analysis.

She led the way into the little parlour where Paul had looked out of window and admired the garden of the "Bladebone." The roses were in full blossom, and the jackdaw, with his head on one side, seemed to have been popping in and out of the espaliers ever since we last saw him.

"I came here to tell you some good news," said Mrs. Bright, when she was comfortably settled on the sofa; "I don't know when I've been so flurried; it took me quite off my head."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Fagg, gravely; "how's Mrs. Beaufort, ma'am?"

"Well, it's not that"—the widow tried to look dolorous—"she's worse than she's been at all. I'm sure it's a sight to see that poor dear Rector, an Oxford man too, going about wringing his hands as one might do oneself,"—here she caught herself up. "I don't say one would; I'm not sure, now I call it to mind, I ever saw any one walk about wringing their hands before; and certainly it looks conspicuous in a man because of the awkwardness of coat-sleeves; but when one thinks how the Rector reads Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew too, just as easy as you or I read recipes"—she was careful to choose a suitable allusion for Mrs. Fagg's comprehension—"it seems a pity at such a time his learning shouldn't be any use to him."

"I don't fancy Greek and Latin's meant for that," said Mrs. Fagg; "but what *is* the good news, ma'am?"

"What a tongue she's got!" said the landlady to herself; "it's like that there compass the Rector gave to Bobby before he went to school. How it did shake, shake, shake; wag, wag, wag, before it settled to a point."

"Well"—Mrs. Bright's face broadened into a beaming smile, that seemed to bring her forehead and her chin nearer together, and to send her round, soft

bloomy cheeks crushing into the full tulle bordering against which they glowed—"what do you think of Miss Nuna being expected at the Rectory? at least she's been sent for."

"Most time, too; and it's my belief, if she'd been asked in a proper manner, she'd have come long ago. There never was a spice of malice in Miss Nuna; never."

Mrs. Fagg's mouth took its old set look. She was ready to defend her favourite against all assailants.

"I'm very fond of Nuna Beaufort, Mrs. Whitmore, I mean." Mrs. Bright spoke in a clucking voice, as she thought Miss Menella would have spoken. "But I never take a child's part against a parent, especially when he is a clergyman, it's against the course of nature;" then, feeling herself uncomfortable on her stilts, "Yes, she's coming at once, I believe, dear child; and I've no doubt it will have the best effect on Mrs. Beaufort."

"I'm sure I hope it may, ma'am." Sounds outside announced that the pony-carriage was ready, and Mrs. Fagg assisted in tucking away the flounces, and then stood on the door-step till her visitor was out of sight.

"Dennis used to say,"—the landlady looked pensive; her husband's sayings were treasured up like golden mottoes now,—"that nothing was made, which there wasn't a use for. Now, I'd like to know the use o' them heaps o' words as Mrs. Bright drops out by the gallon, for all the world like flakes o' snow; they come out and out, so soft and smooth, no roughness or shape in 'em; nothing as you can call 'em to mind by. She's a right good soul; but she's for all the world like a babe out without its nurse."

CHAPTER LII.

PATTY'S ADMIRER.

Mrs. Downes was in her pretty sitting-room; looking like her picture, as she sat very much in the same attitude in which Paul had painted her, an attitude so easy and natural that it seemed to be a part of herself.

Opposite to her, on so low a seat that he had to raise his eyes to her face, was a young man as picturesque, but not so natural-looking, as Patty herself.

Lord Seton's face had a gipsy type in it; large, dark southern eyes, made effeminate by the length of the black eyelashes; a skin, dark rather from nature than from exposure to atmosphere; a small characterless nose, and a large listless mouth: these, with an abundance of black, silky hair and beard, seemed more fitted for a costume model, than in keeping with the faultless dress and conventional manner that belonged to them.

His eyes were fixed intently on Patty, but she was not looking at him; she was playing with her rings, twisting Maurice's last gift, a posy of brilliants, round and round one white rounded finger.

She caught herself doing this and smiled.

"I am forgetting all De Mirancourt's lessons on repose,—but what nonsense." Her soft brows narrowed a little—"How absurd I am! just as if by this time I can't trust to my own steering, just as if I don't know quite as much about life, and ever so much more about fashion, than De Mirancourt did, poor old hunchback!"

The day had been unusually warm; and although it is very pleasant to be worshipped by a pair of beautiful eyes, still there had been nothing to entertain or divert Mrs. Downes's consciousness from the oppression of the atmosphere. She began to wish Lord Seton would find his tongue; she was the least bit in the world tired of him.

He was supremely happy; his seat was most comfortable; he had a charming subject of contemplation; he wanted perhaps a cigar; but he could have stayed there content for another hour.

Patty's voice startled him from his dreams.

"You really must go. I have to pay visits, and then to meet Mr. Downes

in the Park. You'll make me quite unpunctual."

Lord Seton gave an impatient stretch, and then recollected himself; but Patty had seen the movement, and she pouted.

"What have I done?" he said timidly. "Surely, you don't really care to be thought punctual? Do you know I detest punctual people?" And then he looked at Mrs. Downes to see whether his words had impressed or offended her.

He thought her very charming, the most charming woman he had ever seen; and there was a piquancy, a something different from the women among whom he had been brought up, which amused him extremely; but yet he was afraid of her. Something unlooked for, every now and then, disturbed even his sleepy admiration, and made him feel as if he had lost the usual landmarks by which he guided his conduct to women.

"You will be at the Busheys' to-night," he said; and Patty let him hold her hand while she answered. He thought she liked him to stand looking down into her eyes for his answer, but Patty was only considering how she should have felt two years ago, if she had been told that a Duke's son—a younger son certainly, but still the son of a Duke—would stand holding her hand, and imploring her with beseeching glances to meet him at a ball, given by a woman of decided fashion.

"I don't know," she smiled; "I've told you my engagements all depend on my husband: if he likes to go, you may possibly see us there; but I think it unpardonably selfish in a woman only to study herself in these matters."

"Mr. Downes is very much to be envied;" and then Lord Seton went away.

"Poor young fellow!" said Patty: "if anything happened to Maurice, I know he'd want to marry me at once; but I don't think I'd have him, he is only a lord, and he has no money to speak of. I'm not rich enough even with all Maurice will leave me to keep up a mere title, and enjoy life too."

She sat musing, conscious, as she looked towards the long mirror between the windows, of the charming contrast her white dimpled fingers made against the rosy cheek that nestled in them.

"There's one excellent quality in Maurice, I must say,—he's a gentleman; he has none of Patience Coppock's low notions about jealousy and so on. He said to me yesterday that nothing shows him so much how thoroughly fitted I am for society, as the rapid way in which my visiting list has filled up. He has plenty of sense, too; he knows that, clever as I am, my secluded school life has been a disadvantage, and he's glad of course that I should spend my afternoons with as many visitors as possible; the higher class the better. I look on Lord Seton as a part of my education;" and she gave a merry laugh.

She heard the outer door open, and gave a slight yawn.

"Oh dear! I meant to ring, and say I would not see anyone else, to-day."

But it was not an actual visitor; only a lady who wanted specially to see Mrs. Downes.

"A lady? is she in the drawing-room? You can send Miss Coppock to her."

"Miss Coppock isn't in, ma'am, and the lady said her business was entirely with you—a message from Mr. Westropp, ma'am."

Patty's face rarely told tales; but there was an unusual gravity on it, as she bade the servant show the visitor upstairs.

"I am not at home to anyone else," she said.

Mrs. Downes puzzled for a moment in guessing at her visitor; and then her quickness told her it must be Mrs. Whitmore.

Roger certainly would not have employed a stranger to call on her; besides, he knew no one,—how could he?

There had been an angry smart at first, as if some one had struck her a blow. At times Patty succeeded so completely in forgetting her former identity, that the being reminded of it came with a sense of injury; but this did not last. She was not capable of reading Nuna thoroughly, but her sharp perceptive wits gathered in the upper

surface of character, and she knew there was no fear that Mrs. Whitmore would betray her secret, even if Mr. Downes should come in during her visit. Before Nuna was half-way upstairs, Mrs. Downes was smiling at the triumph she anticipated over her former superior.

"We shall see who is the best lady now, Miss Nuna Beaufort."

Nuna's heart throbbed so violently, that she scarcely saw distinctly as she came into the room, and then she was conscious of a pleased surprise.

Patty's greeting was so easy, so graceful, so exactly that which could not have been expected in their strange relative positions, that all memory of the picture and her own sorrow floated away from Nuna, and gave place to a strong feeling of interest in the changed fortunes of Patty Westropp.

The intensity of Nuna's love for Paul made her prone to jealousy of his affection, but there was no trace of envy in her nature. As she looked round the luxurious room, the thought of old Roger and the misery in which he lived oppressed her.

"I have just come from your father." Her low, clear voice was tremulous as she gave Roger's message, and Patty noticed it.

"I knew she'd be nervous," she thought; "this shows me how right I was when I said clothes and show make people self-possessed; and that fool of a Patience contradicted me to my face!"

"Yes." Patty's smile was not so beaming as when she had greeted Nuna. "I sent to inquire for him not long ago; he is better, I hope; but, Mrs. Whitmore, he does not care to be spoken of as my father. I changed my name to Latimer when I came into property, and it was then arranged that he and I should live apart."

Nuna felt rebuked; she scarcely knew why; but a feeling of resentment was already beginning against Mrs. Downes.

Patty was polite, smiling, amiable; but her manner, her voice even, suggested that she was years older than Mrs. Whitmore, and had an indulgent pity for her ignorance of the world and its ways.

"Then you don't consider him your father; but I suppose you do as he wishes?"

Patty laughed; but the silvery peal grated on Nuna just then,—she thought it sounded heartless.

"Well, that depends: I suppose now you are married you don't always find yourself able to do as Mr. Beaufort wishes?"

She had not spoken at random; she had gathered from Paul all the Ashton news she wanted, but she was startled at the effect of her words.

Nuna's conscience had been stifled when she resolved not to countenance her father's marriage; it had roused sometimes, and then she had tried to quiet it by writing to him in her old loving way, with a studious avoidance of Elizabeth's name; but as time had gone on, and Mr. Beaufort had left off answering her letters, Nuna had felt herself still more aggrieved, and consequently still more in the right, and conscience had slept. Her heart had been so full of Paul, that home and all relating to it had grown to be far off, unfamiliar. The studio in St. John Street had been her world.

Patty's question stung through all grievances, all fancied wrongs.

Her father was not as old as Roger, but he was no longer young; and she was his only child; and she had left him to the sole care of a woman she knew to be cold and selfish.

"And he was not cold," sighed Nuna. No thought of Patty's presence restrained her; emotion always lifted Nuna beyond any conventional out-works. She clasped both hands over her eyes.

Patty smiled in undisguised amusement.

"How terribly unformed and impulsive she is! and I used to think her so lady-like. I suppose, poor thing, she can't afford to visit,—lives quite shut up, I daresay."

"How is Mr. Whitmore?" she said. But Nuna had recovered herself; she felt that a fresh trouble had started

into life, but she thrust it bravely away till she should be alone. Patty's words brought her back to the present, vividly.

"Quite well, thank you." She was able to look calmly into Mrs. Downes's lovely blue eyes.

"I'm so glad." Patty spoke with sympathy in her voice. "Do you know I felt a little anxious about him; he has been painting my portrait lately,"—she spoke with a little conscious look, just as if she were in Paul's confidence, —"and I was so sorry to see the change in him; he looked pale and thin, and he was so grave; but I suppose marriage makes men older."

She laughed; she saw a flush on the delicate face; and it vexed her to be obliged to recognize Mrs. Whitmore's beauty. She was surprised to see Nuna smile.

"I must be going. I only came to give your father's message." The spell that Patty had held over Nuna broke with her last words. In an instant Mrs. Downes was again Patty Westropp, and all the superficial polish failed to hide the real want of refinement from Nuna's intuitive insight. "You will go and see Roger then, won't you?" she said, but there was not a trace of shyness in her voice; "he is expecting you. Good day."

She was gone before Patty had had time to re-assert her sway,—Patty, who, for the first time since her marriage, had an irresistible consciousness of inferiority.

"Pale-faced, gauche creature! she has not a bit of *savoir faire.*" The blue eyes flamed up, and then tried to comfort themselves by a long gaze in the looking-glass. The result was the exclamation—

"No wonder Paul Whitmore liked to paint my portrait!" and yet all the while an irrepressible chorus of vexation repeated every refined inflection, every simple movement, all the inborn grace and gentleness of the artist's wife. "Poor weak thing! she don't even know how to use the advantages she has," said Mrs. Downes, contemptuously. "I wonder what De Mirancourt would say to see such eyes so little under control; I don't believe she knows how she shows her feelings in them. I saw what she meant about my father,—so fine from her too. Why, there's not a shadow of excuse for the way she's cut herself off from the Rectory. Her father's quite as much of a gentleman as her husband is—more, for he lives in better style. I don't know what I was about, to let her off so easily, stuck-up, ignorant creature, reproving me in my own house!"

And then as Mrs. Downes calmed her very unwonted vexation, she looked round complacently, and told herself that it must have been a trial to Nuna to see her as she was, and that she must make allowance for her vexation. "She's not worth putting oneself out about," Patty sighed, "but it is horrid to have to go to that dirty house in such hot weather. I really *will* make him move from Bellamount Terrace."

To be continued.

ACHILLES AND LANCELOT.[1]

BY HORACE M. MOULE.

In the characters of Achilles and Lancelot centres the chief human interest of two great cycles of imaginative composition, the Homeric and the Arthurian. Few would be inclined to dispute that, taking the Iliad and Odyssey together, the figures of Achilles and of Odysseus stand out dramatically supreme. Even Hector, notwithstanding all that is great and attractive about him, cannot compete with these two protagonists: and his career is so balked by the interference of the Gods, themselves the capricious and untraceable agents of destiny, that it loses proportionately in cohesion, and therefore in interest. Agamemnon may do deeds not unbecoming the king of men; Menelaus may shine out here and there as the special favourite of Athena, or as a worthy warrior with more valour than discretion: but no thrill of vital attraction is ever called forth by either. Diomed and Nestor, clear and lifelike as they are in all that they say and do, occupy only a secondary position in the grouping; and Sarpedon, Patroclus, Antinöus answer, each in his way, to deeply interesting and beautiful, but still to minor, figures in the mediæval romance. With Ajax the case is different. His towering bulk, and his simple, elemental nature, are capable of being tortured into agonies tragical indeed; but not from incidents belonging to the Homeric Poems. He must first fall into the terrible epical frenzy, raving for the loss of Achilles' arms; and when he is overtaken after the midnight of delighted but delusive violence by the ghastly dawn of sanity and of remorse—tranquil in the tent like Saul when the evil spirit had departed, but when an answer came no more by Urim, nor by Thummim; as tranquil as he, and as completely despairing—his dramatic intensity is of the first order there; but that is the work of Sophocles, and not of Homer. We come back to Achilles and Odysseus, and we shall only be following the lead of Homer himself—following, that is, the greatest genius, whoever he was, and whenever he lived, that ever bore hand in constructing an epic unity—if we are drawn to Achilles as the more powerful centre of influence. Homer was an Achilleid poet, whether a so-named Achilleid poem was the germ of the Iliad or not. Homer, it is true, gives Odysseus in one sense the Odyssey all to himself. But this is nothing to the purpose. The Iliad is even more predominantly the poem of Achilles than the Odyssey is of Odysseus; for that is more complex with the works, and cities, and customs, and homes, and pathways of mankind at large.

To turn for a moment to the mediæval characters. The task of choosing out a leading and typical figure is here more limited and simple. If Arthur is not the most influential nature in the power of attracting our sympathy, Lancelot certainly is. King Pellinore and Sir Dinadan are but inferior personages, to some degree drawn on the model of the simpler and Homeric Ajax; to Sir Dinadan in particular, anything like the intellectual force and brightness of Achilles or of Lancelot is very expressly denied, when we are told that the lay he made on King Mark of Cornwall was "the very worst lay that ever harper sung with harp or with any other instrument." Gawaine, Gareth, Gaheries, Agrawaine, are drawn in much more distinctive outline; and

[1] This paper was read before the Alexandra Ladies' College, in Dublin.

Gawaine especially is at least as interesting as the Homeric Paris; he resembles indeed Paris and Diomed in one. But all these kinsmen of the King taken together attain not near to Lancelot. Again, the beauty of Sir Percivale and Sir Galahad is in a very lofty strain of conception; still they are little more than the embodiment of Christian virtue, and unsullied purity, and loveliness within a narrow and special field. Sir Bors is a rougher, simpler Patroclus, moving in the wake of Lancelot, and Sir Tristan is possibly little more than a reproduction by a somewhat later hand of the great knight of the Lake.

If Arthur, then, is not the most engrossing of the characters in this cycle of romance, Lancelot is; and that Arthur is not so, I hold chiefly because he is brought before us less as a man, and more as the impersonation of a mission. The victory of Christianity over heathendom is a sublime and paramount cause; but the embodiment of it is too heavily charged with the moral issues to be instinct with human life and passion. The noblest gifts of courtesy, and patience, and gentle power are lavished upon Arthur, and they redeem him from being a mere Zeus among Olympians or Agamemnon among Argives, but the presence of a moral symbolism is too strong upon him for us to feel these in their full force. You remember the Queen's complaint in Tennyson's immortal treatment of the legends about "that pure severity of perfect light;" and Arthur's own description of kingship. He is weighed down by duty. He cannot quest the Grail; the King "must guard that which he rules;" he is

"but as the hind,
To whom a space of land is given to plough."

Supposing then that we have settled the point who are to be the representatives of the great fields of Hellenic and Celtic romance; and supposing we decide to discuss their moral significance chiefly in the persons of Achilles and Lancelot, we then find ourselves face to face with a fresh difficulty. For the modern school of Comparative Mythology insists on it that these legends, in common with all myths of the great Aryan race, have no moral significance at all, or next to none. The physical theory of mythology, as it is called, has been propounded in this country chiefly by Professor Max Müller and by Mr. Cox, his immediate and unwearied follower; and the distinction and authority of the former, and still more the evidence produced, require that we should at least understand and clearly state the theory. According, therefore, to the physical principle of interpretation, all Aryan mythology is in origin and essence a description of natural phenomena only, of dawn and darkness, cloud and storm, and most of all of the sun's daily progress from his rising to his setting. It is maintained that, in the very ancient Aryan literature known as the Vedic hymns, the descriptions of these phenomena are found pure and simple, but in such a form as to show that they—or the thoughts and feelings which directly produced them—have been the groundwork of all subsequent mythology. It is thus held that all Aryan myths are identical in origin, and are to be found incorporated in the Vedas; that they are in germ and essence physical, and are all adequately interpreted by reference to the material objects and forces in which they originate. To take an easy example from the Vedic quotations in Mr. Cox's book. Ushas, answering to the Greek Eos, is, in the Vedas, the goddess of the Dawn or Morning—she is more; she is spoken of definitely and expressly as the Dawn itself. In the following phrases we find her spoken of with imagery which would well suit either Eos (Aurora) or Athena, or Artemis. "She rose up spreading far and wide, and moving towards every one she grew in brightness. The mother of the cows, the leader of the dogs, she shone, gold-coloured, lovely to behold." Again, there are passages which speak of Ushas, or of Ahanâ, a second impersonation of the Dawn, as pursued by the sun (Indra), who by his brightness slays though he loves her; and it is contended that here lies the germ of the Greek legends of Daphne pursued by Apollo, and of Procris dying in the arms of Cephalus, who has unwittingly killed her with the never-erring spear. Not

only, to sum up the whole theory, do the Vedic hymns contain the elements of the Homeric poems, but the Vedic and Homeric literature together contain the "germs, and in some cases more than the germs, of almost all the stores of Teutonic, Scandinavian and Celtic 'Folk-lore.'" And "this common stock of material . . . . . has been moulded into an infinite variety of shapes by the story-tellers of Greeks and Latins, of Persians and Englishmen, of the ancient and modern Hindus, of Germans and Norwegians, Icelanders, Danes, Frenchmen, and Spaniards."

Now, it must be at once admitted that this analysis carries something about it which just now is especially attractive and impressive. We have been much engaged in recent years upon researches into the origin of things, and we like to persuade ourselves, and are probably in great measure right in so doing, that the origin in each case was simple. We have speculated on the origin of human speech; and we like to think that it resolves itself into the elements of imitation and interjection; we have speculated on the origin of Life, and it is suggested that this resolves itself into the simplest elementary substance and forces. In the same way, while speculating on the great fields of Aryan mythology, some scholars like to think that it may be traced to the firmament above us, to the motions of heavenly bodies through it, and the operations of heavenly forces in it. That the cradle of mythology lies there, modern scholarship, with the aid of wide discoveries in language, has, I think, distinctly proved. But the most recent school in England would go still further, and would almost mature the legends in that skyey region. Mr. Cox goes so far as to sneer at Colonel Mure's studies on the Homeric characters; and he could not do this, did he not believe the human element in them to be comparatively trivial and unimportant. The life of an Achilles or an Odysseus is to him not only not the ideal of anything Greek, but not even of anything human or divine: it is the life of the sun. Yet consider what this theory involves. It involves reducing the main action of the Iliad and Odyssey, which for 2,500 years have been regarded as full-charged with human elements, into a mere poetical record of the sun's transit through the sky. It involves the assumption that the thoughts and sympathies of early mankind were directed to what is material almost exclusively; and that they were so directed with such force that, ever after, the material should predominate over and determine the moral. It thus also involves the denial of all relation between Greek mythology and Greek national character; and further, it would deny us the right to institute a comparison between Greek myth and Celtic myth, on the ground that both are identical, and that both indicate—not the lives of mortal natures idealized, but—the life of the sun. These, I repeat, are serious issues, and one hesitates before adopting these extreme positions. They convert our thoughts on the wrath of Achilles, as has been truly said, to a repetition of our thoughts on the changing fortunes of an April day. Those who maintain this ground tell us that what the Aryan race has contemplated and assimilated from first to last in its mythology, with the united forces of intellect and passion and imagination, has been the repeated daily progress of the sun through the sky. Granting the prime effect which physical phenomena have had in moulding the mind of the race, I yet cannot hold that they have been so completely indifferent to things human and personal, to

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame."

We are told that the Aryan race has fixed its gaze intently, to use the words of Hamlet, on "this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament." I think that they have been musing, not less but more, on "What a piece of work is man! . . . In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god!"

We may see still further reason to deviate from the ultimate conclusions of the extreme physical school. At present I will make but two remaining observations on

this subject. I would suggest first that a wise and philosophical adjustment of the physical and the human elements in myths may, in my judgment, be found in Mr. Ruskin's book about Athena, which bears the name of "The Queen of the Air." That book is not unmarked by some of the less happy features in its author's mode of thought: but I believe that it contains the truth about mythology, and the relation that myth formation has held to the human spirit. Tracing the root of myths distinctly to physical sources—to sun, sky, sea, and cloud—Mr. Ruskin does not fail to point out the speedy development of two branches of personal incarnation and moral significance; and these assuredly find their vital development and their scope of operation, not in the sunshine and the cloud-wreath, but in the soul of man. As the intelligence and passion of the race develop, the legend which budded under the force of sunbeam, or storm, or planet, expands and burgeons leaf by leaf; and the forms and figures into which it passes are those of human-hearted things, framed and fashioned not now by the influence of wind and sky, but by mighty passions, strong affections, and infinite imaginations.

The other observation which I have to make before passing on, is this: that a very strong and decided belief in the physical origin of myths is consistent with the reasonableness of comparing the moral elements in two mythic cycles, like the Homeric and Arthurian. Mr. Cox goes so far as to say that the great heroes of the Iliad are removed, by comparative mythology, "beyond a criticism which starts with attributing to them the motives which influence mankind under any circumstances whatever." But we reply, that whether or not this proposition is true of the earliest germs of myth, as first they were evolved out of an observation of natural phenomena, it is not true of myth at any period that admits of its being reduced to writing. I would go further, and affirm that the denial of distinctive moral qualities to mythical characters cannot be reasonable when applied to epopee and romance even before the age of writing, provided that the evolution of the subject has reached that point when it assumes, though only orally, an elaborate and consecutive form. But at all events, it will scarcely be denied by anyone not beforehand pledged to an opposite view, that to establish for the Iliad and Odyssey as we have them, or for the Romances of Arthur and Lancelot, and the San Grail, as we have those also, a claim to be discussed and compared with a view to human life and motive and character, it is only necessary to say that they have been reduced to writing. By the year 450 B.C. and 1200 A.D.—when, if not earlier, we can be certain that these two great literary monuments were committed to writing, in some form or other—the human element had certainly become predominant over the material and merely physical. It must therefore have been predominant during a long previous period; for there is probably no single instance in which the reduction of a considerable poem or romance to writing has not been preceded by a long reach of time, vitalized by a very high degree of literary consciousness. In other words, I assume that neither Homer nor the bard or *trouvère* who supplied Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Walter Map, or Sir Thomas Malory, with their materials, was thinking of elements, or moons, or suns, but of human passion, human love, human hate, human life and death. I readily admit the evidence on the physical side to have been presented so cogently by Mr. Cox that, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has said, one can scarcely look at the sun now without the sensations of the moth; but to abandon, for the sun's sake, all right to investigate profitably, and to compare, the moral worlds that live and move for ever in the legends, is to have the moth's wings scorched in the excessive rays, or at least the eyes bewildered.[1]

[1] It was well observed in the *Edinburgh Review* (Oct. 1870), that it would be just as easy to apply the extreme physical theory to Othello as to Achilles. And a very humorous burlesque on the whole subject, written with considerable power, may be seen in *Kottabos*, a Dublin Terminal Magazine, No. V. Mr. Cox might have remembered that his method of analysis had been pushed to an ultimate point nearly fifty years ago in the *Diegesis* of Robert Taylor (1829). This book deduces

The way has now been nearly cleared towards getting a distinct and intelligent view of these two great idealized natures, Achilles and Lancelot. One thing yet remains, before going on to speak of them in detail, and that is, to state in brief the most probable results about the chronology of these two great mythical collections. If the "proper study of mankind is man," the interest of that study is doubled by fixing it at definite epochs. And the value of the creations left us by Homer and the Arthurian romancers would be much lessened could we not determine, with some sort of probability, the age and circumstances in which they were conceived.

To start, then, from distinct and well-ascertained fact. We know that the Iliad and Odyssey, in their present form, date clearly and incontestably from one and a half centuries B.C.; we know, that is, that they were arranged into their present form of twenty-four books each by Aristarchus, an Alexandrian critic, about 150 years before the Christian era.

Now, to begin moving back, we know that Plato, writing more than 200 years before Aristarchus, quotes a Homer which is substantially the same as our Homer. Beyond that, Mr. Paley—the eminent Cambridge editor who has discussed the subject—thinks that we cannot go with entire certainty; and, for various reasons, he holds that our Homer was composed in the century preceding, about the same time that Herodotus was writing his history. He is in complete agreement with those who think that the Iliad and Odyssey are the work of one single genius, but holds them to be as recent as the fifth century B.C.

Mr. Paley would thus reduce Homer to the position of a Sir Thomas Malory, the late fifteenth-century collector of the Arthurian series. You will remember that this means placing Homer later by 400 years than he has been generally believed to have lived. There is a distinct and well-known passage in Herodotus, in which he tells us that Homer lived 400 years before his time; and Herodotus was himself a fifth-century man. Yet observe, and carefully grasp the fact, that whether a Homer of the ninth century, or a Homer of the fifth, finally collected the Troical and other Greek legends into nearly our present group, as edited by Aristarchus, yet that the body of thought and feeling and emotion—the vitality and animation of the whole, in short—must date back to somewhere about the eighth or ninth centuries. Into the details of evidence on this point I need not enter. It will be enough to remind you of the time which must necessarily elapse between the first creations and the formal collection in this kind of human work (in the case of the Arthurian romances it was more than 800 years); and further to remind you of the evidence we have, that ancient poems which made the Homeric material were in existence and in public recitation several centuries earlier than the fifth, in which even Mr. Paley admits that they were collected into a whole.

I ask you, then, to conceive of the Homeric poems as the work of some one great genius, aided by the growths of time, relating to the period when the Hellenic peoples were forming into shape and first feeling their energies. Here was the young life of intellect and emotion which matured in Pindar, Phidias, and Æschylus; in Sophocles, Pericles, and Thucydides. Homer may have been collected and written down either before Marathon or after it; but you surely feel that the winners at Marathon were the natural descendants of idealized actors in an earlier and unwritten "tale of Troy divine."

Of the Arthurian romances we may say, with equal truth, that they too belong to a nation's adolescent life. I will at once proceed to detail the most probable facts about their origin. Arthur was the latest generalissimo of the Britons against their Teutonic invaders, during the immigrations of the fifth and sixth centuries. But there was then no literature,[1]

the origin of Christianity in common with all other forms of belief from physical sources; and zodiacal phenomena are dragged forward in explanation of the most solemn verse in the *Te Deum*.

[1] Nennius and Gildas make no real exception.

at once to record his achievements; and just then also occurred that great peopling of the French country between the Seine and the Loire (*Armorica*, the land of the "Sea Heights," or "Upper Sea"), which occasioned the modern name of Brittany. Partly there, at a long distance from the actual scenes in the south and west, and partly in the border marches, the legends arose. Passed down from generation to generation of bards, through a real, not mystic, Merlin, and Talliessin ("shining brow"), and Llywarch Hen ("the Old"), and preserved in a more set form by the *trouvères*, or minstrels of Northern France, they reached, in the twelfth century, to Geoffrey of Monmouth.

From a Breton original which he somehow got hold of, he constructed in Latin his "History of the Britons"—an unscrupulous but a captivating and stimulating book. It tells the story of Arthur as plain historic fact; that is, the story of his strange birth, and many battles; and thus, being popular, Geoffrey fairly brought back Arthur from Brittany to England. But observe that in Geoffrey's "History of the Britons" there was no Lancelot, no Quest of the Grail, no Siege Perilous, no final and mysterious Morte d'Arthur: whence did we get these? We got them from the romancers, writing in French, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, set in motion by Geoffrey, and stimulated by all the growing culture and energy of that great epoch. The twelfth century, as a remarkable time of intellectual stir and energy, almost contests the palm with the sixteenth. Abelard was living in it. Two of the great Crusade movements were worked out within it. The chief European universities were founded in it,—Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, Bologna, Toledo. The Niebelungen Lied was collected in it, and so were the Spanish romances of the Cid Campeador. Then, too, arose Turpin, that unknown name around which we hang the origin of all the Carolingian romances, the tales of Roland and of Charlemagne; and on the wave of the same intellectual high tide, summoned by Geoffrey of Monmouth's uncertain horn, there came in the Arthurian romancers. There are eight of these romances extant, and they have been carefully arranged by Sir Frederick Madden; they are the work of four several authors. I ask your attention now to but one of these men. This was Walter Mapes, or *Map*, a native of the Welsh marches, and often thought to have been the man who brought Geoffrey of Monmouth his Breton MS.; wrongly, however, as he was only eleven years old when Geoffrey died in 1154. What is more to the purpose is to know that he was the trusted minister of Henry II., and the close personal companion of the powerful and far-reaching mind of Becket. This capable man, then, at once a churchman and a man of the world, composed three out of the eight romances—"Lancelot," "La Quête de San Graal," and "Morte d'Arthur." He seems to have wished to throw a spiritual halo round the popular tales of the King; and his genius was equal to the task. I cannot help hazarding the conjecture that the idea of bringing the Church into honour by the Holy Grail, and by claiming great knights for the cloister in the evening of their stormy days, was due to Becket's strong intellect and fancy. But to the genius of Walter Map, with or without that direction, we owe the creation of Lancelot, for which, I think, he deserves the best gratitude of all true lovers of literature.[1]

At last, three centuries later, in 1470, Sir Thomas Malory reduced these eight romances roughly into English. Two of the later tales, by the way, contain the story of Sir Tristan, which I venture to regard as in great measure suggested by Map's Lancelot, but with a new setting. And so runs the series of production: first, the legends; then, the *trouvères;* next, Geoffrey; fourth, the Romancers; fifth, Sir Thomas Malory. The age of the Romancers, the age of Map, was the Homeric era for England and for Europe; and thus you have in epopee and in romance the period when national life was in process of formation or of regeneration. Achilles and Lancelot may, as we have seen, be fairly taken as typical figures. Let us look at Achilles and at Lancelot.

[1] Professor H. Morley has a good chapter on Map, in his *History of English Literature*, which has been carefully consulted here.

To say that between these two there lies the difference between the epic idea of human perfection in two particular races, under Hellenic Paganism and under Christianity, is true; yet a word or two of modification should be added. Achilles, indeed, if he is rescued from identity with the sun, is a figure "in shape and gesture proudly eminent," finished with the precision and self-completeness of Greek art. But Lancelot cannot be fixed down to any one period of Christian development; he is not, for example, the ideal of early Christianity—early Christianity would have found scarcely any room for his commanding presence and his courtly accomplishments. He is not the ideal of the cloister. Percivale and Galahad are men of the cloister put in armour and set upon a horse; but such is not Lancelot. His life is the ensign and parable of what mischiefs one mortal sin, however nobly conditioned, may work: his character, that one stain apart, is the ideal impersonation of what a great churchman would have had a great layman be in the twelfth century. He is the product of a mind which had touched either pole, the sacred and the secular, with entire sympathy; which had writhed under the moral throes that vibrate through us at this hour; and, just as the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries have been, in many great features, the direct successors of the twelfth, so the Lancelot of Walter Map has been in some sense the ideal precursor of a Philip Sidney and of a Herbert of Lea. Achilles is Hellenic simply; Lancelot is complex with the growth of many European centuries.

Achilles is colossal and finely strung; he is impetuous and direct; and he is pathetic. He is colossal, but not with the bulk and largeness of Ajax; it is by his effect, his mien, his voice, that his towery greatness looms upon the mind. "His opinion," as it is said in *Troilus*, "crowns the sinew and forehand of our host." To his own side you remember how his voice was "their liveliest pledge of hopes in fears and dangers;" and how, when in the rage of anguish after Patroclus' death he moved up unarmed to the enemy's line, and gave his terrible shout, not only the Trojans were panic-struck, but his own fair-maned horses turned the car sharp round; while

> "their guides a repercussive dread
> Took from the horrid radiance of his effulgent head."

This line, just quoted, reminds me to add the remark, which is indeed Colonel Mure's, that, whenever Homer desires to give the highest effect to the impression of colossal grandeur made by Achilles in motion, he has recourse to "the higher phenomena of the heavens, or to other grand and terrible objects." On this very occasion, when he is still unarmed, his very reappearance was as if Pallas had hung his head around with a coronet of cloud, from which fiery flashes gleamed:—

> "As from an island city up to heaven
> The smoke ascends, which hostile forces round
> Beleaguer, and all day with cruel war
> From its own state cut off: but when the sun
> Hath set, blaze frequent forth the beacon fires;
> High rise the flames, and to the dwellers round
> Their signals flash, if haply o'er the sea
> May come the needful aid: so brightly flashed
> That fiery light around Achilles' head."

And again, when he is scouring the plain cityward, to challenge Hector, he moves

> "Like to the autumnal star, whose brilliant ray
> Shines eminent amid the depth of night,
> Whom men the dog-star of Orion call:
> The brightest he, but sign to mortal men
> Of evil augury and fiery heat:
> So shone the brass upon the warrior's breast."

This colossal nature is, however, strung by Homer to a fine and delicate tone. Patroclus, according to the solar expositors, is little more than a parhelion; but, looking from the human point of view, not many fairer ideals of human relationship can be found than the Homeric picture of Achilles and his foster-brother Patroclus. It is, as Colonel Mure puts it, a strong personal devotion sanctioned by the ties of home. When, in the ninth book, envoys for reconciliation reach their tent, the two friends are found together; the chief himself

> "His spirit soothing with a sweet toned lyre
> Of curious work, by silver band adorned."

During the full force of his resentment, soon after dismissing the friendly envoys from his tent, the gentle side of his nature again appears, in concern for Machaon (the warrior-leech) carried wounded from the field. It is from this accidental sympathy, by the way, that the second grand act of the Iliad arises: Patroclus, taking advantage of his friend's mood, dons the famous Achillean armour, goes into the fray, and is killed: and then the wrath of Achilles against Agamemnon, suddenly and passionately veering, becomes the wrath of Achilles against Hector and against Troy.

While talking of the refinement noticeable in this great ideal hero, it would be an omission to say nothing of the strong intellectual and logical force that burns through his words and through himself. In this he closely resembles Hotspur, whose few speeches are so strikingly Achillean that one might almost suppose Shakspeare to have written them with Chapman in his hand. Both are of few words. "I profess not talking," Hotspur says; and Achilles,

> "I who amid the Greeks no equal own
> In fight, to others in debate I yield."

Read the speeches of Achilles, full of repressed vehemence, yet always clear and forcible, in the first Book; the long impassioned reply to the envoys in the ninth; the terrible logic to Lycaon in the twenty-first—

> "Dead is Patroclus too, thy better far"—

and compare them with Hotspur's outburst when letters are brought to him just before the battle of Shrewsbury:

> "O gentlemen, the time of life is short:
> To spend that shortness basely were too long
> If life did ride upon a dial's point,
> Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
> An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
> If die, brave death, when princes die with us."

This is just the Achillean tone—so much impatience to be doing, and to be nobly doing, and yet so ready an analysis of thought. It is the same when Hotspur is mortally wounded:

> "Oh Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth.
> I better brook the loss of brittle life
> Than those proud titles thou hast won of me.
> They wound my thoughts worse than the sword my flesh—
> But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool:
> And time, that takes survey of all the world,
> Must have a stop."

His impetuosity and directness come out strikingly in many noble passages; and here broadens out a strong mark of contrast between his character and Lancelot's. Lancelot seldom or never moves beyond a "Wit ye well, Sir Knight;" he would never have blurted out, like Achilles,

> "Him as the gates of hell my soul abhors
> Whose outward words his inmost thoughts conceal."

Lancelot would never "smite a felled foe;" he could never have been brought to utter himself as Achilles does to the prostrate Hector, when Hector is entreating that his corpse may not "by Grecian dogs be torn:"

> "Knee me no knees, vile hound, nor prate to me
> Of parents! . . . . . .
> He lives not, who can save thee from the dogs:
> Not though with ransom ten and twenty fold
> He here should stand, and yet should promise more."

Contrast that with the last scene before Benwicke city, when Sir Lancelot smote

"such a stroke upon Sir Gawaine's helm, that Sir Gawaine sank down upon his one side in a swoon. And anon as he was awake he waved and foamed at Sir Lancelot there as he lay, and said, 'Traitor Knight, wit thee well that I am not yet slain: come thou near, and perform this battle to the uttermost.' 'I will do no more than I have done,' said Sir Lancelot; 'for when I see you on foot I will do battle with you all the while I see you stand on your feet; but for to smite a wounded man, that may not stand: God defend me from such a shame.'"

Contrast it, also, with the last scene between the rival chiefs in Chevy Chace; when

> "The Persè leanyde on his brande,
> And sawe the Duglas de;
> He toke the dede man by the hande,
> And sayd 'Wo ys me for thee!'"

Contrast it with Shakspeare's fine farewell of Prince Henry to the fallen Hotspur:

> "Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
> Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave."

These differences arise from two completely differing hemispheres of thought. It seems idle to disconnect Achilles' savagery against Hector from his love to his friend just slain; idle to say that the Hellenic ideas of vengeance, pursuing its object as far as possible beyond the confines of this present life, are not here traceable. The worst characteristics of these ideas appeared again in some sorts of Christian excommunication; in burials outside consecrated ground; in executions without shrift; exactly as noble examples of superiority to the popular level occurred in the pagan world. But the spirit of Christianity it was which made post-mortuary vengeance intolerable: "to err is human, to forgive divine," could scarcely have been written until after "the hope of immortality" had been brought out clearly into the light, and made the common property of all men.

The pathos of Achilles' character rests in the main upon the predicted brevity of his life, known to himself, and only to be cancelled by the abandonment of his great deeds and name before Troy. Colonel Mure has finely said that, whereas complaints against Até, the mischief-worker, form often the keynote of Agamemnon's nature; and as the rising late and thoughtfully in the debate marks Diomed, so Achilles is strikingly portrayed by the four times recurring line,

"But let us, though sore pain'd, bury the past."

Let the past be past! It is the passionate reflex of the thought how short life is for what remains. Hear him once more while he answers his great horse Xanthus, of the glancing feet, when, for the first and last time endued with speech, he bows his head and prophesies, before they start, his master's early doom:

"'Xanthus, why thus predict my coming fate?
It ill beseems thee! Well I know myself
That I am fated here in Troy to die,
Far from my home and parents; yet withal
I cease not, till these Trojans from the field
Before me fly.' He said, and to the front,
His war-cry shouting, urged his fiery steeds."

We must not leave him without one glance at the famous closing scene where "Priam and Achilles weep one shower," where the old king, prostrate at Achilles' feet, bewails his son, and he, Patroclus and his own coming death:

"The infectious softness thro' the heroes ran,
One universal solemn shower began:
They bore as heroes, but they felt as man."

Some of you will remember the Horatian summary of his supreme nature:

"If great Achilles figure on the scene,
Make him impatient, fiery, ruthless, keen"—

and you will see that, like some others of Horace's literary judgments, this too was narrow and incomplete. It is more like the Achilles of *Troilus and Cressida* than the Achilles of Homer: the first three descriptive epithets seem little more than a repetition of the last in different aspects. And meanwhile, as we have seen, large spaces of grandeur and beauty are left untouched.

On the whole, we may point to Achilles, as the emblem of all that in the nascent Hellenic life was greatest and fairest in man. He needed no peculiar brand or weapon, no bow of Odysseus, no Joyeuse, or Durandel, or Excalibur to mark him; but moved, quick in emotion, in act resistless, and with the ethereal temper of his own immortal shield.

Walter Map and the other twelfth century romancers had probably never seen so much as the outside of a copy of Homer. Greek MSS. scarcely made much way towards these western extremities of Europe until after the Fall of Constantinople, two and a half centuries later. There was, therefore, no idea, no reminiscence of Achilles in the brain that invented Lancelot. Nor, in placing the two together, am I insinuating that there was; any more than I would go to another extreme, and assert with Mr. Cox, that Lancelot, in the Aryan imagination, is a reproduction of the Homeric Paris. All that I contend for is this: that, as in Achilles you had the most perfect fancy and embodiment of manhood in the eighth and ninth centuries before the Christian advent, so in Lancelot you have the same for the twelfth century after it. It will

not be uninteresting to contrast the clear and definite and powerful lines of the Hellenic figure with the more complex creation of the age when chivalry was forming. Lancelot is a figure so difficult sometimes to follow in the pages of Sir Thomas Malory, that I will prefix a short sketch of his legendary life.

Lancelot[1] was the son of King Ban of Benwicke, shadowy king of still more shadowy kingdom. In the legends, Benwicke lies beyond seas, as a rule; and, when returning thence from his wars with Lancelot after the final disruption of the Court, and on his way to the last great battle, Arthur lands at Dover. When first knighted at the Round Table, Lancelot is chosen, as the foremost warrior, to conduct Queen Guenevere to her marriage, from the realm of her father, Leodogrance, of Cameliard. Then began between them that bond of true falsehood and loyal disloyalty which lasted to the end, and which made the tragic strain in Lancelot's life. It was after an apparent offence against the Queen, which in the romance is distinctly set down to necromancy, that he fell into the terrific two-year fit of madness, half raving, half melancholy, that makes so important an episode. But he is heroic even in his dejection and remorse. Being partly cured at last by a first vision of the San Grail, he settles in the Joyous Ile, under the feigned name of Le Chevalier Mal Fet, and his great deeds soon bring Knights of the Round Table about him, and lead to his restoration at Court. Then follows the great Quest of the Grail (I am speaking of Malory's order of events), of which Galahad, his own young son, is the moving cause; and it is during the quest, within the Chapelle Aventureuse, that Lancelot has the second dreamy sight (mentioned in *Marmion*) of the Beatific Cup, when

> "Slumbering, he saw the vision high
> He might not view with waking eye."

Before the quest was over, he met and conversed long with his saintly and knightly son, just before Sir Galahad's disappearance from the world; and being afterwards shriven, he solemnly renounced the old offence which had so long hung about his neck.

But when the remnant of knights were once again assembled at Court, when the Table had been replenished with new men, and the disturbance of the quest was wearing away, Lancelot and the Queen fell back into the old ways. At length Guenevere goes into sanctuary at Almesbury, and Lancelot retires to Benwicke beyond seas. But he does not leave the Court without offering terms which, though they would not clear his soul of mortal sin, would, according to the spirit of the times, have conferred ample satisfaction on the King. He engages to spend all his substance in founding religious houses at every ten miles between Sandwich and Carlisle, himself making the whole pilgrimage barefoot; and Papal Bulls are sent to back this elaborate proposal. But Gawaine, his mortal foe and nephew to the King, will hear of no compromise, and Arthur presently follows Lancelot to Benwicke in battle array. There Gawaine receives his mortal wound, and the forces are recalled by news that Mordred has usurped the kingdom. The charity which had existed at the last moment between Gawaine and Lancelot is shown by the appearance of his ghost to King Arthur, telling him that—if he will but stay a month—Sir Lancelot will be with succours upon his track. An accident, however, brings the two sides to an engagement; and then follows the Great Battle of the West, lately sung by the Laureate in *The Passing of Arthur*. After the battle, and when the King had been mysteriously translated to the island valley of Avalon, Lancelot betook himself to Almesbury, seeking audience of the Queen. On learning her settled devotion to a holy life, he himself was received into the cloister by "The Bishop of Canterbury" a hermit, and renounced for ever his last hope of removing Guenevere away, beyond the scene of their common sorrows, to his distant retreat of Joyous Gard. When, after several years of the silent life, he had been an admitted priest

[1] The remarks on Lancelot which follow have already appeared elsewhere in a somewhat different form: and they are reproduced here by permission.

near a twelvemonth, he was miraculously summoned to Almesbury, to remove the body of the Queen, then at the point of death, and to convey it to Glastonbury for a final resting-place. She was aware of his coming; discoursed freely of him to the nuns; and died half an hour before he arrived. She was buried with all the tender privilege and care that love and religion could bestow; he did all the observance and ceremony in person; and then, at last, the great knight's heart would no more serve to sustain his troubled and careful body.

One night the hermit-bishop awoke the whole society by a loud and unseasonable merriment. He had never, he said, been so merry and well at ease. For "here was Sir Lancelot with me, with more angels than ever I saw men on one day; and I saw the angels heave Sir Lancelot up to heaven, and the gates of heaven open to receive him." Sir Bors, his friend, and the others went to his cell; he was stark dead; he lay as he had smiled; and "the greatest dole they made that ever made men." He was entombed by them with all honour at Joyous Gard.

Such is the naked framework of the story devised in the twelfth century by Walter Map, and soon afterwards welded into more complete union with the earlier accounts of the Arthurian cycle by the French popular rhymes of Chrestien de Troyes. Tracing out the portrait from point to point, one is forced into admitting Lancelot to be one of the most splendid characters laid up in the literature of the imagination. The King reaches to a wider grasp of sovereign and large-minded design; the conception of the Cid is drawn in grand and generous proportions: but where shall we look for such another union of strength with delicacy, of profound sensibility with entire capacity, as was dreamed by the author of this mediæval story? Generosity and courtesy and forgetfulness of self are the broad basis of Lancelot's character, its pervading elements. To forbear his own advantage,

"In open battle or the tilted field,"

is with him, as with Arthur, a second nature. This part of him, like his complete tranquillity and self-possession, never once broken by danger or by insult, never by anything but the stress of grief and of remorse, comes of his supreme and conscious power. We have seen him generously forbearing Gawaine before Benwicke; he is described as having endured assaults during a whole day, rather than engage Gawaine at all; and against Arthur himself he never lifted hand.

His fidelity is on a par with his supreme and perfect courtesy. It is as if the romancer had partly designed to show to what heights a man may climb while some mortal sin still hovers about him. But there is never any uncertainty in the tone employed by the author in speaking of the relation of Lancelot to Guenevere. It was, indeed, a misadventure that the King should have sent his best and noblest to represent him on that early mission; the customs and manners of the Court were indeed vague and uncertain; but, all this notwithstanding, and notwithstanding the touch of perfect delicacy with which the whole episode is described, yet to the author a sin is a sin, and cannot be explained away; and, though both the actors are idealized to the highest level of dignity and grace, they are visited just as the lowest would have been, with the last degree of unflinching and unstinted penalty. So distinct was the feeling of the romancers on this point, that, in the story of Tristan and Isolt (the "La Beale Isond" of the Malory collection),—a story drawn from a later romance, and to my own mind, as before said, a sort of reproduction of Lancelot and Guenevere, —a malignant supernatural agency has been introduced to shift the incidents away from the responsibility of their own wills.

Yet, though there is no blinking the romancer's view of Lancelot's fault, it is wonderful to observe the labour and care which he has spent in drawing a portrait, this great fault apart, of lifelong and unwearying faithfulness.

"His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

The whole poem of Elaine, taken from three or four chapters of great beauty in Malory, is a tribute to the faithfulness of Lancelot. It might almost have those words for its motto, were it not a picture of his generosity as well. The great and tragical madness that fell upon the knight arose from his abhorrence even of the appearance of disloyalty. And when the end drew on, no sooner had the King left beleaguering him, than he was on his track, not as a foe, but craving to be brother and ally. He was never petulant, never recklessly neglectful of what even in extremes might be done for those friends; never flagging in devotion while they lived, nor after their deaths.

Of his magnetic power of attracting others to himself there is no need to speak. Some of the most striking episodes of the legend arise out of this power, which drew to Lancelot Sir Lavaine as well as his sister—the "lily maid of Astolat"—which was felt at times and seasons by knights like Tristan and Gareth, and which entirely dominated a character so different from that of his great kinsman as was Sir Bors—a figure which, if not one of the first magnitude, is among the most distinctly drawn and the most interesting in the whole romance.

Lancelot is not a "man of gramarye," not a master of technical instruction, such as was then confined to the clergy, and would ill have beseemed a great knight of chivalry. But he is manifestly intended to be held as a man of intellectual penetration and (though not furnished with its technical machinery and and instruments) possessing the essence and spirit of true culture. He detects the real excellence of the new comer Beaumains, when others fail in that perception, and when many of the Court held him for no better than a drudge, and by Lancelot's countenance he is at last knighted as Sir Gareth, and recognized as a nephew of the King himself. And when the damsel Maledisaunt has explained that the discredit she has thrown on a certain knight arose from no malicious intent, but through a desire to detain him from the danger of of the field, Lancelot not only condones her offence, but decorates her after a courteous rebuke with the name of Bienpensaunt. This intellectual delicacy is naturally accompanied by a keen sensibility, on which the romancer has bestowed the most striking touches. The tone of the character may indeed be resembled to the string of Odysseus' great bow in the Odyssey. Its strength made all other strength seem weakness, yet it responded to the slightest touch. Odysseus did but try and test it,

> "And in a low tone beautifully it sang,
> Voiced like a swallow."

Thus Lancelot, the undisputed master of the tilted field, is represented as being also frequent in self-converse, and responsive, not only to the lightest word or look from the Queen, but to appeals from his own inner nature of the most subtle kind. Quite late in the romance, when the direct and settled attacks on the Queen and himself had begun, and when he had just been doing mortal combat in her defence, he comes into the Court at a moment when a wounded knight, Sir Urre, is occupying the full attention of the King. As the leeches have all failed, the King and the best knights are trying the effect of "handling the wounds" themselves, a process resembling the "royal touching" for certain maladies in later times. Last of all, Sir Lancelot is called upon to try where everyone else has failed. He comes forward, not the man that once he was; though outwardly unchanged, yet he is inwardly aware of personal default, of failing name, of uncertainty and danger. But he touches the wounds, and one by one they are all healed. Then Arthur, and all the other kings and knights, gave loud thanks and praise, and made a sort of triumphal procession in honour of Sir Urre's recovery —but *ever Sir Lancelot wept as he had been a beaten child.* No comment should be needed on these words, which supply the key to some of the finest conceptions in this complex and magnificent nature.

Mr. Tennyson will have many claims upon posterity. And this will not be the least, that he has, from amongst a mass of ill-arranged romance, disengaged and

placed in a fair and perfect setting the portrait of this great knight, who,

> "Marred as he was, seem'd yet the goodliest man,"

and whose character will have been by his means handed down and remembered as one of the most remarkable creations of mediæval fancy.

We have now taken some brief survey of the two greatest natures in epic and romantic literature. We have naturally left out some points of interest: nothing, for instance, has been said on the female characters in the two collections, nor on the very interesting question of supernatural agency, the gods of Homer, the magicians, the half-intelligent monsters, the mysterious damsels and weird hermits of the Northern romance. But we have tried to establish a right to compare morally these two greatest figures; and we have discussed the growth of the compositions in which they are found.

Perhaps, in an age like ours, and at a time like this—an age of progress and of new thought and of promoted science, a time when every heart and brain has been racked by a gigantic Continental struggle—it may seem strange to have selected a lecture-subject from the realm of the imagination at all. Why not something of current politics—something of the interests of the hour?

I will reply by an example. In his poem called "The Prelude," Wordsworth tells us that, while living in London, he was often weighed down by the sense of confusion. To myriads around him,

> "Living amid the same perpetual whirl
> Of trivial objects, melted and reduced
> To one identity, by differences
> That have no law, no meaning, and no end,"

this oppression was overwhelming. For himself, he was saved by an unfailing love of nature. "The spirit of nature was upon me there." What by that means he could get of beauty and permanency, he did get. In one sense there is London everywhere. A world of transient and bewildering interest is brought ever freshly to our own doors by newspaper, magazine, periodical, and even by conversation. What external nature was to Wordsworth in London, that the noblest and most lasting creations of human fancy may be to us amidst this London of mind. Through them we may often gain, even amidst this press

> "Of self-destroying, transitory things,
> Composure and ennobling harmony."

CAVE HUNTING.

BY W. BOYD DAWKINS, F.R.S.

III. THE CAVES OF YORKSHIRE.

In the caves of Somerset and Denbigh we have met with the traces of two distinct European peoples, of which the very names have perished. The palæolithic dwellers in Wookey Hole are represented to our minds by the rude implements of flint and of bone, just in the same way as the cave-lion by his claws and teeth. The knowledge of fire, which Professor Draper has taken to be the great centre from which our civilization springs, was the principal difference that separated them from the surrounding animals. With that exception, they lived very much under the same conditions of life, under a climate which was sufficiently severe to allow of the sojourn of the reindeer in the south of France, and to admit of the woolly-clad mammoth ranging over Italy and Spain. Of their physique we cannot form an idea; for, excepting two or three scraps of jaws and teeth from the reindeer caves of Auvergne, no human skeleton has been obtained that can be assigned with any certainty to this epoch. It is undoubtedly true that many cases are on record of the discovery of human remains of this date in the caves of France and of Belgium, and wonderful theories have been evolved as to the sort of people to whom they belonged; but it is not too much to say that the evidence is extremely unsatisfactory. In the famous sepulchral cave of Aurignac, which is generally quoted as a palæolithic burial-place, and as a touching proof of a belief in the supranatural in those ancient days, the skeletons were interred, according to M. Lartet's own showing, in a stratum above that which furnished the lions and the extinct mammalia; and therefore, according to the laws of geological research, must have been deposited after its accumulation. The story, so graphically told by M. Lartet, is really based on what the discoverer Bonnemaison, a road-mender, happened to recollect of circumstances which took such little hold on his memory at the time, that in the lapse of ten years even the place had been forgotten in which the skeletons had been piously reinterred in the village cemetery. The skeletons, moreover, were seen neither by M. Lartet nor any other *savant*, and the contents of the cave had been exposed to the curiosity of the ignorant country people, and in great part removed long before any interest was taken in the discovery. Testimony of this kind is obviously of no scientific value in proving the interment to be of the same date as the palæolithic occupation of the cave. The human bones found in the cave of Cro Magnon, and at Salutré, in France, and in the cave of Frontal, in Belgium, also occur at a higher level than that in which the fossil animals were discovered; or were found under conditions which admitted of their burial at a subsequent date. In all these cases it is almost certain that the interment took place after the animals which are found below had become extinct in those countries; and it is very probable that they all belong to the Neolithic age, in which burial in caves was a very general custom in Spain, France, Belgium, and England. In Denbighshire we have met with very fair samples of the modes of interment at that time; and we have seen how

the people who lived on their flocks and herds in that district buried their dead indifferently, in chambered tumuli as well as in caves.

In Yorkshire, on the other hand, the interest centres in a third class of caves, which, unlike the older groups, can be brought into relation with history in Britain; and they give us a glimpse of the mode of life in that county, after the Roman legions had left the inhabitants a prey to the Picts and Scots on the one hand, or to the Northumbrian Angles on the other.

Yorkshire is indeed classic ground to the cave-hunter. The long grey precipices and plateaux of limestone, which characterize the dales of the West Riding, are worn and fretted into caves of almost every size and form; some of which are traversed by water; while others, deserted by the streams, have afforded shelter to men and wild animals from the Quaternary period to the present day. The first cave that was ever scientifically explored in the county, the famous hyena's den of Kirkdale, yielded to Dr. Buckland, in 1819, the materials by which he was led to the proof that the extinct animals found in Britain had undoubtedly once lived here, and had not been carried into their resting-places by a deluge; nor, as was suggested, imported by the Romans for purposes of war or of sport. It is not too much to say that this discovery opened up a branch of investigation that has already enabled us to see further into the cloud-land which separates history from geology than we could have hoped for. The gentlemen of the West Riding have followed Dr. Buckland's example, by undertaking the exploration of the caves in their neighbourhood. A committee, with Sir James Kay Shuttleworth for its president, has been at work for the last twelve months, and have obtained results of very high archæological importance. In this essay I intend to give an outline of their discoveries.

The Victoria Cave, near Settle, so called from its discovery on the coronation-day of our Queen, stands high up in a limestone cliff, into which it runs in a horizontal direction. It consists of a series of large chambers and passages, which are now nearly filled to the roof with *débris*, and robbed of the massive stalactites with which they were once adorned. It furnished to its enterprising discoverer, Mr. Jackson, from time to time, a remarkable series of ornaments and implements of bronze, iron, and bone, along with pottery and broken remains of animals, which have excited considerable attention, and have been figured and described by Mr. Roach Smith. Fragments of Samian ware and other Roman pottery, coins of Trajan, Constantine, and Constantius, proved that the stratum in which they were found was accumulated after the Roman invasion. There were also bronze fibulæ, iron spear-heads, nails, and daggers, bone spoons, spindle-whorls, amber and glass beads, as well as bronze needles, pins, finger-rings, armlets, bracelets, buckles, and studs. The broken bones found along with them belong to the red-deer, roebuck, pig, horse, Celtic short-horn, sheep or goat, badger, fox, and dog. The whole collection was just of that sort which is very generally found in the neighbourhood of Roman villas and towns—such as Uriconium—which have been sacked, and was doubtless formed while the cave was used as a place of habitation. As all these things were obtained from the surface, and as the mass of *débris*, that extended to an unknown depth, was undisturbed, the committee resolved to subject the cave to a thorough examination.

Ground was broken on a small plateau outside the entrance, which occupied the point where daylight could be seen through chinks in the rocks from the inside of one of the large chambers, and which could not fail to have been chosen by the inhabitants for kindling their fires and cooking their food. On the surface there was a talus two feet thick, of angular fragments broken away from the cliff above by the action of frosts. It rested on a dark layer composed of fragments of bone, more or less burnt, burnt stones which had formed the fireplaces, very many frag-

ments of pottery, and coins of Trajan and Tetricus. Fires had been kindled on the spot, and the broken bones of the animals strewn about were the relics of feasts. A new entrance into the cave was gradually opened up, and as the work progressed the talus died away, and the black layer below rose to the surface, and was continuous with that from which Mr. Jackson had obtained his ornaments and implements. It covered the floor, passing over its inequalities, and lying underneath enormous masses of rock which had subsequently fallen from the roof. Besides spindle-whorls, beads, and curious nondescript articles of bone, it yielded bronze fibulæ of undoubtedly Roman workmanship, a portion of the ivory hilt of a Roman sword, and spiral armlets made of bronze, which possibly may not be Roman.

Some of the ornaments certainly present a style of art which is not Roman, and which is by no means of a contemptible order. Several very curious circular brooches were composed of two plates of bronze soldered together, the front being very thin, and bearing flamboyant and spiral patterns of admirable design and execution. They are unlike any Roman fibulæ in their composite make and in their style of ornament. In the latter particular they resemble a curious Celtic brooch, No. 492 in the Museum of the Irish Academy. They also recall to mind a medallion on a Runic casket of silver bronze figured by Professor Stevens as having been obtained from Northumbrian Britain, as well as a brooch, figured by the same authority, which is preserved in the Museum at Mainz, and assigned to the third or fourth century. The same ornament occurs also in the illumination of one of the Anglo-Saxon gospels at Stockholm, and in those of the gospels of St. Columba, preserved in Trinity College Library, Dublin. A bronze-gilt brooch also, representing a dragon, with its eye made of red enamel, was not of Roman workmanship, as well as a second made of coloured enamels, in red, blue, yellow, and green. On the whole, it is very likely that these brooches are of Celtic workmanship, made in this country. The enamels, in particular, have been, with one solitary exception, all found in Yorkshire, and that exception was probably exported. Their non-Roman type is proved not merely by their absence from Gaul and Italy, but by their presence in countries where the Roman arms never penetrated. The difficulty of accounting for the same style of ornament in Scandinavia and Northern Germany may be got over by supposing that works of art were exported from Britain or Ireland, as that mentioned by Professor Stevens undoubtedly was from Northumbria. The correspondence with the Anglo-Saxon illumination at Stockholm was probably due to the Irish origin of the artist. Ireland must have contributed something to the art as well as to the literature of Scandinavia, from the sixth to the tenth centuries, because of her close connection with Denmark. There is nothing at all strange that the art of the Celts in Ireland should have had some points in common with that of the neighbouring kingdom of the Romanized Celts of Strathclyde, which in the sixth century embraced the whole of Lancashire, and a considerable portion of Yorkshire.

The broken bones of the animals belong principally to the Celtic short-horn, sheep or goat, and horse. The last animal, indeed, was very generally eaten by the Roman provincials in Britain. The bones of fowls show that the people who lived in the cave ate poultry. The roe-buck, red-deer, and grouse contributed but little to their feasts; domestic, and not wild, animals supplying the principal part of their food.

There can be no doubt but that this strange collection of objects was formed during the sojourn of a family for some length of time in the cave, and we have to account for the presence of so many articles of luxury in so strange and wild a place. The personal ornaments and the Samian ware are such as would have graced the villa of a wealthy Roman, rather than the abode of men who lived by choice in recesses in the rock. In the coins we have a key which

explains the difficulty. Some belonged to Trajan, Constans, and Constantine, others to Tetricus (A.D. 267—273), while others are barbarous imitations of Roman coins, which are assigned by numismatists to the period just about the time of the Roman evacuation of Britain. The earliest could not have been introduced long before the end of the third century, while the latest point unmistakeably to the time when the historical record shows us that the province of Roman Britain was suffering from the anarchy consequent on the withdrawal of the Roman troops. In the year 360 the savage Picts and Scots, pent up in the north by the Roman walls, broke in upon the unarmed and rich provincials, and carried fire and sword as far south as London. Their ravages were repeated from time to time, until the Northumbrian Angles finally conquered the Celtic kingdom of Strathclyde. It must be admitted that so long as the Celts of Strathclyde held their ground against the Angles, they would certainly follow the mode of life and the manners and customs handed down to them by their forefathers, the Roman provincials, and use Roman coins and rude imitations of them for their currency. And therefore it is very possible that these objects of Roman culture may have been used in that district which was the Northumbrian border long after the retreat of the Roman legions. To say the least, there are two extremes between which the date of Roman-Celtic occupation must lie—the fifth century as shown by the barbaric coins, and the year 756, when Eadberht finally conquered Strathclyde. It cannot be later, because of the presence of Roman, and absence of all English, cultus. The cave, situated in a lonely spot and surrounded in those days by the gnarled and tangled growth of stunted yews, oaks, and hazel, which still survive in one or two places in the neighbourhood, as samples of the primeval forest, would afford that shelter from an invader of which a native would certainly take advantage. We can hardly doubt that it was used by unfortunate provincials who fled from their homes, with some of their cattle and other property, and were compelled to exchange the luxuries of civilized life for a hard struggle for common necessaries. In no other way can the association of works of art of a very high order with rude and rough instruments of daily use be accounted for. In that respect, therefore, the Victoria cave affords as true and vivid a picture of the troublous times of the fifth, and possibly of the sixth and seventh centuries, as the innumerable burned Roman villas and cities. In the one case you get a place of refuge to which the provincials fled, and in the other their homes, which had been ruthlessly destroyed. It may also have been occupied during some of the Pictish incursions before the English invasions.

The caves in the neighbourhood were used as places of refuge as late as the year 1745. When the army of the Pretender reached Shap, in Westmoreland, the inhabitants of Craven anticipated his march through that district, and the heir of an ancient family was hidden, along with the family plate, under the idea that the Highlanders were in the habit of eating children as well as of seizing the precious metals.

I must now pass on to the examination of the strata underneath this Romano-Celtic layer, as it may be called. At the entrance it rested on a talus of angular fragments of limestone, of precisely the same character as that on its surface, six feet in thickness, and running on the one hand into the scree at the bottom of the ravine, and on the other gradually thinning away as it entered the cave, until it disappeared altogether. It rested on a tenacious grey clay, of unknown depth, which fills the greater part of the cave. On the surface of the latter, and underneath a spot where the *débris* was six feet thick, most curious traces of the cave having been occupied by man, long before the advent of the Romans, were discovered. Three rude flint flakes, the broken jaws and bones of the brown

bear, red-deer, horse, and Celtic short-horn, as well as charcoal, a bone head, and other nondescript articles, were met with. The remains of the animals proved that the folk who then lived in the cave subsisted mainly by hunting, rather than on herds. A harpoon made of bone, and of a form hitherto unknown in Britain, indicated also that they were fishermen. It is a little more than three inches long, with a head composed of two barbs on each side opposite each other. The base presents a mode of securing attachment to the handle which has not been before discovered: instead of a mere projection to catch the ligatures, there is a well-cut barb on either side that points in a contrary direction to those which compose the head. Ample use for such an instrument would be found in Malham Tarn, as well as in the mere, now drained and turned into green fields, which are at the foot of the adjacent ravine. This group of remains, in its rude and savage facies, and in the absence of metal, contrasts strongly with that in the Romano-Celtic stratum above, and must be referred to a people in a low state of civilization. Inside the cave, where the intervening talus died away, the two layers coalesced on the surface, and became so intermingled that they could not be distinguished. The jaws and broken bones of a gigantic bear, and some of the ruder implements of stone and bone, as well as a stone Celt discovered by Mr. Jackson, probably belong to the lower horizon, which on the whole may be assigned, with tolerable certainty, to the Neolithic age.

Thus we have evidence that the Victoria cave was inhabited at two different times by people in two very different states of civilization. Nor are we without a clue to the approximate date of this older or Neolithic occupation. The *débris* fallen from the cliff on the surface of the Romano-Celtic stratum is two feet in thickness, and was accumulated since the middle of the eighth century, or in about 1,200 years; while that below is no less than six feet thick, and therefore probably took three times as long, or 1,200 years $\times$ 3 = 3,600 years. In other words, the interval between the Romano-Celtic and the Neolithic occupations, if measured by the present rate of the disintegration of the cliff, cannot be less than 3,600 years, and the date of the latter will be removed back about 5,000 years from the present time. There was no trace of the sudden fall of a portion of the cliff in either talus, but each was formed of angular masses of stone of about equal size, and weathered out in the same way. The accuracy of the calculation is indeed injured by the possibility that the winter cold was more intense, and the splitting action of the frost greater in pre- than in post-Roman times. Nevertheless, the change from the arctic severity of the post-glacial winter to the climate which we now enjoy in Britain has been so gradual, that it may be assumed to have been very small in so short a time as 5,000 years. The only assumption is, that the rate of the disintegration of the cliff before the fourth century after Christ, was about the same as it has been since that time. This mode of estimating the interval does not pretend to any scientific accuracy, but is merely useful in affording us the means of forming some idea of the lapse of time out of the reach of history.

The clay which forms the basis of the plateau and fills the cave, has up to the present time yielded no traces of man or beast. The even stratification, and the lines of calcareous matter by which it is separated into layers as thin as the leaves of a book, show that it was the deposit of water more or less in a state of rest, and not hurrying violently along, as in the water-caves under Ingleborough. It must have been deposited by water flowing from the cave into the ravine, or from the ravine into the cave; both of which hypotheses imply the presence of a barrier in the ravine some sixty or seventy feet high, or up to the water level in the cave, or that the ravine itself had been subsequently excavated. The traces of ancient glaciation in the neighbourhood, the large blocks

of ice-borne Silurian rock resting on the mountain limestone, and the numerous moraines in the valley of the Ribble, show that anciently Ribblesdale was covered with glaciers. It is very probable that one of these was the barrier which is necessary for the accumulation of this singular bed of clay.

The Victoria cave was inhabited, as we have seen, first of all by a barbarous Neolithic family, and lastly, after a very considerable interval, by Roman provincials, or possibly their descendants of Strathclyde, fleeing from the arms of an invader. Other caves in the neighbourhood, such as that of Kelko near Settle, and that of Dowkerbottom near Arncliffe, in Wharfdale, explored by Mr. Jackson and Mr. Denny, have afforded similar traces of their having been inhabited by Romano-Celtic refugees. All these caves stand at a level of at least 1,200 feet above the sea, and would not have been chosen as habitations by civilized men except under the dire pressure of necessity. They afford a touching picture of the social condition of Ribblesdale, from the fifth century, possibly as late as the eighth.

The Northumbrian Angles gradually pushed back the Romano-Celtic population westward until at last King Eadberht accomplished the work, began certainly before King Ina reigned, in 547. The exact time when the Romano-Celts were finally conquered or driven away from Ribblesdale cannot be ascertained, in the absence of any record; for, during the war of more than 200 years, the tide of conquest must very frequently have ebbed and flowed over that border land. It is therefore impossible to give the precise date of the destruction of the Roman civilization, which must have been maintained more or less by the Celts of Strathclyde.

Cave-hunting in Yorkshire, however, affords sport of a very different kind to that which has been described in these essays. Caves there are of a magnitude that is only rivalled by those in Greece, and surpassed by those of Kentucky. They are to be seen in all stages of formation, and they bring out the steadiness of nerve and activity of body which are valued so highly by the Alpine Club. In their gloomy recesses all the higher qualities of a mountaineer may be exercised, and there is sufficient danger to give a keen zest to the adventure. The mountain streams sometimes plunge into a yawning chasm, locally known as a pot, and pursue their course underground; and at others emerge from the dark portals of a cave in full force. There is, perhaps, no place in the world where the subterranean circulation of water may be studied with better advantage.

Ingleborough forms a centre from which the drainage on every side finds its way into the dales, through a system of caves more or less complicated, which has been thoroughly explored during the last thirty years by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, among whom Mr. Birkbeck and Mr. Metcalfe have been most conspicuous. We will take the tremendous chasm of Heln Pot, near Selside, on the east of Simon's Fell, in Ribblesdale, as a representative of a great class. It is a fissure, a hundred feet long by thirty feet wide, that engulfs the waters of a little stream, which are dissipated in spray long before they reach the bottom. From the top you look down on a series of ledges, green with ferns and mosses, and, about a hundred feet from the surface, an enormous fragment of rock forms a natural bridge across the chasm from one ledge to another. A little above this is the debouchement of the stream flowing through the Long Churn Cave, through which the two above-named gentlemen made the first perilous descent, in 1847. The party, consisting of ten persons, ventured into this awful chasm with no other apparatus than ropes, planks, a turntree, and a fire-escape belt. On emerging from the Long Churn Cave they stood on a ledge of rock about twelve feet wide, and which gave them free access to the bridge. This was a rock ten feet long, which rested obliquely on the ledges. Having crossed

over this, they crept behind the waterfall which descended from the top, and fixed their pulley, five being let down while the rest of the party remained behind to hoist them up again. In this way they reached the bottom of the pot, which before had never been trod by the foot of man. Thence they followed the stream downwards as far as the first great waterfall, down which Mr. Metcalfe was venturesome enough to let himself with a rope, and to push onwards until daylight failed. He was within a very little of arriving at the end of the cave into which the stream flows, for he heard the heavy fall of water at the very bottom. He was obliged, however, to turn back to the daylight without having accomplished his purpose. The whole party eventually, after considerable danger and trouble, returned safely from this most bold adventure.

The Long Churn Cave consists of a labyrinth of passages and chambers through which the water hurries down into Heln Pot. It is comparatively easy of access through a hole in the rock which is known as Diccan Pot. Inside, several deep pools and waterfalls offer considerable difficulty.

A second descent was made in 1848 from the surface, and a third in the spring of 1870, in both of which Mr. Birkbeck took the lead. The apparatus employed consisted of a windlass, supported on two baulks of timber, and a bucket, with a defence for the head, sufficiently large to hold two people, and two guiding ropes to prevent the revolution of the bucket in mid air. There was also a party of navvies to look after the mechanical contrivances, and two ladders about eight feet long to provide for contingencies at the bottom. Thirteen of us went down, including three ladies. As we descended the fissure gradually narrowed, until at the bottom it was not more than ten feet wide. The actual vertical descent was a hundred and ninety-eight feet. After running the gauntlet of the waterfall we landed in the bed of the stream, which hurried downwards over large boulders of limestone and lost itself in the darkness of a large cave, about seventy feet high. We traced it downwards, through pools and rapids to the first waterfall, of about twenty feet. This obstacle prevented most of the party going further, for the ladders were too short to reach to the bottom. By lashing them together, however, and letting them down, we were able to reach the first round with the aid of a rope, and to cross over the deep pool at the bottom. Thence we went on downwards through smaller waterfalls and rapids, until we arrived at a descent into a chamber, where the roar of water was deafening. Down to this point the daylight glimered feebly, but here our torches made but little impression on the darkness. One of the party volunteered to go down with a rope, and was suddenly immersed in a deep pool; the rest, profiting by his misadventure, managed to cling on to small points of rock, and eventually to reach the floor of the chamber. We stood at last on the lowest accessible points of the cave, about 300 feet from the surface. It was indeed one of the most remarkable sights that could possibly be imagined. Besides the waterfall down which we came, a powerful stream poured out of a cave too high up for the torches to penetrate the darkness, and fell into a deep pool in the middle of the floor, causing such a powerful current of air that all our torches were blown out except one. The two streams eventually united and disappeared in a small black circling pool, which completely barred further ingress. The floor of the pot and the cave was strewn with masses of limestone rounded by the action of the streams; and the water channels were smoothed and grooved and polished, in a most extraordinary way, by the silt and stones carried along by the current. Some of the layers of limestone were jet black, and others were of a light fawn-colour, and as the strata were nearly horizontal, the alternation of colours gave a very peculiar effect to the walls. Beneath each waterfall was a pool more or less deep, and here and there in the bed of the stream were holes, drilled in the

rock by stones whirled round by the force of the water. High up, out of the present reach of the water, were old channels, which had evidently been watercourses before the pot and cave had been cut down to their present level. In the sides of the pot there are two vertical grooves reaching very nearly from the top to the bottom, which are unmistakably the work of ancient waterfalls. There was no stalactite, but everywhere the water was wearing away the rock and enlarging the cave. We found our way back without any difficulty, a small passage on the right-hand side enabling us to avoid the very unpleasant task of scrambling up two of the waterfalls. We arrived finally at the top, after about five hours' work in the cave, wet to the skin.

We had very little trouble in making this descent, because of the completeness of Mr. Birkbeck's preparations; but we could fully realize what a dangerous feat the first explorers performed when they ventured into an unknown chasm, comparatively unprepared. The very name "Heln Pot," = Ælian Pot, or Mouth of Hell, testifies to the awe with which the Angles looked down into its recesses. On the Ordnance maps it is wrongly printed Alum Pot.

Such as this is the interior of one of those great natural laboratories in which water is wearing away the solid rock, either hollowing it into caves or cutting it into ravines. At the bottom of Heln Pot it was impossible not to realize that the enormous chasm had been formed by the same action as that by which it was being deepened before our very eyes. It was manifestly merely a portion of the vast cave into which it led which had been deprived of its roof, and opened out to the light of heaven. The bridge was merely a fragment of the roof which happened to fall upon the two ledges. The rounded masses of rock at the bottom are fragments that have fallen probably within comparatively modern times. The absence of stalactites and of stalagmites proves that the destructive action is rapidly going on.

There are many other pots of equal, if not greater, magnitude. The drainage on the south side of Ingleborough passes into a ravine, and then plunges headlong into an enormous bottle-shaped hole, called Gaping Gill, into which Mr. Birkbeck has unsuccessfully attempted to descend, the sharp edges of the rock cutting the rope, and very nearly causing a most frightful accident. Owing to its wide expansion at the bottom it would be impossible to be let down into it in safety without a flat rope to prevent the spinning round of the bucket. In depth it is about 400 feet, and stones thrown into it from the top take at least four seconds to reach the bottom. The water falling into it probably passes through the famous stalactite cave of Clapham, which has been carefully explored by Mr. Farrar.

On the north side of Ingleborough the series of caves and pots round Weathercote are especially worthy of attention. The chasm at Weathercote opens suddenly in the hill side, and is perfectly accessible to visitors. You come suddenly upon a cleft a hundred feet deep, with its ledges covered with mosses, ferns, and brambles; and at one end a body of water rushes from a cave and falls seventy-five feet, a mass of snow-white foam, and filling the bottom with spray. The large masses of rock piled in wild confusion at the bottom, and the dark shadows of the overhanging ledges, and the thick covering of green moss, to which the spray clings in tiny glittering drops, form a picture which cannot easily be forgotten. The stream passes from the bottom into a cave, and thence downwards to two large pots, about two hundred yards away. In flood-time the channel has been known to become blocked up, and Weathercote has been filled to the brim. Usually indeed after heavy rains the current flows so violently into the first of the pot holes, that it throws up stones at least thirty or forty feet from the bottom, with a peculiar rattling noise. From this strange phenomenon it is known as Jingle Pot, while the lower of the two is termed Hurtle Pot, because

in flood-time the water whirls so fastly round that it is "hurtled" out at the top. The stream finally makes its appearance as Dalebeck, and flows past Ingleton. These three pots are merely portions of one great cave where the roof has fallen in, and they are continued in the same line as the ravine through which the Dalebeck flows in flood-time.

These examples which I have chosen out of the caves of Yorkshire are by no means unique. In the dales there is scarcely a mass of limestone without its subterranean water system, as well as dry caves situated at a higher level. In all cases they are arranged on the line of the natural drainage, and generally open on the sides of the valleys and precipices. If you look northward from the flat crown of Ingleborough, you can see the ravines which radiate from it on the surface of the shale below, abruptly ending in pot-holes when they reach the limestone. In each case the streams reappear, issuing out of caves at the points in Chapel-le-dale, where the horizontal beds of limestone rest on the upturned edges of the Silurian rocks.

It becomes an interesting question to find out how this subterranean system was made; for in so many cases a valley passes into a ravine, and that into a cave, that the cause which has formed one must have formed all. It requires but a cursory glance to see at once that running water was the main agent. The limestone is so traversed by joints and lines of shrinkage, that the water rapidly sinks down into its mass, and collects in small streams, which owe their direction to the dip of the strata and the position of the fissures. These channels are being continually deepened and widened by the mere mechanical action of the passage of stones and silt. But this is not the only way in which the rock is gradually eroded. The limestone is composed in great part of pure carbonate of lime, which is insoluble in water. It is, however, readily dissolved in any liquid containing carbonic acid, which is an essential part of our atmosphere, and is invariably present in the rain-water, and is given off by organic bodies. By this invisible agent the hard crystalline rock is always being attacked in some form or another. The very snails that take refuge in its crannies leave an enduring mark of their presence in a surface fretted with their acid exhalations, which very often pass current among geologists for the borings of pholades, and are the innocent cause of much speculation as to the depression of the mountain-tops beneath the sea in comparatively modern times. The carbonic acid taken up by the rain is derived in the main from the decomposing vegetable matter which generally forms the surface soil on the limestone. Its effects are to be seen in a most marked degree in the bare grey masses of rock termed "pavements," that stand out like *roches moutonnées* from the purple heather, and are worn and fissured into the strangest possible shapes. Sometimes the surface is made up of a number of sharp points that look like a sheaf of sword-blades; at others there are ravines and caves in miniature; and very generally the strata is divided into a series of large angular blocks, which rock with the greatest freedom. The minute fossil shells and fragments of crinoids standing out in bold relief testify that the agent which has removed so much rock is chemical, not mechanical. This invisible agent is equally at work in the caves as well as above ground, everywhere attacking the surface even out of the reach of the streams. The endless varieties of stalactites and stalagmites are merely so much solid matter taken by it out of the rock, and redeposited where the excess of carbonic acid in the water happens to be taken up by a free current of air. To it then, as well as to the mechanical power of the stream, the formation and enlargement of caves must be assigned.

We owe this key to the formation of caves to Professor Phillips, who acquired most of his knowledge of the subject in the Yorkshire dales.

But if caves have been thus excavated, it is obvious that ravines and valleys in limestone districts are due to the operation of the same causes. A

ravine, indeed, stands half-way between a cave and a valley; it is merely a cave which has lost its roof, and if the ruin go on, as it inevitably must, its precipices are gradually worn away, and it becomes a valley. The close relation between the three can be explained in no other way. All that is demanded is a sufficient length of time, which the geologists have no difficulty in finding.

The gorge at Cheddar, and the channel of the Avon at Clifton, and all mountain limestone passes, if we can argue from the operation still going on, were originally subterranean watercourses, and have lost their roofs by subaërial denudation. Their magnitude very generally leads to the conclusion that they are tremendous rents in the solid rock, caused by the exertion of igneous energy. In all the cases that have come before my notice, this hypothesis can be disproved by the fact that the strata on either side are undisturbed, and the bottom composed of solid rock, instead of being a gaping fissure passing downwards. Causes operating slowly in time, practically unlimited, can produce the most stupendous results. The Kentucky Cave, to which all English examples of ravines and water-caves are as nothing, is an instance very much to the point.

There are very few things which give so vivid an idea of the cycle of change in nature as the circulation of carbonate of lime. It was gradually secreted by corals and shell-fish out of the sea-water, and as they perished their hard parts became consolidated into limestone. When the sea-bottom became dry land, it was attacked by the carbonic acid, and carried downwards by the streams and the rivers, and ultimately into the sea, again to figure in the bodies of living creatures, and probably again to form masses of limestone, like that from which it was liberated.

These are some of the directions in which cave-hunting leads us. The subject is new, and scarcely touched. There is an untold wealth of knowledge to be obtained out of caves. In them the archæologist and geologist can join hands with the historian; and there is a very fair field for mere exercise and adventure. So far as the caves of Yorkshire are concerned, I feel convinced that we shall get most valuable light thrown on the social state of Britain after the departure of the Romans, of which at present we know very little. The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few.

CALLIMACHUS.

A SKETCH.

"Lo, when my master lay a-dying, I
Alone he chose should watch to see him die."

SOFT, fine, and bright, as web hedge-woven at morn,
Hung round his brow his locks; his brow had borne
Much weight of thinking, and the close grave mouth
Had never curved it to the smile that groweth
Out of light-heartedness; he lay with eyes
Undimmed of age, turned full to the sunrise;
And thus he spake in slow tones thrillingly,
Scarce to himself, and scarce, methinks, to me.
  Full fifty times have clinging calices
Loosened their clasp of sheltering tenderness,
And, with the rapture of the strong sun's kiss,
Life's wave has shuddered through the chrysalis,
Since I, a young man, saw my future rise
From the sun's bed, upon my eager eyes,
With slow, symmetric movements gliding on;
And in her curvèd palms I saw anon,
Or seemed to see, life, work, and crown in one.
Yet was her face hid wholly from my sight,
Veiled with a veil of chrysochromal light.
Thus to my heart my heart said, "Grace to thee
Lives on those mute lips' veiled sublimity!"
For all the land was quick with light, and warm
Uprose the symmetry of chrome and form;
And, panting with delight, I saw it pass,
The pageant of life's mystery that was.
Groups of old warriors rose from their death-mist;
Lips smiled, that funeral-fires long since had kissed;
Brows that were calmed of dreamless sleep, again
Took their old fierceness, resting limbs their strain.
Deeper the wonder yet, diviner still
Glowed the Immortals' track on slope and hill;
And where the sky stooped down the earth to meet,
The rapture of Apollo's parting feet
Mellowed the blue and scarlet hues, I wist,
Into the delicate quivering amethyst.

And all the leafage of the happy trees
Was stirred by breath of loving Dryades.
Lo, in that glory of my days I saw
A maiden standing, with a shadowy awe
Upon her face, that mocked her brow's bright wreath
With the grim heavy dusk of coming death;
While stern-browed men stood waiting till the knife
With cold, blue lips should drink her crimson life.
Then with the heat upon me, I essayed
To paint the picture; when aside I laid
My brush, I gazed and gazed, but none might see
In my false picture what was seen of me;
And though the many did, with partial eyes,
Praise it as beautiful and true, more wise
To mine own condemnation, lifted I
Mine hands against my work that was a lie.
Those eyes of Zeus had burned into my brain,
And better light than joy, though light be pain;
And Beauty, as I deem it, is in sooth
Bastard that springs not from the womb of Truth.
Years did I toil in patience: grew a face
Upon my canvas, where I sought to trace
His woe, by the strong victors' pitiless might
Crushed into silence, smitten into night!
The dead wreath fallen from his loosened hair,
The hands listless dropped in his dumb despair.
Yet, yet it would not be forced back; it crept
About my heart, and gurgling billows swept
That hope away.
I bowed my face and wept,
As he might weep whom Time not yet may rob
Of the child-right to lift his voice and sob.
Again, more old, more sad, I paused to see
A work that was conceived and born of me.
Upon a royal bed a lady lay,
Watching with eager soul, because that day
The God who stooped to love her, should arise
In all his unveiled glory on her eyes;
Waiting with beating heart and quivering lips
The transport of that bright Apocalypse—
"Not this the picture that thy soul did see,
So let it perish, unbeloved of thee!"
Well, I was stronger now, perhaps because
The great white Truth had kissed my brows, it was:
And though there throbbed through every nerve and sense

The agony of conscious impotence,
I, loving Truth beyond all hope, all fame,
Gave all my pictures to the heart o' the flame,
And watched the sky. A while ago there came
A light I knew to be the morning star;
I felt its thrills of tremulous sweetness far,
And rose with happy tears upon my cheek—
Then first I knew that I was old and weak—
Yet followed, faltering, towards the fair good light;
And one walked with me stately, tall, and bright:
And smote upon a lyre, and keen and strong
Uprose the subtle sweetness of his song.
I think I must have swooned in my delight,
For when I knew to speak and see, the white
Folds of his amianthal robe were gone,
And I was lying on the ground alone;
Fever and strife and weariness all ceased,
In that fixed, solemn gaze upon the East.
Ay, I am well content; the mystery
Is open now, or my brain cleared to see;
How from my seeming failure's bitterness
I shall, in unborn ages, reap success.
Not in myself a man of men, indeed,
But in THE MAN, one day to take his meed
As victor from the breast of Time, superb
In virile strength that needs nor spur nor curb.
O life! O art! I know that I am pure
From treason, having chosen to endure
Rather the most exceeding pain than show
Shadow for light; I joy that it was so.
Hush! the ascending sun! mine eyeballs beat
To catch his ray; a thousand times more sweet
To perish blind for gazing thus, I know,
Than look unharmed upon the dusks below.
—Cover my face—
And it was so—and thus
He passed away who was Callimachus.

RED TIES.

BY T. E. KEBBEL.

"A COULD never abide carnation: 'twas a colour he never liked," was poor Dame Quickly's testimony to the fancies of Sir John Falstaff. How the aversion had been contracted by the fat knight, unless it were by continual contemplation of Bardolph's nose, does not appear. But as the assertion was made by one who knew him well, we must suppose it was correct; and if our own explanation of it is right, of which there can be little doubt, it is only another instance of that power which the symbolism of colour has been found to exercise over the human race from time immemorial. The flaming hues which made the nose of his faithful servitor so conspicuous an object in society were suggestive of uncomfortable and even alarming considerations. And the flea who had made good his footing on that interesting feature completed the association. Sir John raved. Whether Bardolph removed the insect, or the attendants removed Bardolph, we are left to conjecture. But whatever be the ultimate theory by which the criticism of the future will account for the emotions of the patient, there can be very little doubt that he had quite as good reason for indulging them as the majority of mankind have for peculiarities of a similar nature; and the extent to which these should be recognized and deferred to by society is no uninteresting inquiry. We remember what has been said about offending the weaker brethren, and the precept, if inapplicable to Falstaff, is not equally so to Oxford undergraduates. It is, we say, a most important question to what length this doctrine shall be carried, and when a man is and when he is not bound to refrain from doing things which, perfectly innocent, nay salutary, in themselves, are a rock of offence to other people. Apart from the question of intoxication, has a man any moral right to drink his nose to such a pitch of redness as to make it an offensive, perhaps a terrifying, object? We are told, in the *Spectator*, of a gentleman who resolved to discard the fashionable wig of the period, and to substitute for it a linen nightcap, the result of which was that a commission of lunacy was taken out against him: and Dr. Johnson, commenting on the story, dismissed it with the commonsense remark, "Why, sir, to be sure the nightcap was best abstractedly; but relatively the advantage was overbalanced by his making the boys run after him." Just so: and the question is what and how much are we to give up to prevent the boys from running after us or hooting after us, as the case may be: and ought not they sometimes, as well as ourselves, to be compelled to desist from their caprices? for there is a vast number of people in the world who remain boys in intellect to the end of their days, and are quite as ready to shout at a linen nightcap or a red tie as the London boys in Queen Anne's reign, or the Oxford boys in Queen Victoria's.

The doctrine of surrendering everything which creates scandal, or, in other words, everything which excites the irrational rage of an unreflecting majority, has been carried to such lengths of late that the tyranny of the multitude threatens to become absolute. A fashion has arisen lately of urging against certain customs, amusements, or institutions—not that they are wrong, not that they are mischievous, not that they are useless, but simply that they give offence. "Oh," it is said,

"nothing certainly can be said against them, much, on the contrary, for them, on logical grounds: but people have got into the habit of abusing them; they irritate particular classes; and for this reason, and for this reason only, they must be abolished." Now, upon this principle, it is perfectly clear that the "man in the red tie" on a recent occasion ought to have torn it from his throat the moment it provoked a roar. The red tie was as much an annoyance to the majority as Bardolph's nose was to Falstaff. It reminded them of terrible contingencies; and, indeed, the symbolism of it was much more strongly marked than it is in numerous other things which are persecuted for analogous reasons. We should have preferred, certainly, a different method of treatment. Bardolph naturally suggests Pistol; and we should have rejoiced to see the qualms of the Oxford Gallery receive the same response as the qualms of the fastidious "Ancient:" "I beseech you heartily, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this *tie.*" But then this drastic treatment would have been wholly opposed to "the spirit of modern legislation,"—that, we believe, is the phrase. These are no days for party-badges, or offensive distinctions. Pistol had a perfect right to take exception to the leek in the Welshman's cap. As a representative of the majority, the large majority, of the king's subjects, he had a right to demand its removal. Was he to have his head broken and the leek thrust down his throat for this natural and laudable request? Certainly not. Fluellen, had he committed the same assault in modern London, would have been informed by some worthy magistrate that he had no right to carry anything about him calculated to provoke a breach of the peace; and would probably have been sent to jail without the alternative of a fine; while a flaming leader would have appeared in the *Times* next morning, showing that the conduct of this officer was an additional reason for insisting on the abolition of Purchase.

This excessive tenderness for sensitive organizations is, as we have said, a feature of the present day. Let us illustrate our meaning a little further: a great deal has been written and spoken recently on the subject of pigeon-shooting. We are not certainly among those who admire this amusement as conducted at Hurlingham and Shepherd's Bush; but still less do we admire the reasons for discontinuing it which are so frequently addressed to its devotees. To those who think it cruel, ignoble, or demoralizing, we have nothing to say. Those who see in it a mere piece of aristocratic wantonness, may perhaps be mistaken; but at least they suppose themselves to be in possession of a valid objection to it. But there are numbers of people who think it neither; who believe both forms of accusation to be equally groundless; and who see in it no greater waste of time or symptom of effeminacy than a thousand other things which are tolerated without a murmur. But people have got to talk about it. They have got to see in it some special symbol of aristocratic luxury and degeneracy, which they do not see in other things. This is quite illogical and quite absurd, say the critics in question, but the gallery must be listened to. The *Times* and the gallery—

"Dii nos terrent et Jupiter hostis."

And *therefore* it had better be abandoned. How does it lie in the mouth of such reasoners as these to object to the Oxford undergraduates? Take, again, something more serious; take property. A certain number of people choose to say, We object to the accumulation of land; it jars upon us. We don't want any of it ourselves; we are rich enough without it. But large landowners are disagreeable to us. We ought not to be required to give a reason; it is a purely sentimental grievance. But we should feel more comfortable without them; and, being the majority, we have a right to hoot them out of the kingdom. Now, to those who object to large estates on practical grounds, because they are bad economically or

because they are bad socially, again we have nothing to say. But, No, say the class of critics we have in view: so far from being injurious, the system of large estates can be shown to be highly beneficial; all experience and all logic is in favour of them; but what can you do? People are beginning to talk against them. Nothing can stand in these days against which people talk; large estates are fast becoming red ties; and therefore they ought to be abolished.

There is no exaggeration in the above. People are to be met with more and more often every day who will declare in one breath that this or that institution has every virtue under heaven, and in the next that it cannot be maintained because people who, it is confessed, know nothing at all about it have been taught to declaim against it. But let the thing be good or bad intrinsically, our argument is the same. We would rather, for the sake of the national character, see the most degrading pastime or most vicious land tenure perpetuated, than surrendered to such cowardly considerations as these.

Again, we have been told by a great authority on the subject, no less a one, indeed, than the late Mr. Thackeray, that there are people in the world who don't like gentlemen: not for Jack Cade's reason: not for the revolutionary reason: not because they are monopolists or tyrants or libertines; but for reasons which we must call purely subjective ones, which the objects of their dislike would themselves be unable to comprehend. The feeling is to some extent reciprocal: for, as Mr. Thackeray says, the man who is not a gentleman gives offence to the man who is by little things, of which the former is in his turn totally unconscious. But there is a great difference in the intensity of the feelings so created. In the one case it is usually good taste only which suffers; in the other it is personal dignity. The one offence disgusts like an unpleasant smell or disagreeable flavour; the other excites hatred. But, whatever the annoyance sometimes given by underbred people, nobody has as yet proposed to abolish them. Gentlemen, on the other hand, are very far from enjoying the same enviable security. The class of people whom, according to Mr. Thackeray, they offend without knowing it, and whose feeling towards them is not disgust, but hatred, is daily on the increase. And it is easy to see what may happen in time. Oh! people will say, we like gentlemen: they have done the State some service; there is a good deal in what people urge about their talents for government, and the greatness of England when they governed her. In society they are very nice, and their standard of refinement is a high one. But what are you to do? They give offence to certain classes. No doubt it may seem hard that a man should not be allowed to be a gentleman, if he likes. But this argument has always been urged against all popular changes. It was thought very hard that a man was not allowed to wear a red tie if he liked, but he had to take it off. It was thought very hard that he was not allowed to vote openly if he liked, but he had to vote in secret. Red ties and open voting gave offence to certain classes. There was no help for it. Gentlemen can expect no exemption from this now acknowledged law; they must be abolished. If we are asked how, we reply, in memorable words, Wait till we are called in. But the thing could be done. It is painful to reflect on the possible extinction of the species. But the vulgar have got their "vril staff,"[1] and we cannot thwart them without the risk of being reduced to ashes.

What may be called religious red ties bring out this particular species of peacemakers in great force. Anything for a quiet life. Give it up: the thing is indifferent in itself: people may be fools to be offended at it, but you would be a greater fool not to humour their folly, and secure your own comfort. This is their well-known talk. There is something in the tone of mind which prompts such an argument as this, in our eyes, little less than detestable.

[1] *Vide* "The Coming Race."

The point in dispute may be a matter of indifference, no doubt; though we ought to recollect this, that such points very seldom are; and vestments and ceremonies certainly are not. But the independence, originality, idiosyncrasy of each individual is not a matter of indifference; and inability to perceive and appreciate this quality is usually found among that order of minds of which Mr. Dickens has placed the keynote in the mouth of Mr. Peter Magnus. Wherever these are herded together, and uncontrolled by any higher influences, this spirit of petty intolerance is sure to break out. In country towns it is usually very prevalent, where anything which transgresses the established customs, habits, or opinions of the dominant society is regarded with suspicion and contempt. It is very prevalent indeed in schools, where a new boy with any sort of peculiarity about him in dress, manner, speech, or character, is hunted to death. "Look an our French cousin be nat off a the first burst," says Dickon Osbaldestone to Will, when Frank makes his first appearance in the hunting field. "Like enow," is the response; "he's got a queer outlandish binding on's castor." Here is the spirit of red-tie-ism in full luxuriance; and it comes from the lips of one who was only an overgrown schoolboy. But even among men of sense and in good society there is a great deal too much of it; and in clubs and coteries individuals are often blamed or ridiculed for conduct in which there is nothing to provoke animadversion except its being different from that of other people.

It is possible, indeed, that the ebullition of red-tie-ism which took place in the Oxford Theatre may have been treated too seriously. We don't mean the uproar—that was disgraceful; but the immediate cause of it. Commemoration is the academic carnival, and the undergraduates have always been accustomed to single out individuals for attack who presented anything conspicuous or unusual in their personal appearance. It may be that they would entirely disclaim having been actuated by any such spirit as forms the subject of this article; and that it was time and place only which the gentleman in the red tie had to thank for his reception. Let this plea for the undergraduates be taken for what it is worth. But what *they* did in fun, if it was fun, is an excellent illustration of what many other people do in earnest; while the conduct of the obnoxious person in refusing to bend before the storm was what only too few have the moral courage to imitate. The older the world grows, the more does a tendency become visible to think that nothing which is attacked is defensible —or at least worth the trouble of defending. A red tie offends one mob: take it off. A pigeon match offends another: shut up the traps. A surplice offends a third: on with your Geneva. Property is disgusting to a fourth: chop it to mincemeat. A church is hateful to a fifth: down with it to the dust. A lord hurts the feelings of a sixth: throw him to the wolves. Now mind, we are not here blaming people for not liking any one of these things. Pigeon-shooting, ritualism, property, established churches, hereditary legislators, gentlemanly manners, are all of them, no doubt, characteristics of an imperfect state of existence. What we complain of is that people who like them all are ready to concede them all sooner than resist a row. And these are they who blame the man in the red tie for not going out of the theatre as soon as the mob attacked him. As a mere matter of private opinion, the writer of this article detests the principles of which the red tie is emblematic, quite as strongly, at least, as any one can detest pigeon-shooting. But to surrender either of them to mere sibilation is worse than the worst evil which men attribute to either of them. If it is cowardly to shoot pigeons, it is more cowardly not to shoot them for fear only of popular abuse. If Communism means chaos, those who preach submission to the strongest lungs are not very likely to be useful in preserving order.

It ought not to be necessary to caution the readers of this article against seeing in the foregoing remarks anything inconsistent with the fullest recognition of the authority of public opinion. But for fear they should be so misconstrued, we hasten to say that the claims to our consideration possessed by minorities and individuals are of very various degrees. We may not be able to draw the exact line at which mere rebels or rioters pass into the more respectable phase of belligerents. But we know it to exist. And so, of course, there are numerous instances where the opposition of the majority is opposition to follies which the common sense of mankind has finally condemned: the lingering remnants of exploded superstition, or the nonsensical crotchets of silly individuals. Society may stamp out these by any means which it likes short of physical force, and may, without impropriety, decline further debate about them. Clamour then becomes for once a legitimate weapon, like the cries of "divide" in the House of Commons when a condemned bore insists on talking after the debate has been exhausted. But there are practices, institutions, habits in the world to which, however much we ourselves may disapprove of them, we are bound, we say, to accord belligerent rights; that is to say, to require them to be beaten on their merits before we finally enrol them in that class of evils which to name only is to damn. As long as they can keep the field, hold their own with any respectable proportion of the respectable classes, and show a decent probability of making a fair fight for their existence, so long is any deference to mere ignorant abuse of them both erroneous and ignominious.

It has recently been stated by a nobleman, whose powerful intellect and independent character are recognized by men of all parties and opinions, that nothing can be defended in Parliament which cannot be defended on the hustings. There is cruel common-sense in this remark, we are afraid. Yet the particular instance then under consideration is not, we think, the best possible illustration of its truth. We are not going to enter upon a discussion of the Purchase system. It is a complicated question, and requires a knowledge of details to be adequately handled. But for this very reason no intelligent discussion of it would be possible on the hustings. The audience who were to be its judges would absolutely know nothing of its practical operation. Of most other subjects likely to come before them they know something. On electoral systems, on Church establishments, on public education, they have some opinions, founded on some sort of knowledge; but on the Purchase system none at all. It is to them the merest red-tie; a crucial specimen indeed of that inflammatory commodity. The populace is under the impression that the Purchase system is, in one way or another, an aristocratic job, and for *this* reason it cannot be defended on the hustings. Now, granting everything else that is said against the Purchase system, an aristocratic job it is not. And it comes therefore to this, that a controversy which might, possibly, be still sustained by experience and reason, must be closed at once when it clashes with ignorance and prejudice. Of course this is not exactly what Lord Derby meant; because he himself thinks the system obnoxious both to popular passions and educated opinion too. But one could hardly be blamed for drawing from his speech this inference, that even by those who did not think this their colours should nevertheless be lowered on the grounds aforesaid.

If we are told that this is all very well, but that it's no use kicking against facts; that passion and prejudice will rule the world to the end, as they have done from the beginning, and that sympathies and antipathies laugh at premises and conclusions, we fold our arms tranquilly and say, Very good: only remember this, that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander too; and that on any other conditions you let in this doctrine, that might is right, and reduce the whole world under the absolute dominion of brute force.

MADRIGAL.

I.

O Dove, that dost bewail thy love
As I do mine,
Would that my woe could find the facile flow
Thou hast for thine!

II.

In every wood I hear thy voice
In loud lament,
While I am fain to send the sounds of pain
To banishment.

III.

Yet I divine thy heart and mine
Know the same grief,
But thine has utterance, while silent tears
Are my relief.

IV.

Let us divide our burdens, then,—
Mourn thou for me,
And I, who am too proud to moan aloud,
Will weep for thee!

Alice Horton.

EDWARD DENISON.—IN MEMORIAM.

BY JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

THERE are few stiller things than the stillness of a summer's noon in a broken woodland, with the deer asleep in the bracken, and the twitter of birds silent in the coppice, and hardly a leaf astir in the huge beeches that fling their cool shade over the grass. Afar off a gilded vane flares out above the grey Jacobean gables of the hall, the chime of a village clock falls faintly on the ear, but there is no voice or footfall of living thing to break the silence as I turn over leaf after leaf of the little book I have brought with me, the record of a broken life, of a life "broken off," as he who lived it says of another, "with a ragged edge."

It is a book that carries one far from the woodland stillness around, into the din and turmoil of cities and men, into the misery and degradation of "the East-end,"—that "London without London," as some one called it the other day; those mysterious Tower Hamlets that haunt the imagination of Mr. Ayrton's admirers. Few regions are more unknown; not even Mrs. Riddell has ventured as yet to cross the border which parts the City from this weltering mass of busy life, this million of hard workers packed together in endless rows of monotonous streets, broken only by ship-yard, or factory, or huge breweries, that stretch away eastward from Aldgate to the Essex marshes. And yet, setting aside the poetry of life which is everywhere, there is poetry enough in East London; poetry in the great river which washes it on the south, in the fretted tangle of cordage and mast that peeps over the roofs of Shadwell, or in the great hulls moored along the wharves of Wapping; poetry in the "Forest" that fringes it to the east, in the few glades that remain of Epping and Hainault,—glades ringing with the shouts of school-children out for their holiday, and half mad with delight at the sight of a flower or a butterfly: poetry of the present in the work and toil of these acres of dull bricks and mortar, where everybody, man, woman, and child, is a worker, this England without a "leisure class;" in the thud of the steam-engine, and the white trail of steam from the tall sugar refinery; in the blear eyes of the Spitalfields weaver, or the hungering faces of the group of labourers clustered from morning till night round the gates of the docks, and watching for the wind that brings the ships up the river: poetry in its past, in strange old-fashioned squares, in quaint gabled houses, in grey village churches, that have been caught and overlapped and lost, as it were, in the great human advance that has carried London forward from Whitechapel, its limit in the age of the Georges, to Stratford, its border in that of Victoria.

Stepney is a belated village of this sort; its grey old church of St. Dunstan, buried as it is now in the very heart of East London, stood hardly a century ago among the fields. All round it lie tracts of human life without a past; but memories cluster thickly round "Old Stepney," as the people call it with a certain fond reverence: memories of men like Erasmus and Colet, and the group of scholars in whom the Reformation began. It was to the country house of the Dean of St. Paul's, hard by the grey church, that Erasmus betook him when tired of the smoke and din of town. "I come to drink your fresh air, my Colet," he

writes, "to drink yet deeper of your rural peace." The fields and hedges through which Erasmus loved to ride remained within living memory; only forty years ago a Londoner took his Sunday outing along the field path which led past the London Hospital to the suburban village church of Stepney. But the fields through which the path led have their own church now, with its parish of dull straight streets of monotonous houses already marked with premature decay, and here and there alleys crowded with poverty and disease and crime. There is nothing marked about the district; its character and that of its people are of the commonest East-end type. If we ask our readers to follow us to St. Philip's, it is simply because these dull streets and alleys were chosen by a brave and earnest man as the scene of his work among the poor. It was here that Edward Denison settled in the autumn of 1867, in the second year of the great "East London Distress." In the October of 1869 he left England on the fatal voyage from which he was never to return. The collection of his letters which has been recently printed by Sir Baldwyn Leighton, has already attracted so much attention to the work which lay within the narrow bounds of those two years, that I may perhaps be pardoned for recalling my own memories of one whom it is hard to forget.

A few words are enough to tell the tale of his earlier years. Born in 1840, the son of a bishop, and nephew of the present Speaker of the House of Commons, Edward Denison passed from Eton to Christchurch (where the affection of his Oxford friends has commemorated itself, we believe, in a stained glass window in the cathedral), and was forced, after quitting the University, to spend some time in foreign travel by the delicacy of his health. His letters give an interesting picture of his mind during this pause in an active life, a pause which must have been especially distasteful to one whose whole bent lay from the first in the direction of practical energy. "I believe," he says, in his later days, "that abstract political speculation is my *métier*;" but few minds were, in reality, less inclined to abstract speculation. From the very first one sees in him what one may venture to call the best kind of "Whig" mind, that peculiar temper of fairness and moderation which declines to push conclusions to extremes, and recoils instinctively when opinion is extended beyond its proper limit. His comment on Newman's "Apologia" marks his real intellectual temper with remarkable precision. "I left off reading Newman's 'Apologia' before I got to the end, tired of the ceaseless changes of the writer's mind, and vexed with his morbid scruples—perhaps, too, having got a little out of harmony myself with the feelings of the author, whereas I began by being in harmony with them. I don't quite know whether to esteem it a blessing or a curse; but whenever an opinion to which I am a recent convert, or which I do not hold with the entire force of my intellect, is forced too strongly on me, or driven home to its logical conclusion, or over-praised, or extended beyond its proper limits, I recoil instinctively, and begin to gravitate towards the other extreme, sure to be in turn repelled by it also." I dwell on this temper of his mind because it is this practical and moderate character of the man which gives such weight to the very sweeping conclusions on social subjects to which he was driven in his later days. A judgment which condemns the whole system of Poor Laws, for instance, falls with very different weight from the mere speculative theorist, and from a practical observer, whose mind is constitutionally averse from extreme conclusions.

Throughout, however, we see this intellectual moderation jostling with a moral fervour which feels restlessly about for a fitting sphere of action. "Real life," he writes from Madeira, "is not dinner-parties and small talk, nor even croquet and dancing." There is a touch of exaggeration in phrases like these which need not blind us to the depth and reality of the feeling which

they imperfectly express, a feeling which prompted the question which embodies the spirit of all these earlier letters,—the question, "What is my work?" The answer to this question was found both within and without the questioner. Those who were young in the weary days of Palmerstonian rule, will remember the disgust at purely political life which was produced by the bureaucratic inaction of the time, and we can hardly wonder that, like most of the finer minds among his contemporaries, Edward Denison turned from the political field which was naturally open to him to that of social effort. "The problems of the hour," he says, "are social." His tendency in this direction was aided, no doubt, partly by the intensity of his religious feeling, and of the consciousness of the duty he owed to the poor, and partly by that closer sympathy with the physical suffering around us, which is one of the most encouraging characteristics of the day. In the midst of his outburst of delight at a hard frost, "I like," he says, "the bright sunshine that generally accompanies it, the silver landscape, and the ringing distinctness of sounds in the frozen air." He is haunted by a sense of the way in which his pleasure contrasts with the winter misery of the poor. "I would rather give up all the pleasures of the frost than indulge them, poisoned as they are by the misery of so many of our brothers. What a monstrous thing it is that in the richest country in the world large masses of the population should be condemned annually to starvation and death!" It is easy to utter protests like these in the spirit of a mere sentimentalist; it is less easy to carry them out into practical effort, as Edward Denison resolved to do. After an unsatisfactory attempt to act as Almoner for the Society for the Relief of Distress, he resolved to fix himself personally in the East-end, and study the great problem of pauperism face to face. "There are hardly any residents in the East rich enough to give much money, or with enough leisure to give much time," he says. "This is the evil. Even the best disposed in the West don't like coming so far off, and, indeed, few have the time to spare, and when they do there is great waste of time and energy on the journey. My plan is the only really practicable one, and as I have both means, time, and inclination, I should be a thief and a murderer if I withheld what I so evidently owe." In the autumn of 1867 he carried out his resolve, and took lodgings in Philpot Street, in the heart of the parish which we sketched in the opening of this paper. If any romantic dreams had mixed with his resolution, they at once faded away before the dull, commonplace reality. "I saw nothing very striking at Stepney," is his first comment on the sphere he had chosen, but he was soon satisfied with his choice. He took up in a quiet, practical way the work he found closest at hand. "All is yet in embryo, but it will grow. Just now I only teach in a night school, and do what in me lies in looking after the sick, keeping an eye upon nuisances and the like, seeing that the local authorities keep up to their work. I go to-morrow before the Board at the workhouse to compel the removal to the infirmary of a man who ought to have been there already. I shall drive the sanitary inspector to put the Act against overcrowding in force." Homely work of this sort grows on him; we see him in these letters getting boys out to sea, keeping school with little urchins, —"demons of misrule," to try his temper,—gathering round him a class of working men, organizing an evening club for boys. All this, too, quietly and unostentatiously, and with as little resort to "cheap charity," as he used to call it, to the "doles of bread and meat which only do the work of poor-rates," as possible.

So quiet and simple, indeed, was his work, that though it went on in my own parish it was some little time before I came to know personally the doer of it. It is amusing even now to recollect my first interview with Edward Denison. A vicar's Monday morning is never the pleasantest of awakenings.

but the Monday morning of an East-end vicar brings worries that far eclipse the mere headache and dyspepsia of his rural brother. It is the "parish morning." All the complicated machinery of a great ecclesiastical, charitable, and educational organization has got to be wound up afresh, and set going again for another week. The superintendent of the Women's Mission is waiting with a bundle of accounts, complicated as only ladies' accounts can be. The churchwarden is waiting with a face full of gloom to consult on the falling off in the offertory. The Scripture-reader has brought his "visiting book" to be inspected, and a special report on the character of a doubtful family in the parish. The organist drops in to report something wrong in the pedals. There is a letter to be written to the inspector of nuisances, directing his attention to certain odoriferous drains in Pig-and-Whistle Alley. The nurse brings her sick-list, and her little bill for the sick-kitchen. The schoolmaster wants a fresh pupil-teacher, and discusses nervously the prospects of his scholars in the coming inspection. There is the interest on the penny bank to be calculated, a squabble in the choir to be adjusted, a district visitor to be replaced, reports to be drawn up for the Bishop's Fund and a great charitable society, the curate's sick-list to be inspected, a preacher to be found for the next festival. It was in the midst of a host of worries such as these that a card was laid on my table with a name which I recognized as that of a young layman from the West-end, who had for two or three months past been working in the mission district attached to my parish. Now, whatever shame is implied in the confession, I had a certain horror of "laymen from the West-end." Lay co-operation is an excellent thing in itself, and one of my best assistants was a letter-sorter in the post-office close by; but the "layman from the West-end," with a bishop's letter of recommendation in his pocket, and a head full of theories about "heathen masses," was an unmitigated nuisance. I had a pretty large experience of these gentlemen, and my one wish in life was to have no more. Some had a firm belief in their own eloquence, and were zealous for a big room and a big congregation. I got them the big room, but I was obliged to leave the big congregation to their own exertions, and in a month or two their voices faded away. Then there was the charitable layman, who pounced down on the parish from time to time, and threw about meat and blankets till half of the poor were demoralized. Or there was the statistical layman, who went about with a note-book, and did spiritual and economical sums in the way of dividing the number of "people in the free seats" by the number of bread tickets annually distributed. There was the layman with a passion for homœopathy, the ritualistic layman, the layman with a mania for preaching down trades' unions, the layman with an educational mania. All, however, agreed in one point, much as they differed in others, and the one point was that of a perfect belief in their individual nostrums, and a perfect contempt for all that was already doing in the parish.

It was with no peculiar pleasure, therefore, that I rose to receive this fresh "layman from the West;" but a single glance was enough to show me that my visitor was a man of very different stamp from his predecessor. There was something in the tall, manly figure, the bright smile, the frank winning address of Edward Denison that inspired confidence in a moment. "I come to learn, and not to teach," he laughed, as I hinted at "theories" and their danger; and our talk soon fell on a certain "John's Place," where he thought there was a great deal to be learnt. In five minutes more we stood in the spot which interested him, an alley running between two mean streets, and narrowing at one end till we crept out of it as if through the neck of a bottle. It was by no means the choicest part of my parish: the drainage was imperfect, the houses miserable;

but wretched as it was, it was a favourite haunt of the poor, and it swarmed with inhabitants of very various degrees of respectability. Costermongers abounded, strings of barrows were drawn up on the pavement, and the refuse of their stock lay rotting in the gutter. Drunken sailors and Lascars from the docks rolled along shouting to its houses of ill-fame. There was little crime, though one of the "ladies" of the alley was a well-known receiver of stolen goods, but there was a good deal of drunkenness and vice. Now and then a wife came plumping on to the pavement from a window overhead; sometimes a couple of viragoes fought out their quarrel "on the stones;" boys idled about in the sunshine, in training to be pickpockets; miserable girls flaunted in dirty ribbons at nightfall at half-a-dozen doors. But with all this, the place was popular with even respectable working people, in consequence of the small size and cheapness of the houses—for there is nothing the poor like so much as a house to themselves; and the bulk of its population consisted of casual labourers, who gathered every morning round the great gates of the docks, waiting to be "called in" as the ships came up to unload. The place was naturally unhealthy, constantly haunted by fever, and had furnished some hundred cases in the last visitation of cholera. The work we had done among them in the "cholera time" had never been forgotten by the people, and, ill-famed as the place was, I visited it at all times of the day and night with perfect security. The apostle, however, of John's Place was my friend the letter-sorter. He had fixed on it as his special domain, and, with the aid of the clergy, had opened a Sunday-school and little Sunday services in the heart of it. I established a branch of the Women's Mission in the same spot, and soon women were "putting by" their pence, and sewing quickly round the lady superintendent as she read to them the simple stories of the Gospels.

It was this John's Place which Edward Denison chose as the centre of his operations. There was very little in his manner to show his sense of the sacrifice he was making, though the sacrifice was in reality a great one. No one enjoyed more keenly the pleasures of life and society; he was a good oarsman, he delighted in outdoor exercise, skating was to him "a pleasure only rivalled in my affection by a ride across country on a good horse." But month after month these pleasures were quietly put aside for his work in the East-end. "I have come to this," he says, laughingly, "that a walk along Piccadilly is a most exhilarating and delightful treat. I don't enjoy it above once in ten days, but therefore with double zest." What told on him most was the physical depression induced by the very look of these vast, monotonous masses of sheer poverty. "My wits are getting blunted," he says, "by the monotony and *ugliness* of this place. I can almost imagine, difficult as it is, the awful effect upon a human mind of never seeing anything but the meanest and vilest of men and men's works, and of complete exclusion from the sight of God and His works,—a position in which the villager never is." But there were worse things than physical degradation. "This summer there is not so very much actual suffering for want of food, nor from sickness. What is so bad is the habitual condition of this mass of humanity—its uniform mean level, the absence of anything more civilizing than a grinding organ to raise the ideas beyond the daily bread and beer, the utter want of education, the complete indifference to religion, with the fruits of all this—improvidence, dirt, and their secondaries, crime and disease." Terrible as these evils were, he believed they could be met, and the quiet good sense of his character was shown in the way in which he met them. His own residence in the East-end was the most effective of protests against that terrible severance of class from class in which so many of its evils take their rise. When speaking of the overcrowding and the official ill-treatment of the poor, he says truly: "These are the

sort of evils which, where there are no resident gentry, grow to a height almost incredible, and on which the remedial influence of the mere presence of a gentleman known to be on the alert is inestimable." But nothing, as I often had occasion to remark, could be more judicious than his interference on behalf of the poor, or more unlike the fussy impertinence of the philanthropists who think themselves born "to expose" Boards of Guardians. His aim throughout was to co-operate with them in giving, not less, but greater effect to the Poor Laws, and in resisting the sensational writing and reckless abuse which are fast undoing their work. "The gigantic subscription lists which are regarded as signs of our benevolence," he says truly, "are monuments of our indifference." The one hope for the poor, he believed, lay not in charity, but in themselves. "Build school-houses, pay teachers, give prizes, frame workmen's clubs, help them to help themselves, lend them your brains; but give them no money, except what you sink in such undertakings as above." I have no space here to describe or discuss the more detailed suggestions with which he faced the great questions of poverty and pauperism in the East-end; they are briefly summarized in a remarkable letter which he addressed in 1869 to an East-end newspaper:—"First, we must so discipline and regulate our charities as to cut off the resources of the habitual mendicant. Secondly, all who by begging proclaim themselves destitute, must be taken at their word. They must be taken up and kept at penal work—not for one morning, as now, but for a month or two; a proportion of their earnings being handed over to them on dismissal, as capital on which to begin a life of honest industry. Thirdly, we must promote the circulation of labour, and obviate morbid congestions of the great industrial centres. Fourthly, we must improve the condition of the agricultural poor."

Stern as such a project may seem, there are few who have really thought as well as worked for the poor without feeling that sternness of this sort is, in the highest sense, mercy. Ten years in the East of London had brought me to the same conclusions; and my Utopia, like Edward Denison's, lay wholly in a future to be worked out by the growing intelligence and thrift of the labouring classes themselves. But stern as were his theories, there is hardly a poor home within his district that has not some memory left of the love and tenderness of his personal charity. I hardly like to tell how often I have seen the face of the sick and dying brighten as he drew near, or how the little children, as they flocked out of school, would run to him, shouting his name for very glee. For the Sunday-school was soon transformed, by his efforts, into a day-school for children, whose parents were really unable to pay school-fees, and a large school-room, erected near John's Place, was filled with dirty little scholars. Here, too, he gathered round him a class of working men, to whom he lectured on the Bible every Wednesday evening, and delivered addresses to the dock-labourers whom he had induced to attend, of a nature somewhat startling to those who talk of "preaching down to the intelligence of the poor." I give the sketch of one of these sermons (on "not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together") in his own words:—"I presented Christianity as a society; investigated the origin of societies, the family, the tribe, the nation, with the attendant expanded ideas of rights and duties; the common weal, the bond of union; rising from the family dinner-table to the sacrificial rites of the national Gods; drew parallels with trades' unions and benefit clubs, and told them flatly they would not be Christians till they were communicants." No doubt this will seem extravagant enough, even without the quotations from "Wordsworth, Tennyson, and even Pope," with which his sermons were enlivened; but I must confess that my own experience among the poor agrees pretty much with Edward Denison's, and that I believe "high thinking" put into plain English to be more likely to tell on a dock-

labourer than all the "simple Gospel sermons" in the world.

His real power, however, for good among the poor, lay not so much in what he did as in what he was. It is in no spirit of class self-sufficiency that he dwells again and again throughout these letters on the advantages to such a neighbourhood of the presence of a "gentleman" in the midst of it. He lost little, in the end he gained much, by the resolute stand he made against the indiscriminate almsgiving which has done so much to create and encourage pauperism in the East of London. The poor soon came to understand the man who was as liberal with his sympathy as he was chary of meat and coal tickets, who only aimed at being their friend, at listening to their troubles, and aiding them with counsel, as if he were one of themselves, at putting them in the way of honest work, at teaching their children, at protecting them with a perfect courage and chivalry against oppression and wrong. He instinctively appealed, in fact, to their higher nature, and such an appeal seldom remains unanswered. In the roughest costermonger there is a vein of real nobleness, often even of poetry, in which lies the whole chance of his rising to a better life. I remember, as an instance of the way in which such a vein can be touched, the visit of a lady, well known for her work in the poorer districts of London, to a low alley in my parish. She entered the little mission room with a huge basket, filled, not with groceries or petticoats, but with roses. There was hardly one pale face among the women bending over their sewing that did not flush with delight as she distributed her gifts. Soon, as the news spread down the alley, rougher faces peered in at window and door, and great "navvies" and dock-labourers put out their hard fists for a rose, but with the shyness and delight of schoolboys. "She was a *real* lady," was the unanimous verdict of the alley; like Edward Denison, she had somehow discovered that man does not live by bread alone, and that the communion of rich and poor is not to be found in appeals to the material but to the spiritual side of man. "What do you look on as the greatest boon that has been conferred on the poorer classes in later years?" said a friend to me one day, after expatiating on the rival claims of schools, missions, shoe-black brigades, and a host of other philanthropic efforts for their assistance. I am afraid I sunk in his estimation when I answered, "Sixpenny photographs." But any one who knows what the worth of family affection is among the lower classes, and who has seen the array of little portraits stuck over a labourer's fireplace, still gathering together into one the "home" that life is always parting—the boy that has "gone to Canada," the "girl out at service," the little one with the golden hair, that sleeps under the daisies, the old grandfather in the country—will perhaps feel with me that in counteracting the tendencies, social and industrial, which every day are sapping the healthier family affections, the sixpenny photograph is doing more for the poor than all the philanthropists in the world.

It is easy, indeed, to resolve on "helping" the poor; but it is far less easy to see clearly how we can help them, what is real aid, and what is mere degradation. I know few books where any one who is really facing questions like these can find more help than in these "Letters" of Edward Denison's. Broken and scattered as his hints necessarily appear, the main lines along which his thought moves are plain enough; he would discriminate between temporary and chronic distress, between the poverty caused by a sudden revolution of trade among the skilled artisans of Poplar and the permanent destitution of Bethnal Green. The first requires exceptional treatment; the second a rigid and universal administration of the Poor Laws. "Bring back the Poor Law," he repeats again and again, "to the spirit of its institution; organize a sufficiently elastic labour test, without which no outdoor relief to be given; make the few alterations which altered times demand, and impose every possible discouragement on

private benevolence." The true cure for pauperism lies, in his opinion, in the growth of thrift among the poor. "I am not drawing the least upon my imagination when I say that a young man of twenty could in five years, even as a dock-labourer, which is much the lowest employment and least well paid there is, save about 20*l.* This is not exactly Utopia; it is within the reach of nearly every man, if quite at the bottom of the tree; but if it were of anything like common occurrence, the destitution and disease of this life would be within manageable limits." Words like these are, I am aware, in striking contrast with the usual public opinion on the subject, or with the mere screeching over poverty in which some sentimentalists are in the habit of indulging. But it is fair to say that they entirely coincide with my own experience. The sight which struck me most in Stepney was one which met my eyes when I plunged by sheer accident into the back-yard of a jobbing carpenter, and came suddenly upon a neat greenhouse with fine flowers inside it. The man had built it with his own hands and his own savings; and the sight of it, as it were, had so told on his next-door neighbour—a cobbler, if I remember right—as to induce him to leave off drinking, and build a rival greenhouse with savings of his own. Both had become zealous florists, and thrifty, respectable men; but the thing which surprised both of them most was that they had been able to save at all.

It is in the letters themselves, however, rather than in these desultory comments of mine, that the story of these two years of earnest combat with the great problem of our day must be studied. Short as the time was, it was broken by visits to France, to Scotland, to Guernsey, and by his election as Member of Parliament for the borough of Newark. But even these visits and his new parliamentary position were meant to be parts of an effort for the regeneration of our poorer classes. His careful examination of the thrift of the peasantry of the Channel Islands, his researches into the actual working of the "Assistance Publique" in Paris, the one remarkable speech he delivered in Parliament on the subject of vagrancy, were all contributions to this great end. In the midst of these labours, a sudden attack of his old disease forced him to leave England on a long sea-voyage, and within a fortnight of his landing in Australia he died at Melbourne. His portrait hangs in the school which he built, and rough faces, as they gaze at it, still soften even into tears as they think of Edward Denison.

A VICTIM OF PARIS AND VERSAILLES.

Part I.—PARIS.

[The author of the following paper is a young English gentleman of good family and position. His name, though suppressed for good reasons, is known to the Editor, who has satisfied himself of the trustworthiness of the writer.]

I left England very hurriedly on the 29th of March, 1871, for France, on private business. Through carelessness I omitted to provide myself with a passport before starting, and had, in fact, no papers to prove my identity, except a few letters addressed to me in my own name, which were about as useful to me as a sovereign would be to a dead man. I went *viâ* Southampton, Havre, and Rouen. During the whole journey I was never once asked for a passport, and travelled quite quietly and without trouble. Just outside Paris we were twice stopped, the first time by the Prussians, the second by the National Guard; no papers were demanded of us, nor did they even look into the carriages. In my compartment were two men, who I often afterwards saw among the leaders of the Commune.

The first thing that struck me on my arrival was the extreme tranquillity of the streets. Where were the *flâneurs* of the Boulevards? Where were the well-dressed ladies; the *pères de familles* with their wives and children; the crowded cafés; in fact, all that one remembered of the Paris of some months ago? There were the houses and the well-known places of resort, it is true, but the life was wanting; here and there a few groups were to be seen reading the last *affiche* or the evening paper; but, except at the Porte St. Denis, the great thoroughfares were almost deserted. There, however, was no lack of vitality; numerous crowds were discussing the events of the day, and the noise and confusion were such as Frenchmen only can make with success.

The next day (Friday, March 31st), I went to the Porte Maillot in the afternoon. The hostilities had not yet commenced, but there was evidently something in the wind, for the gates were shut, and numbers of peasants who had come in with their vegetables and other supplies were standing about and gesticulating wildly. I asked one man what was the matter, and he shrieked out, "Oh, quel malheur! quel malheur! Think, monsieur, they have shut the gates, and we poor wretches will be obliged to remain in Paris. And our wives and children, who are all *là-bas*, what will become of them? Oh, quel malheur! quel malheur! And to think that it is between Frenchmen, between brothers that they are going to fight! Oh, malheur, malheur!" It was indeed a grievous *malheur*, but there they were; and whether they got out or were forced to remain in Paris, I never heard.

The following day, Saturday, April 1st, I found myself, about two o'clock in the afternoon, opposite the Hôtel de Ville. The crowd was great; barricades abounded; sentries were placed in every direction, and the whole place had a most martial appearance. I got into conversation with an officer of the Guides de Garibaldi, who told me that the reason of the excitement was a belief that Garibaldi himself had arrived; but that the report was without foundation, as the General was too ill to leave home. On returning, I heard the people saying, "Oh, il est bien là, le général Garibaldi, il est à l'Hôtel de Ville; nous l'avons même vû, il est arrivé toute à l'heure;" so that I was left in a pleasing state of doubt as to the exact truth till I read the paper next morning, when the report was officially contradicted. It

was, however, the next day that the excitement reached its height, for it was the Sunday, April 2nd, on which the hostilities commenced, and no one knew what to expect. A young foreigner whom I met the next day, told me that he had been in the morning at the Hôtel de Ville for his final reception into the Guides de Garibaldi, when the news arrived; that the captain of the troop to which he was to belong had told him to be there at five o'clock in the evening, at which time he presented himself, and was informed by the sentry that no one would be admitted without a *laissez-passer*, to be obtained at the Elysée. On his applying at the last-named place, he was told that the *laissez-passer* were given at the Hôtel de Ville itself, which turned out to be correct. The excitement outside the Hôtel de Ville was great, for no one knew what had happened. The whole Place was cleared, from the Rue du Renard as far as the Rue St. Antoine; cannon were placed at the barricades, and every preparation was made for receiving an enemy. The Rue de la Verrerie became impassable, and all the streets which commanded a view of either the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, Place Lobau, or Place de la Mairie, were thronged with spectators. The *générale* was beaten throughout the whole arrondissement, and everything seemed to betoken the near approach of the troops of Versailles. Towards eight o'clock, however, things quieted down, the public were once more permitted to circulate freely along the whole of the Rue de Rivoli, though entrance to any one of the Places was denied to them, strong *cordons* of National Guards being placed to keep order. About eleven all was quiet, as if nothing had happened.

During the whole of the next week, being entirely occupied with my own affairs, I saw absolutely nothing; but on the following Sunday, Easter-day, I went up to the Arc de Triomphe to see the bombardment. The scene was more like that on a race-course than any other I ever saw. Carriages with elegantly-dressed ladies, gentlemen and officers on horseback and on foot, *gamins* with telescopes at so much an hour, had all come to see the destruction of their capital. "Chacun à son goût," but at last two or three shells bursting rather near them did not seem so well to their taste as those at a distance, and they began to move off pretty quickly. The confusion of getting away was a wonderful sight. Everybody shouted "Par ici" to everybody else; and when the firing became pretty hot, what with the shrieks of the ladies, the oaths of the gentlemen, and the crying of the children, it was a "chaos worse confounded" than usual.

On Monday, April 10th, began my own particular part in this business,—a part which was forced upon me, and in no pleasant manner. It was about half-past one, as I was returning from breakfast, that I met a sergeant and four men of the —th battalion, just opposite the Tour St. Jacques. On seeing me, they marched up to me, and the sergeant said, "Pardon, citoyen, but what is your battalion?" I answered that, being an Englishman, I did not belong to any battalion.

"And your passport, citoyen?"

Upon my replying that I had none, he requested me to go with him to the Mairie of the —th Arrondissement, which was close by, and I was accordingly escorted thither by the four guards. On my arrival, I was shown into a cell, which, I must confess, was comfortable enough, though it might have been cleaner. I was locked in, and left to my own reflections, which, as may well be imagined, were not of the pleasantest kind. I had no passport, I had no one to whom I could apply, as the one friend I had in Paris, to whom I was well known, had left on Saturday the 8th, being above the required age; having no evidence of my nationality, it was useless applying at the Embassy, so that I must make up my mind to serve the Commune. One thing I resolved—to keep myself as much in the background as possible. In about three or four hours I was summoned, and conducted

before the members of the Commune for the arrondissement. They received me most civilly, and requested me to give my name, age, profession, &c. This business concluded, one of them took up a paper, and before filling it up, said, "You will be placed in the —th battalion, *compagnies de guerre*, as you are under forty years of age." "Messieurs," I replied, "your political affairs are no matter to me; and it is my misfortune to be placed in this unpleasant predicament; but I tell you that you may shoot me if you will, but I absolutely refuse to leave Paris to face the Versaillais, who are no enemies of mine in particular, and I therefore demand to be set at liberty." Upon this they all laughed, and told me to leave the room, and they would consult as to what should be done with me. After some little time I was recalled, and informed that I was to be placed in the same battalion, which would form part of a *compagnie sédentaire*. I again remonstrated at this proceeding, and demanded to be set at liberty; upon which they said I must be drunk, and ordered me to be locked up till the next morning, when I was to be transferred to my battalion. Accordingly I was taken back to my cell, where I was deposited, and again locked in. The National Guards who were my gaolers were very kind, and bought me (with my own money, *bien entendu*) all I needed for dinner, giving me some of their own excellent coffee after it. As I had a mattress, bolster, and rug, I managed to pass a very good night.

About nine o'clock next morning, I was taken before an official who did the duties of the Maire, where my name, &c. was inscribed on a card, after which I was conducted to my company, which was on duty at the Timbre, Rue de la Banque. Here I was presented to my captain, a remarkably pleasant man, as indeed were all my comrades, and I can never forget the kindness I met with from them; the only regret I have is my utter ignorance of their fate. I can scarcely hope that they all escaped the miserable lot that befel so many, but I should rejoice to hear that some at least were spared. On entering the captain's office and taking off my hat, I was told to put it on again, "as we are all equal here, citoyen;" and after the captain had said a few words to me, I was regaled with bread, sardines, and wine, the rations for the day. The captain was a young man of six-and-twenty, very fair, and with a particularly quiet, gentleman-like manner (he was, I believe, a carpet-weaver); he had been a soldier, and had served in Africa with distinction. The post which we occupied was not of the most comfortable description. A long corridor dimly lighted, with a large stove in the centre, and recesses on either side with a little straw in them for sleeping on, was all the accommodation; but as nearly all had rugs and great-coats, there was not much to complain of. I had neither rifle nor uniform, nor could I be provided with my equipment till the guard was dismounted, so that I was forced to make the best of things till that time, and remain as I was, for escape was out of the question.

The next day, I was told off for the *corvée des vivres;* that is, the fatigue duty for the rations, and fatigue duty it certainly was; however, I do not regret it, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing what was absolutely impossible for any outsider to witness. From the Rue de la Banque we marched to the Place Vendôme, the head-quarters of the staff and centre of the troops in Paris. Though actually on duty, and escorted by a lieutenant of the National Guard, I was denied admission for some time, owing to my being in plain clothes. Having at last got in, we had plenty of time to look about us, for the officer had to wait more than two hours to get his order signed and stamped.

The whole of the large Place was filled with National Guards, some in brown *capotes*, some in grey, some in light blue, and some in dark blue; some preparing to march, some cooking, some sleeping on their rugs on the pavement, and a great many drinking at the stalls. Talking with the *cantinières* was also a

very popular occupation. Very trim and neat they looked in their pretty costume; a black jacket trimmed with red, fitting tightly to the figure, black trousers with a broad red stripe, covered to the knees with a petticoat of the same stuff, and a broad red band running round it,—all this, together with a Tyrolese hat and feathers, and the little barrel slung across the left shoulder, made up one of the prettiest costumes I ever saw. Ladies, I recommend it to your notice for the next fancy ball.

Some prisoners were brought into the yard of the État Major, and taken away to be locked up, which naturally occasioned great excitement, and numerous were the speculations as to their ultimate fate. The general impression seemed to be that they would be sent to Mazas or some other prison.

At length we were summoned, with the other *corvées* of the battalion, to place ourselves in the ranks, in order to be told off for the different articles. My lot fell to go for the meat, and a long hot march we had as far as the Manutention, Quai de Billy, which is about three miles from the Place Vendôme. On arriving there, we learnt that we should have about three hours to wait, as the order was not *en règle*, and we therefore sat down on the parapet; and while watching the boats on the Seine, and listening to the distant firing, I reflected that red tape forms were to be found elsewhere than in the War Department of dear old England. After about two hours and a half the lieutenant returned, and told us we must go back, to the Place Vendôme, which we accordingly did, and on our arrival there were straightway sent back again to the Manutention. The same difficulty was made there as to my entrance, but I was at length allowed to pass, and the scene that presented itself was beyond description: large waggons filled with bread, bacon, coffee, barrels of wine and brandy, waiting to be discharged; other vehicles of every description, omnibuses, military train waggons, cabs, carts, and small hand trucks, heavily loaded, and with the addition of men of the *corvée* on the top, waiting to be off; National Guards of every battalion, artillerymen, cavalry, military train, Vengeurs de Paris, Defenseurs de Paris, Chasseurs Fédérés, Enfants Perdus, every hue and shade of colour; everybody shouting at the top of his voice, barrels piled in all directions with men standing or sitting on them, other barrels being rolled about to the imminent risk of one's toes, distracted officials rushing wildly about with papers in their hands; in fact, the whole made up a scene of unutterable confusion quite *à la Balaclava*, but if possible worse.

Passing under an archway, where we were nearly crushed to death by an omnibus as full as it could hold, we at last arrived at the yard where the meat was distributed. Here the state of things was somewhat better, and after considerable pushing, squeezing, and swearing, we got to our destination. Hundreds of barrels of preserved pork were ranged in the most picturesque disorder, and as fast as one was emptied another was rapidly opened (an operation which involved a bath of greasy brine for those who were near), and distributed according to weight, for each order. The pools of brine were ankle-deep, and it was necessary to pass through them to carry away the meat. Our portion was given to us in two barrels, which we rolled through the yard to the omnibus we had engaged, stopping on our way to drink a glass of wine and eat a handful of biscuit, which were distributed to us in consideration of our long delay. Back again to the Place Vendôme, where the distribution of the rations (with the exception of the wine) was made for all the companies of the battalion, in the yard of the Intendance, and then back again to the Timbre, where the same ceremony was gone through. Each man received about a pound and a half of bread, and five hundred grammes of meat; the coffee, sugar, and brandy being put aside to be cooked together. For the wine we had to trudge to the new Grand Opéra, where we were served in a passage so

dark that I wonder how the men could see to measure it. From the Grand Opéra we were obliged to go to the headquarters of the battalion for the distribution, and away we marched right past the Hôtel de Ville, and then back again to the Grand Opéra to return the hand-truck we had borrowed to carry the barrels on. It was eleven at night before I sat down to my dinner, and as I had been on foot since eight in the morning, and had eaten nothing but a handful of biscuit all that time, I was hungry enough. I slept that night on straw as I had never slept before in my life.

The next day it was the same thing, with the exception of the journey to the Grand Opéra, as the wine was distributed at the Place Vendôme, so that, to our great satisfaction, we had finished by four o'clock in the afternoon. There was such a want of organization that one never knew where to go for the rations; one day it was to the Place Vendôme, another to the Manutention, a third to the mairie of the arrondissement to which the battalion belonged, and a fourth to the Grand Opéra; one day the orders were to be signed at the Ministry of War, another at the Place Vendôme, and another at the Mairie, so that more time was lost in waiting and running about than would have sufficed to supply the whole of Paris.

We stayed at the Timbre five days in all, and most uncomfortable it was. On the day that we were relieved, Saturday, April 15th, an alarm was raised, at three o'clock in the morning, that the enemy were in Paris. The sentries were immediately doubled, and every preparation made to receive them; but after remaining under arms till six o'clock, we were relieved by another company, and everybody went to their respective homes. The nature of the men composing the National Guard is best shown by the fact that, when we were relieved from guard, of between seventy and eighty men who ought to have answered to their names, not more than thirty-five or forty were present, and on every similar occasion it was the same. They did not care to sleep on boards or straw, or with their clothes on, as long as they could sleep in their own beds at home; leave enough men to mount the sentries, and it would be all right; as soon as the *générale* or the *rappel* was beaten, they would fly to their posts. And yet on one occasion, when the *générale* was actually beaten throughout the arrondissement at half-past eleven o'clock at night, the number of men of my battalion present at five o'clock in the morning was one hundred and fifty, the effective strength being over nine hundred! This fact shows plainly the chance that Paris had against the Versailles troops, who were regular soldiers, and obliged to be present on every occasion. Hence their victory against enormous odds, for the army of the Commune never numbered less than 300,000 men, and was, or rather should have been, well armed and supplied, while that of Versailles was limited to 180,000 men. When not on duty, the only service required of me was attendance at drill for two hours every day, at 4 P.M., after which the company was paid.

During my stay in the battalion, I was on duty at the Bureau de Police, Quai Napoléon, where I witnessed the finding of the stores of ammunition in the caves of Notre Dame, the reason alleged for the murder of the Archbishop of Paris, as they said that he had no right, as a non-combatant, to connive at the secretion of stores; and a still greater reason, that they wished to deal a decisive blow at the Church (for the hatred of the *curés* was something beyond belief). The perquisition at the cathedral was made on the 19th of April, and the Archbishop was not assassinated till the very last week of the Commune, so that I think that this can only have been made an excuse for so cruel and wicked an act. I was also on duty at the Mont de Piété, Rue des Blancs Manteaux, and at the Mairie of the —th Arrondissement. During all this time, about eighteen days, I can find nothing to record that has not been already published in the letters of the newspaper correspondents.

I had made the acquaintance of one of the members of the Commune, a M. A——, and meeting him one day at dinner, he asked me if I could ride. On my replying in the affirmative, he told me that they were in great want of horsemen, and that I must put down my name for the cavalry. I answered that I was very well where I was, and that as I had been forced to serve, I preferred to remain in my present battalion. He laughed, and said, "If you do not go to-morrow, and write down your name at the address I give you, before four o'clock, you will be forced to do so." I protested strongly against this arbitrary measure, but all to no avail, and the next day did as he had instructed me, by one o'clock in the day.

Two or three days afterwards I received the following:—

"CITOYEN,

Veuillez-vous trouver demain, 3 Mai, Place du Châtelet, à 10 heures du matin, pour prendre casernement?

"Par ordre du Colonel,

"————,

"Secrétaire."[1]

On my repairing to the rendezvous at the appointed hour, I found about a hundred and fifty men, composing the troop to which I belonged, collected together; we were placed in the ranks, and then marched off to the Caserne des Célestins, Rue du Petit Musc. Here we took possession of two long corridors and of the rooms, about five-and-twenty in number; the day was spent in cleaning them out, and in arranging beds, mattresses, rugs, &c. The next day we went to the Magasin d'Habillement, Quai d'Orsay, to find our equipment. Our uniform was a light blue shell jacket, red overalls, and red kepi; we were armed with a sword, pistol, and *carbine à piston*. The horses were expected every day; but I, as an Englishman, and therefore considered a superior horseman, and also owing to the care of my friend M. A——, was the only man supplied with a charger.

[1] I am obliged to write from memory, as all my papers were afterwards taken from me, but of the accuracy of the above I am confident.

The life led while in barracks was as follows, the list of military duties being affixed to the door of each barrack-room:—

Réveil	4·30	A.M.
Pansage (stable duty)	5	"
Appel (roll-call)	7	"
Soupe	9·30	"
Pansage	2	P.M.
Appel	4	"
Soupe	5	"
Appel	8	"
Rétraite	9	"
Extinction des feux	10	"

This was, however, a mere dead letter as far as the stable duty was concerned, the horses, as I have already stated, not being there, but the roll-calls, &c. were observed with the utmost rigour. The punishment for the first absence from roll-call without leave was privation of pay; for the second time, twenty-four hours of the black hole in addition, and for the third, eight days' black hole and no pay.

The time passed heavily enough, as all were confined to barracks up to four o'clock in the afternoon, and, with the exception of a couple of hours' drill, there was nothing to do except to clean one's arms, sleep, play picquet or écarté, or lounge about the barrack-square. I am thankful to say I only had about two days of it. I struck up a great acquaintance with the *cantinière* of the battalion, a kind, motherly woman, who lived in the canteen with her husband and children; I used to talk to her about the past siege, and delighted in hearing her stories of her services in the double capacity of *ambulancière* and *cantinière*. She had been *décorée*, and wore her scrap of red ribbon on her breast. Like all the respectable persons I met with, her only wish was peace and quietness, to enable her to gain her living honestly. She was a good woman, and her sensitive heart could never bear to see a poor fellow, who she knew had had nothing all day, looking in at the door with longing eyes at her cheery array of bottles. Many a time have I seen her call such an one in and give him a glass of wine, or nip of brandy, with a good-natured "Voilà, mon enfant,

tu me paieras quand tu toucheras ta solde." Alas! in too many instances, the only payment she is likely to get is that which I am sure she will receive in heaven.

As soon as I got my horse, I received my orders direct from M. A——, and held myself constantly in readiness to carry despatches. I passed my time chiefly between the Ministry of War and the Hôtel de Ville, varied by excursions to the Place Vendôme and the offices of the different battalions, until at last I was in the condition of Master Tom in Ingoldsby's "Nell Cook," and inclined to eschew the saddle, as well as stool or bench or chair! It was during this time that I first saw General Dombrowski. I was in the ante-room at the Ministry of War, waiting for despatches to take to the Hôtel de Ville, when I saw him ride into the court. He soon passed through where I and all the other orderlies were waiting, and as he did so, I stood at attention and saluted him; he stopped and said to me, "Ah, tu es vieux soldat! tu boiras un bon coup à ma santé," giving me as he spoke a five-franc piece. He was a short, bald man, and very pleasant. I had many interviews with him afterwards. The next time I saw him (two days afterwards), I told him I was English, keeping, however, to myself the fact of my being a "pressed man." This seemed to raise me high in his favour, and he expressed a wish that I should join his own particular regiment of cavalry, the Eclaireurs de la Commune, I believe, and form part of his escort. This compliment would naturally have greatly pleased me, had I been a volunteer, but in my position it had exactly the opposite effect. I answered, however, that I was sensible of his goodness, but was first of all bound to M. A——, whose orderly I was. He said he would speak to the *citoyen* about me, and desired me to ride to the Hôtel de Ville with him. I did so, but never heard anything more of the affair.

It was on the night of Saturday, May 20th, that the panic of the *réactionnaires* finally reached its height. Who the *réactionnaires* were, I never could make out. Whether they were those adherents of the party of Versailles who had been forced to remain in Paris, or whether they were Ultra-Communists, I am unable to state. I can only be certain that they were more dreaded than the Versaillais. The latter were a known fact, one could say where they were; but who could say where to discover an enemy who fired on you from windows, destroyed churches, took money in the name of the Commune, and added considerably to the great confusion that already reigned in Paris? Whatever they were, they formed the terror of all the Parisians. One had always dreaded them, but on this Saturday night the fear of them had increased tenfold. I was on guard, and on taking my post with my comrade at the gate of the barracks, the most strict orders were given to allow no one to come within at least a hundred yards without challenging them. The usual challenge was "Passez au large, citoyens." It was a very quiet street, and nothing disturbed the usual tranquillity till about midnight, when we heard the sound of horses coming along at full gallop. As soon as they were in sight my comrade cried, "Halte là! Qui vive?" to which there was no answer. I joined him in repeating the challenge three times. As they continued to advance, my comrade fired his pistol at them, but without effect. On this, they hastily turned back and proceeded at a break-neck gallop by small by-streets, until they emerged on the Quai des Célestins, which is at the end of the Rue du Petit Musc—the street in which our barracks were situated. The *maréchal des logis* (sergeant) of the guard, who had rushed out on hearing the pistol-shot, ordered us to follow him on to the Quai, which we accordingly did, as hard as our legs could carry us. We arrived just in time to see them fly past us, and, following them as best we could, we arrived at the entrance to the second barracks, in the Rue de Sully, just as the guard were turning out to admit them. It was the *colonel de casernement* (chief

barrack master) and a lieutenant of cavalry!

"Chef des postes, arrêtez-moi ces hommes là!" panted forth our sergeant.

"Arrêtez-moi ces trois hommes là!" shrieked out the colonel.

"Arrêtez-moi ces deux cavaliers et prenez leurs chevaux; ces sont des réactionnaires!" cried our man.

"Désarmez-moi ces trois imbéciles!" insisted the colonel.

The wretched *chef des postes* looked first at us and then at the two horsemen; the latter he knew, but he was evidently in mortal terror of *réactionnaires*, and for some time could not decide which order to obey. Meanwhile we continued shouting loudly for the arrest of the two officers, and they were as wildly clamouring for our arms to be given up to them, so that the poor man, confused by this Babel—for by this time all the inmates of both parts of the barracks had turned out, and were disputing at the top of their voices—at length made up his mind, and requested us to give up our swords. We obeyed this order. We were then conducted into the guard-room, where another violent discussion took place as to why *les citoyens* colonel and lieutenant had not halted at the challenge. I sat down and laughed till I cried at the absurd scene. There were we three, with the colonel, lieutenant, and the wretched *chef des postes*, the centre of a crowd of men in all costumes, every one speaking at once, and no one to be either heard or understood. At length, a little silence being established, the colonel informed us that we should certainly be summoned before a court-martial, and probably be shot for our "outrageous conduct." In vain did we attempt to prove that he was in the wrong; he would hear nothing. All this while the *chef des postes* went about imploring us to be calm—the affair would arrange itself, and no one was to be afraid (what of, I cannot say). Fortunately for us, the colonel of our regiment came to our rescue, and, after a great deal more talking, our swords were given back to us, and we returned to our quarters. The next morning the *colonel de casernement* was sent for and severely reprimanded by the Commune, and the day after he disappeared, taking with him a considerable sum of money.

On Sunday, May 21st, at ten o'clock at night, we were summoned to the church of St. Paul, in the Rue St. Antoine. The National Guards of the arrondissement being all occupied either in making or guarding barricades, our regiment was forced to mount all the guards in it, and there were, consequently, only about forty men left in barracks. Ten of these were necessary to mount the guard, and the rest were marched to the church. We entered by the vestry door, and remained behind the iron gratings as quiet as we could be, as a meeting was going on in the church. An orator, with a prodigious power of lungs, was holding forth about the rights of the people and the beauty of liberty. We, who were all dead tired, sat down on chairs or on the ground. When the orator had concluded, the people were politely requested by our captain to retire, which they at once did. We then made the tour of the church, in order to post sentries, and such an utter wreck I never beheld. The high altar was a mass of ruins — candles thrown down, crosses broken, the sanctuary torn open, flowers strewn on the ground and trampled under foot, the statues of the saints, the Madonna, and our blessed Saviour defaced and mutilated; in short, nothing spared. And by whom? Not the people who were there when we arrived, for they had only entered the church after the deed was done. Some said it was the *réactionnaires*, but the general impression was that it had been done by the sacristans, some even said by the *curés* themselves; but of course that is absurd. At any rate, the sacristans were arrested.

When the sentries were posted, the place assigned to me was before the high altar. I shall long remember the deep feeling of awe which remained upon me during my two hours' vigil. No sound aroused the echoes of the building, save the measured tread of

my comrades, whose footsteps sounded weird and hollow in the dim ghastly light. I pictured to myself the solemn sight that the building had presented the last time I attended a service there. How well I remembered it! It was on the occasion of the funeral of one of the members of my old company of the National Guard, and I seemed to hear the strains of the "Dies Iræ" floating through the church; and then I remembered how we had all presented arms kneeling on one knee, at the elevation of the Host. I was disturbed in my reverie by the patrol, which made its rounds every quarter of an hour.

Four times in the hour was heard the challenge "Halte là! Qui vive?" with the reply "Ami," and "Avancez sur la mot de ralliement," when the monotonous tread was resumed, and the challenge was repeated from sentry to sentry, till lost in murmurs among the distant aisles.

I returned to barracks at nine o'clock (Monday, May 22nd), to find that during my absence some one had possessed himself of my horse. No one, of course, knew who had taken it, and I was obliged to put up with my loss, knowing that I should soon procure another.

At about half-past ten a detachment of fifteen men was ordered to go to the Rue St. Antoine, to construct a barricade. Wishing to avoid as much as possible taking a more active part than that already forced upon me, I got myself placed as sentry in order to turn all vehicles to the right or to the left, that wanted to pass straight up the street. Hard work it was, indeed; sometimes a driver was obstinate, and would insist on passing, which obliged me to turn the horse by force; another man would want to know the reason why he could not pass; a third would flourish passes and papers of the Commune in my face, and tell me no one had a right to stop him, to which I could only answer by pointing to the barricade, some eight feet high and six feet thick, a serious obstacle to a heavily-laden waggon. One fat man, a colonel on the staff, in a carriage and pair, was so persistent that I let him pass, and laughed heartily in my sleeve to see him return two minutes afterwards and ignominiously take the way to the left that I had at first pointed out to him.

But worst of all were the men who came with all sorts of contradictory orders, and papers authorizing them to enforce them. To these gentry, *réactionnaires* without a doubt, I had but one answer: "Citoyen, je n'ai que ma consigne; si vous voulez trouver le chef des postes et l'amener ici avec vous, il me la changera, si c'est nécessaire." Of twenty-seven individuals who thus wrangled and objected, and went off to find the sergeant of the guard, not one returned.

Then there were certain men who refused to place a stone on the barricade. With these I had nothing to do; two of my comrades were told to look after them, and their task was harder than mine. Everyone in plain clothes who went by was pressed to work at the barricade, and those who came from it had to show their hands as evidence of their having done so; if anyone refused to assist, he was escorted by a guard of four men, and compelled to work hard for an hour at least.

It was a burning hot day, and what with running after carriages, carts, and waggons, and shouting till I was hoarse, I felt very tired, and exceedingly glad when the order came at half-past eight P.M., to return to barracks. After a good wash at the pump, and a hearty dinner, I lay down on my bed at eleven utterly exhausted, and was soon fast asleep. But I was not to enjoy a night's rest for a long time to come. At one o'clock in the morning I was roused, and thinking it was some one come home late did not stir. At last a voice exclaimed loudly, "Eh, l'Anglais, lève-toi; vîte, vîte!" In a great rage at being thus disturbed, I told the speaker to go to the deuce. "Mais tu ne peux pas dormir avec tout ce feu là et l'ennemi tout près de nous; je ne blague pas, lève-toi plutôt et regarde par la fenêtre."

At this I jumped up in an instant and rushed to the window; there was, indeed, a fire blazing up to the sky in two great pillars of flame, such as I had never beheld. Where it was we could not at first determine, but we soon came to the conclusion that it must be at the Tuileries—a surmise which was confirmed the next morning. We hastened down to the guard-room, where we passed the night under arms.

The next morning (Tuesday, 23rd), our colonel told us of the death of Dombrowski, who had been shot during the night, though particulars were not known. I was sorry to hear of the end of my old acquaintance, and knew then that the cause of the Commune was utterly and irretrievably lost, as he was the only able man among them, and had many a time distinguished himself during the war.

I spent the morning in search of a horse, and having at last found one which suited me, and obtained the necessary order to appropriate him, I led him away to the barracks, put him in an empty stable, locked the door, and put the key in my pocket, in order to prevent any one from walking off with him as they had done with my last charger. There was a great panic in the evening, as it was said that the enemy were in possession of the Place de la Concorde, and would be with us next morning. Everybody began to make preparations for flight, wishing to get to their own homes and change their uniform for plain clothes. No one knew, with any degree of certainty, where the enemy really was, or how far they had advanced; only one thing was certain, that the game was played out, and that *sauve qui peut* was now to be the order of the day.

I went down the street and on to the Quai des Célestins, to see if I could possibly judge how matters really stood, and only found the accounts more exaggerated than they had been in barracks. Men, women, and children were rushing frantically about from group to group, demanding news, and carrying it on with a hundred variations, till in an hour's time, according to their accounts, we were all to be taken prisoners, tried, condemned, and executed.

The whole scene was lit up as clear as day by the fires which blazed in all directions, that of the Hôtel de Ville (about five hundred yards distant) being the most remarkable. What the others were I am unable to state; but I believe the Ministère des Finances and the Palais de Justice were burnt that night.

At last the darkness began to give way to the light of day; and if the scene had appeared *bizarre* and wonderful in the flaming brightness of the numerous fires, what was it in the cold grey light of the coming day? It was truly a sight to be remembered for a lifetime. The faces of the crowd were now to be seen in all the different expressions of horror, amazement, and abject terror. Many were excited by drink (I can safely say that I saw none really intoxicated), and these were the only persons who seemed to have any idea of resistance to the enemy. The rest had absolutely abandoned the thought of defending themselves, and though armed could only talk of flight. The predominant idea among them was that of their personal safety; "Every one for himself," but alas! not "God for all," was their motto. If the men could but accomplish their own safety in some manner or other, their wives and children might remain at home to meet their fate. I stayed among them till about four in the morning (Wednesday, 24th), when, hearing the trumpet sound "To horse," I hurried back to barracks as fast as I could. On my arrival I found that we were ordered to the Place de la Bastille, there to hold ourselves in readiness for action. The *lieutenant de casernement* was going about to each of our men, imploring them to come and join him at the *cartoucherie* in the Arsenal, promising us by way of consolation that we should never surrender, but as soon as the enemy approached be all blown up. "Nous sauterons tous ensemble, mes enfants; venez avec moi." But

"mes enfants" were not at all of this opinion, and told him that they much preferred making a fight for their skins to being blown up "nice and comfortable."

At length about forty of us left together for our destination. On our arrival I and seven others were told off to go to the barricade at the Rue de la Roquette, to hold ourselves at the disposal of the captain of the barricades for the whole Place de la Bastille, as orderlies. My companions were, with one exception, very good fellows, and plucky enough; six of them were lads of eighteen or nineteen, and the other was a grumpy old wretch who had served in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and could talk of nothing but the heat of Algeria, and the opportunities of plunder he had let slip there.

There was nothing for us to do when we arrived; and as we were told we should not be wanted for some hours, I fastened up my horse to a lamp-post, and wrapping my large cloak round me, lay down on the pavement, and was soon fast asleep. When I awoke it was mid-day, and I looked about me with astonishment, which was most natural, considering I had been dreaming that I was at home. I remember that I dreamt of a large dinner-party, at which however, by some unaccountable fatality, I could get nothing to eat, though everything was handed to me in due course. I had had nothing since four o'clock the previous day, and therefore my thoughts while sleeping took this direction, as was often the case during the terrible time that I afterwards passed. I really think that at that time I and many others would willingly have been shot, if we could only have secured one good meal.

Before proceeding further, I will endeavour to explain the nature of the defence of the Place de la Bastille, where some of the severest fighting took place during that awful week.

The Place de la Bastille is a large, open space, in the centre of which stands the Column of July, erected in memory of those who fell in the Revolution of 1830. It is approached by the Rue St. Antoine, the Boulevards Bourdon and de la Contrescarpe, the Rue de Lyon, Rue de Charenton, Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, Rue de la Roquette, the Boulevards Richard Lenoir and Beaumarchais. At each of these points was erected a barricade, sometimes open in the centre, so as to allow horsemen, ammunition waggons, &c. to pass; at others entirely closed, and forming an admirable shelter for sharpshooters, besides being batteries for the artillery.

The most important barricade at the Place de la Bastille was that of the Rue St. Antoine, which consisted of two walls of about six feet thick and ten high, at about 200 yards apart. The first, which was for the sharpshooters, stood a little above the Rue du Petit Musc, and was open in the centre; the second, actually on the Place, was used until the first had been taken, as a battery for two guns, which fired straight down the Rue St. Antoine. The barricade of the Rue de la Roquette, where I was stationed, was a fine piece of work. Though hastily thrown up, like all the rest, it was very strong, and capable of holding out for a long time, as indeed it did. It consisted of two walls about ten feet high and eight broad, parallel to each other, overlapping each other, but not extending quite across the street, leaving a space sufficient for the passage of a waggon or omnibus; at the front were two fine breech-loading guns, which when fired made such a noise as to smash every pane of glass in the adjacent houses of the narrow street. The wall behind was meant for the sharpshooters, and was so constructed that they could lie in safety on the top. In front of the whole barricade was a large pool of water some two or three feet deep—an unpleasant place to find oneself in on a fidgety horse, as once fell to my lot.

To return, however, to my story. I was lying there and wondering whether I should be able to get anything to eat, when a National Guard came up to me, and said, that my comrades had just started for the Mairie of the 11th

Arrondissement, in order to change their uniform (chasseur of the regular army) for the costume of the National Guard; "for," he added, "we shall assuredly fire on you, seeing you dressed in that fashion, and the Versaillais will kill you without quarter." I started off on my horse as fast as I could, and on arriving at the Mairie received a kepi and *vareuse* of the National Guard, which was all I needed, as I had a pair of coarse canvas trousers which had been served out to us for stable duty. I also changed my worthless *carbine à piston* for a *tabatière*. On entering the Mairie I was greeted with loud cheers, as the crowd outside had been informed that we were deserters from the enemy, come to enrol ourselves under the Red flag; an instance of the many deceptions practised upon the people by the Commune. Back we went to the barricade, escorted by a large mob, all crying out, "Ah, les bons garçons! les bons patriotes!"—a "flattering unction" which we could not "lay to our souls," though we looked the part to the life; ay, and acted it too, shouting lustily, "Vive la Commune!" "Vive la République!" These words were in my mouth the whole of the next three days, and the people never saw a horseman but they crowded round him, shrieking out, "Comment va-t-il à présent?" a question to which the answer was invariably, "Tout va bien! Vive la Commune! Vive la République;" though the enemy might at the time be within five hundred yards. Indeed such infatuation and incredulity of bad news as the French people displayed, not only during the insurrection but during the whole war, was absurd, and could only lead to lamentable ends: tell them on good authority they had lost a battle, or that their troops had been driven back, and they would answer that you were joking, and you might think yourself lucky if you escaped with a whole skin; but say nothing more than "Tout va bien, nous avons gagné!" and without stopping to inquire what, they would at once cheer and shout as if a great and decisive victory had been won before their eyes.

The method of obtaining our provisions was curious in the extreme. The chief of the barricade wrote on a bit of paper an order for so much meat, wine, or bread, and having signed it, handed it over to the officer in charge of the detachment. Armed with this document he presented himself at the bakers or butchers, and demanded to be served; telling the proprietor that he would be paid on presentation of the order at the Mairie. The first day this was very well, but on the second the poor people refused to deliver anything without a signed and stamped order from the Mairie. By this very just demand they however obtained no benefit, as their wares were then seized without any order at all; not that they felt the loss of that, as they received no payment in either case. On this day we fared sumptuously, for we took our order for meat to a *charcutier*, where we obtained preserved salmon, Australian preserved mutton, *pâtés de foies gras*, and all sorts of delicacies, to which we did ample justice, after our long fast.

By the time we had finished it was past seven o'clock, and we were sent off into a house at the corner and told we might rest ourselves. As there were eight of us in a small room and but two beds, I greatly preferred availing myself of the friendly invitation of the *concierge* to sit in his lodge, and drink a glass of wine with him. I found a couple of truculent-looking ruffians in the uniform of the National Guard, already much the worse for liquor, discussing politics and relating their feats of arms during the late war. One of them informed me that he was determined never to close an eye till the present state of affairs was at an end, as it was the duty of every good citizen to be sober and vigilant, winding up with the eternal "et je suis bon patriote, moi." As he dropped asleep a few minutes afterwards, his determination did not impress me more than he did himself. In about half an hour I felt greatly inclined to follow his example, and my

good friend the *concierge*, seeing I could hardly keep my eyes open, kindly spread a mattress on the floor, on which I threw myself, and never letting go my rifle, was in a few seconds fast asleep. I had not lain there more than ten minutes when I was aroused, and told that some one was inquiring for me; and immediately afterwards the lieutenant in charge of the barricade entered shouting out, "Eh, l'Anglais! viens donc vîte, vîte; c'est le capitaine que te demande." Thus was I unceremoniously summoned at half-past eleven o'clock at night from the lodge of the *concierge*. Repairing hastily to the barricade, I found the captain with two of my comrades awaiting my arrival, preparatory to starting on a visit to all the barricades under his charge. We were to escort him on foot, which I was not sorry for, as my poor horse needed all the rest he could get; and picking our way through the wearied and exhausted men who were sleeping on the ground, we went out upon the Place. All was silent, save for the measured tread of the sentries, as they paced to and fro upon their posts. Half-way across we were challenged by a sentry who had been placed over some of the guns that were standing about; this man was one of the "Défenseurs de la Colonne de Juillet," and a Pole by birth. I had made his acquaintance at the Caserne des Célestins, where his regiment had been quartered with ours. He was a deserter from the Prussians, and could speak scarcely any French. I had always been sorry for the poor fellow, as I believe he was about the only honest and well-meaning man in that regiment of blackguards. Passing on, we arrived at the barricade of the Rue St. Antoine, where the guns were placed. Inspecting these, we turned to the right, and got into the Rue St. Antoine just by the other barricade. Here we advanced right up to the sentry without being challenged, and great was the just wrath of our captain at such utter carelessness and want of precaution. With the exception of the sentry every man was asleep, and it took some moments to arouse the officer in charge. When he did at length appear, great was the "wigging" he received; and he was threatened with death if better watch was not kept. Had the enemy arrived at that time, the barricade would have fallen an easy prey to them, and after it the whole of the Place de la Bastille. On leaving this post, we divided our little troop; the captain and I marched in the middle of the street, while our two companions went one on either side on the pavement. On we went through the deserted streets, with our rifles in readiness to fire on the first occasion. We met no one; no light shone from the windows; no sound was heard save that of our own footsteps and the clank of our swords, as we marched slowly down the street. Our chief, and in fact our only cause for alarm, was the chance of a shot from the windows, of which there had been already many instances. However, we arrived safely at the Mairie of the 4th Arrondissement, where we were duly challenged, and advanced upon giving the countersign.

Here we found the defence in a worse state than at the last barricade. A lieutenant and one private of the Francs-tirèurs de la Commune were all who remained to guard the most advanced of all the posts which we still held. They were firing away as fast as they could, now here, now there, running from one place to another, and discharging their rifles in the direction of the Hôtel de Ville. Our captain decided to reconnoitre as far as the Hôtel de Ville; taking me with him, and ordering our other two men to remain at the barricade, and assist in keeping up the firing, and at the same time to press any one who came by for the defence. It was hard work walking, as the pavement had been all torn up in order to construct the barricades, and it required no small amount of skill to avoid falling into holes, or stumbling over heaps of stones, encumbered as I was with my *tabatière* at full cock; to say nothing of my enormous sword, my spurs, or my great horseman's cloak, which did not at all aid me in my advance. Altogether, I never was more

thoroughly uncomfortable in my life; in addition to the risk I ran of being shot both by friend and foe, I also stood a very good chance of committing involuntary suicide, for the *tabatière* is a rifle which goes off in the easiest manner possible, when fully cocked; and put mine on half-cock I dared not: once I attempted it, but the click caught the watchful ears of my companion, and he at once ordered me to cock it again and keep it at full cock. However, we reached the Place Lobau in safety, and came full in front of the Hôtel de Ville, which was blazing fiercely: keeping well under cover of the Caserne Napoléon, we gazed in silence for some minutes at the scene. Here was one of the most beautiful buildings of this city of palaces, given over as a prey to fire and flame; now and again a loud explosion would take place within, and then the flames would shoot forth with redoubled fury, making the darkness of the night as clear as the brightest noonday. "C'est bien dommage," whispered my companion to me, "mais allons! en route."

We retraced our steps, as cautiously as we had come, having ascertained the fact that the Versailles troops had not passed the Hôtel de Ville as yet, by the Rue de Rivoli; it now remained for us to see how far they had advanced along the Quays. We had intended to cross the Place de la Mairie, but on arriving there, and standing upright against the wall of the Caserne Napoléon, what was our horror and amazement to find the Place illuminated by the light of a fire! We were thunderstruck; crouching down in the shade, and drawing our cloaks around us, so as to render us as little conspicuous as possible, we held a short consultation. What could have happened during our absence? We could scarcely believe that the enemy had arrived by the Quays, and had taken the position by surprise. That was impossible, for we could hear the sharp *ping* of the bullets as they whizzed past us to the left. It must be a house that had been set on fire, but whoever had done it had added greatly to our work, for we should now have to make a considerable *détour* in order to get on to the Quai de l'Hôtel de Ville, which was our destination. Creeping along as before, we arrived at the barricade, I in a most ignominious fashion, for I stumbled over a large paving-stone, and catching my spur in my cloak, found myself the next minute sprawling on my back. My rifle did not go off, I am thankful to say, though *why* I know not. It was lucky I fell just at the entrance of the barricade, for had I fallen but a few yards farther off, I should most assuredly have been shot as an advancing foe. As soon as I picked myself up, I perceived that it was the Mairie which was burning. In answer to my inquiry as to who had set it on fire, the lieutenant answered that he had done it. "I collected all the paper and straw I could find," he said, "and then set alight to a palliasse and dragged it about through all the rooms." "Regarde-moi donc, comme ça brûle! Je suis bon patriote, moi!" he added proudly. My indignation was too great for words, and I felt ready to shoot the brute who could thus boast of having helped in the work of destruction, that was now rapidly reducing the first city of the world to a heap of ashes. This, the only act of incendiarism that I witnessed, was a mere wanton deed: there was no necessity to destroy the Mairie, as we were pretty certain that the enemy were not near enough to make it absolutely imperative for the safety of the other positions; besides which, the position had been reinforced during our absence, by a company of —th battalion, who, as we afterwards heard from one of the guards composing it, had arrived some time before the fire broke out, and had seen the lieutenant enter the Mairie, stating his determination to set fire to it.

Whether this statement be true or not I am not prepared to affirm, but I can safely assert that when we first arrived at the barricade the Mairie was intact, and that when we returned in three-quarters of an hour it was burning. I myself saw no more than this; but one of my comrades who remained

at the barricade the whole time, about two hours, while we were making our observations, assured me that he had heard the lieutenant say directly after we had started for the Hôtel de Ville, that now he was going to execute the orders he had received, and burn the Mairie in order to destroy the papers that were within it.

Our expedition along the Quays was an easy task compared with the last, as we had a good road, plenty of shadow to shelter us, and no danger from shot or shell, as there was no firing on that side. We soon found ourselves opposite the Hôtel de Ville, and having satisfied our minds that there was no fear of the enemy passing on that side, we cautiously retraced our steps to the Mairie, which was now burning furiously. But we had already spent more time than we had wished, and it was necessary to make our way back to the Rue de la Roquette as quickly as possible; so bidding farewell and *bonne chance* to the defenders of the barricade, we proceeded on our homeward way, in the same manner as we had come, though by a different route, as our captain had to report upon the general state of the arrondissements under his charge, in addition to the condition of the defences. We were marching quietly along the Rue Vieille du Temple, when our comrade on the left suddenly shouted, "Halte là! Qui vive?" No answer being returned, the challenge was repeated twice, and then he fired; a shriek of anguish told that the shot had taken effect, and running up to the spot, we found a man in plain clothes, wounded, and evidently at his last gasp. To me, who had never yet encountered death in any form, it was an awful sight. There lay the poor wretch on the pavement, panting in the last agonies. He gasped out, "Ah, sacrés brigands, vous m'avez bien tué; mais n'importe, vous serez tous tués vous-mêmes. A bas la Commune." I turned my head away, for I saw the captain drawing his revolver from his belt, and in a second the report told me that all was over. "En avant, mes enfants; il est bien mort, le coquin," was the funeral oration pronounced on the poor wretch thus suddenly sent to his account. Through the silent and deserted streets we marched slowly on, cautiously looking to the right and left, and hearing no sound save that of our own footsteps till we arrived, after passing through several barricades, at our starting-point. It was half-past three o'clock in the morning (Thursday, May 25th), and the day had fairly begun; the sky was tinged with a faint blush, and, tired as I was, I could not resist the temptation of stepping out on to the Place to see the sun rise. Ah! what a scene that sun set on, that rose so brilliantly!

"I shall want you again at seven o'clock—mind you are ready mounted," said the captain, disturbing me in my reverie, as he hurried past. This reminded me of my poor horse, which, I am ashamed to say, I had never thought of since my return; I found, however, that one of my comrades had looked after him in my absence. At half-past seven the captain, one of my comrades of the night before, and I started for the Rue St. Antoine. Tying up our horses at the first barricade, we proceeded on foot a short way down the street. Suddenly I heard something strike the ground close behind us. We halted. My comrade said he had felt a bullet strike his right foot, but that he was not wounded; on examination we found that his spur was bent almost double; the only conclusion that we could arrive at was, that some one had fired at us from a window with an air-gun, as we had heard no report. This was a favourite practice of the *réactionnaires*, and as a good many men had been killed in that way, the War Minister of the Commune had issued an order that all windows should be closed, and all shutters and curtains opened. We had had a narrow escape, for if the person who fired had aimed but a little higher, he would probably have killed one of us, and I rather think that I should have been the favoured individual, as I was on the outside. After this little episode the captain ordered us to start on a tour of reconnaissance as

far as the Château d'Eau, and gave me the following paper as authority:—

"CITOYEN,

"Il faut faire des réconnaissances pour trouver les endroits où on a besoin des renforts.

"Est-ce vrai que les Versaillais sont si près? Envoyez la réponse à la légion du 11ème.

"DÉLESCLUZE,
"*Délégué à la Guerre.*

"Au Citoyen,
Barricade Rue de la Roquette."

I have read this over so often that I have it by heart; but though left in my possession, it was, alas! taken from me afterwards, and I most heartily regret not having preserved the signature of Délescluze: it was not dated, and stamped in five different places. We were directed to compel all the people in the streets to return to their homes, close their doors and windows, and open their curtains and shutters. Returning to our horses, we mounted and rode off down the Boulevard Beaumarchais. What hot and tiring work it was! Heavily burdened with our accoutrements, and wearied both in mind and body, it would have tried the strength of Samson himself. Added to all this, the unceasing shouting of "Rentrez chez, vous citoyens. Fermez vos portes et vos fenêtres, et ouvrez vos persiennes et vos rideaux;" and when some one was refractory and refused to go home, having to argue the point with him, until our throats were as dry as lime-kilns! Oh, how I blessed one man, keeper of a large café, who called us to him and administered to each a large slice of *pâté*, and, better still, a great goblet of claret and seltzer! I can see the good fellow still, as he stood bareheaded in the blazing sun, holding our horses, while we sat in the pleasant shade of the café, hurriedly consuming his welcome gifts. Time was precious, however, and we were soon again in the saddle, and rode off with many a hearty thanks and "God bless you" on our part, and an oft-repeated "God speed" from our kind-hearted entertainer—a *bon citoyen* in every sense of the word. Thus refreshed, we continued our way to the Cirque Napoléon. Here it was necessary to obtain information as to the safest and quickest route to the Château d'Eau, so we called out to a doctor who was standing outside the Cirque, then turned into an ambulance, and inquired of him how things were going on. He was very civil, but expatiated in vivid terms on the extreme danger of our expedition, telling us that we could not hope to reach the barricade alive. We consented, after much discussion, to leave our horses in his care, as he informed us that it would be impossible to pass on horseback, either by the Boulevard or by a small street, the name of which I forget, which was the shortest route. We therefore dismounted, and proceeded on foot. For the first hundred yards nothing was to be seen but men and women bearing the red cross on their arms, the houses having been all turned into hospitals. They all told the same story, and tried to dissuade us from going farther, but we would not listen to them, and marched forward amidst cries of "Au revoir" and "Bonne chance, mes enfants." One man called out, "What's the good of wishing them good luck; *au revoir* is all very well, as we shall be sure to see them carried back here on a stretcher in a few minutes."

"I'll bet you a bottle of wine that we are here again in half an hour, safe and sound," I shouted back in answer.

"Ça y est, ça y est, je boirai ton verre moi-même, mon ami," answered he; and so on we went. We soon became aware that these cautions were sober earnest, and not merely meant to frighten us, for the shells burst and the *mitraille* flew about in the most unpleasant manner. A sharp *ping* was heard, and then a dull, heavy thud—that was the *mitraille;* but they generally came six or seven at a time, making a noise more like the opening of a number of safety-valves of a steam-engine than anything else I ever heard. As to the *obus*, there was no mistaking them, great noisy brutes as they were, with their crash, bang, and whizz—yet some-

how I did not fear them so much as their smaller brethren. I will not attempt to deny that I felt afraid, but I allowed myself no time to think, and kept calling out to my comrade, who was not wanting in pluck, "En avant, Jean, il nous faut arriver au plutôt possible; depêche-toi." At last we arrived at the Boulevard, and stood at the corner of the street, waiting to make a run to the barricade, about a hundred yards distant. "Allons, en avant, il ne faut pas rester ici," cried Jean to me; so taking up our swords in one hand, and carrying our *tabatières* in the other, we ran as fast as our legs would carry us to the barricade.

The first person we saw was a lieutenant of the National Guard; he was a negro, and very energetic in his duty, shouting orders at the top of his voice. On seeing us he called out, "A la barricade! Pas de fainéants ici! A la barricade!" and would listen to no explanation, but insisted on our joining in the defence. It was only by my thrusting my paper before his eyes that he could be made to understand our business. As soon as he had read it, he began the most profuse apologies for having abused us, and offered to conduct us to the chief of the barricade, in a house at a little distance. Before, however, he could reach it, he was struck by a bullet through the head, and fell dead at my side, without a word. A sergeant came out of a doorway, and took us the rest of the way. We found the captain writing on a bench. On our explaining the nature of our errand he sprang up, and, throwing his arms round my neck, kissed me on each cheek and called me his preserver. (N.B.—He smelt abominably of brandy.) He was writing, he told us, to the legion to implore a reinforcement; how many men he would want he could not say; we must go to the Rue d'Angoulême and see the captain in command there, and we must make haste. "If I had more men," he added, "I could hold this barricade for a week to come."

It was really well defended, and the spirit of the men seemed excellent. There was no thought of flight; all they wished for was to hold out to the last, and, if they could not win, at least to die for their cause. The firing was ceaseless: and among the many shots one could distinguish the sharp "crack" of the chassepôt and that of the *tabatière*. There were two pieces of cannon, of which I could see the shells exploding on the opposite side of the large Place, as I stood for a minute looking from the barricade. Having no time to lose, we set off again along the Boulevard to go to the Rue d'Angoulême, where we arrived safely, and not a little pleased to find that we could talk in security with the captain. Talking was one thing, but getting him to understand was another. Though he naturally ought to have known the number of men he required, yet he kept us there fully half an hour while he debated as to whether he would demand 150 or 170 men to reinforce his position. At last I put a summary stop to his indecision by telling him that I should ask for 200 men, and left him shouting contradictory orders after me.

Great was the astonishment at the Cirque Napoléon when we presented ourselves, and asked for our horses. Had we not been actually shot before their eyes? one man having assured them that he had seen us both fall dead; while another was convinced that he had seen us carried into the hospital, mortally wounded. My friend with whom I had made the bet was mortified enough, but he paid it like a man, and, having drunk our share, we rode off to the Mairie of the 11th Arrondissement, whence, after making our report, we returned to the Rue de la Roquette.

We were at once placed *en observation* in a room at the top of the house where we had been sent the night before, as the firing had now begun at the Place de la Bastille. It was a small room with one window, with a mattress hung before it to prevent our being seen. By the aid of a splendid field-glass I was enabled to see everything that was going on. Facing us was the Canal, at the end of which we could

distinctly see the enemy; on the right of the Canal was the Grenier d'Abondance, which had been set on fire, and was now burning furiously: I never beheld anything like the thick column of smoke that ascended from it, and no fire that I ever saw was so fierce or so rapid.

The Place itself, immediately below us, presented a curious aspect: there were men running to and fro, some hurrying to the parapet of the Canal to discharge their rifles, others returning to their posts for fresh supplies of ammunition; guns being dragged about, guns being dismounted, guns being loaded, guns being fired from all sides; in fact, guns in every possible position. Every now and then an officer with his orderly would cross the Place at full gallop; then at a more leisurely pace would come an omnibus with the red cross flag, then an ammunition waggon, then an ambulance waggon—and all this to a rattling accompaniment of musketry, mixed with the sound of trumpets and the booming of cannon. Every pane of glass in our window had been shivered to atoms before our arrival, but the broken fragments jangled to such an extent that it was absolutely impossible to hear one's own voice.

Meanwhile we had been well looked after by the good people of the house, and especially by my kind friend of the night before. Soup, meat, bread, wine, and coffee were frequently sent up to us, and very acceptable they were; had I known that it was the last time for more than a month that I was to eat decent food, or indeed to have enough to eat, I should have done more justice to it than I did, but I was too excited to have any great appetite for anything but the coffee, of which I drank about three coffee-pots, leaving the wine for my companion. At half-past four we had a visit from a colonel of the staff; and the state of excitement he went into when he looked out of the window was great. He rushed into the passage, calling out at the top of his voice, "Nous avons gagné! cut down that bridge, I must have it cut down, and they are lost;" which was perfectly true had it been possible to do as he wished As it was, he only made himself so hoarse by shouting from the windows that looked into the Rue de la Roquette, that he could not speak above a whisper, which was not much loss to his party, since his only idea of commanding seemed to be to shout out contradictory orders at the top of his voice, as I had often seen him doing before, without the least notion of what he was saying. The last I saw of him was at a barricade at Belleville, going on in the same way, till, as I afterwards heard, he was shot through the head, while cheering on the soldiers.

It was here that I had my narrowest escape of all. I was standing at the window looking intently through my glass, when I heard something strike the wall behind me under the bed; I moved the bed away, and found underneath it a bullet that had gone through the mattress, passing actually between my legs. Where it could have come from I cannot say, as the enemy were not as yet within firing distance. At half-past five I was summoned away to the Mairie of the 11th Arrondissement, and on arriving there was told off as mounted orderly to a captain on the staff. I was pleased to find that it was an old acquaintance; that is, of about three weeks' standing, and one with whom I had formerly had much to do. In about three hours we visited from fifty to sixty barricades, taking the Barrière du Trône on our way, where the firing was so hot, that to stay for the night, as we had proposed doing, was a matter of utter impossibility. So we returned to the Place de la Bastille.

If the scene there had been wonderful by day, it was doubly so by night; the first and most remarkable object was the Column of July, which was literally on fire. This was owing to the numerous wreaths of *immortelles* which were hung on it having been set alight by exploding shells, which rendered it, as an old sergeant by me remarked, "nothing but a *point de mire* for the enemy." Elsewhere the total darkness was curious: of course there

was no gas, and petroleum was unheard of in our *quartier*. I may here remark that I saw neither *pétrôleuses* or any other fighting women, with the exception of the regular *cantinières, ambulancières*, &c. I utterly disbelieve in their existence.

Now and then a flash from a cannon would suddenly light up the scene for a moment, and the burning or rather smouldering ruins of the Grenier d'Abondance shed a dull glare over a small portion of the Place near the Boulevard Bourdon. No ray from a single house was to be seen: did the slightest glimmer appear at a window, shouts of "Eh, là-haut! pas de lumière. Sacrés cochons que vous êtes! vous voulez donc nous faire tuer tous," caused it to disappear almost as soon as visible. This, however, occurred nearly every five minutes, for the upper stories of every house were filled with the Eclaireurs, who did not care to be deprived of the solace of tobacco during their hours of watch, and lighted their pipes or cigarettes regardless of the remonstrances of their comrades below.

It was just half-past nine, the firing was considerably less, and every one, we wretched orderlies excepted, was hoping for a couple of hours' rest. Some of my regiment had arrived as escort to several members of the Commune on a tour of inspection, and had surrounded me to impart their own news, and hear what had befallen me since our separation. We were just outside the barricade, talking over all that had happened, and agreeing that the sooner this business was over, the better pleased we should be, when we were startled by a most tremendous crash in the street behind us. We thought naturally that a shell had burst there, and being by this time pretty well used to this sort of music, continued our conversation, supposing that the Versaillais had recommenced firing; which surmise was however quite incorrect, for a sentry called out for me, telling us at the same time that a waggon of ammunition had exploded, wounding several men. I hurried as well as I was able to the spot, and found the report but too true. The driver of the *fourgon*, which was bringing ammunition to the barricade, owing partly to the darkness, but chiefly to the liquor he had consumed, had overturned his vehicle, and the consequence was that several of the shells therein contained had exploded, wounding five or six men. The man who caused the accident was unhurt: how he had escaped no one could tell, but there he was, standing stupidly by, and listening unmoved to the execrations of those around him. After the wounded had been removed, I was directed to get all the men I could into line for the purpose of passing the shells that had not exploded to the courtyard of an adjacent house; which order I successfully carried out, though it was singular that no other accident occurred, as those occupied in the duty let several of the projectiles fall, while nearly all persisted in smoking, do what I would to make them desist.

But I was to witness another and more deadly explosion that night, within a few yards of the same spot, and that too in less than an hour. I had started with my captain on our perpetual tour of inspection, and while waiting at the barricade at the Boulevard Beaumarchais, —one of the largest and best-constructed at the Place de la Bastille,—was looking with interest at the wounded who were being conveyed to the omnibus, *en route* to some securer place. While thus engaged, I heard a terrific noise, and on looking in the direction from which it proceeded, saw near the barricade a fire burning in the middle of the street. The bang—bang—bang proceeding from it soon told me that it was a similar accident to that which I had just witnessed, but evidently far worse, for the shells kept on exploding for two or three consecutive minutes. But what was my astonishment to see shots fired from the windows! I could not imagine what had happened; like General Boum, we were always looking out for the enemy, but that they could have

advanced by that side was more than improbable. "It must be them, however," I thought, "so you're caught now, old fellow, and will have to make a fight for it;" consoling myself with the trite maxim that one can only die once. I unslung my rifle from my shoulder, and was preparing to load it, when I perceived those below at the barricade firing at the people above: this convinced me that the Government troops had not yet arrived, as they had a barricade at least ten feet high to storm, which I knew they could not have done in the few minutes that had elapsed since the explosion. After about ten minutes of this sharp work, a trumpet sounded the "cease firing," and all stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Then came the sad task of numbering the dead and wounded, of whom there were between fifty and sixty. The wounded were taken past me into the café hard by, and I remember noticing one man in particular who was nothing but a mass of charred flesh, so fearfully had he been burnt; he lived, however, for more than three hours. But worst of all was a *cantinière* who, while serving out her liquors, had been struck first by a fragment of a shell in the leg, and afterwards, as she lay helpless on the ground, by a bullet through her breast. I could see her as she passed into the café, by the light that shone dimly through the open door; and never can I forget her face of agony. She must have been very pretty and *piquante*, but now her face was contorted with pain, and looked ghastly beyond description in the feeble light; her screams were so terrible that I could bear it no longer, and moved away to try and hear some particulars of what had occurred. It turned out that an artilleryman had overturned an ammunition waggon, and that every shell contained in it had exploded; that the Eclaireurs posted in the houses had thought that it was the enemy, and had fired in consequence on their friends below, who lost no time in replying, under the belief that those above them were *réactionnaires*.

The scene itself I can never forget; I regard it even now as without exception the most remarkable I witnessed during the whole of that stirring time. First of all, the sudden blaze, turning the darkness into light as clear as day, and followed by the report; then darkness and stillness again; then the quick flashes of light from the rifles above and below, together with the popping of musketry; then the shrill sound of the trumpet; and lastly, for an instant, a solemn relapse into silence, rendered still more impressive by the darkness which again reigned; but only for an instant, for the cry immediately arose of "Secours aux blessés!"

I will not dwell longer upon the events of that night, which we spent in visiting barricade after barricade till morning (Friday, 26th), when I found myself at half-past nine once more, and for the last time, in the Rue de la Roquette. Here I was able to form an idea of the damage done by last night's accident; large pieces of timber were lying on the *trottoir*, moved out of the road to allow free passage to the horsemen, &c. The fronts of the houses, where any vestige of the outer wall remained, were blackened with powder; as to glass, I do not think there was a whole pane in the *quartier*, so that the glaziers must have had a good time of it since the re-establishment of order.

We now proceeded to the Rue du Chemin Vert, to some large stables, used, I believe, in more peaceful times, for omnibus and cab horses, but now the head-quarters of the cavalry, and crowded to excess. Here I succeeded with great difficulty in getting a handful of hay and half a pailful of water for my horse, and a stall, in which I put the poor beast, and having done my best for him, went off to see if I could ferret out anything for myself. I turned into a miserable little cabaret close by, and asked if they could give me something to eat: "Ah, vous ne savez pas ce que vous demandez; il n'y a rien du tout, absolument rien," replied the hostess; "vous ne trouverez rien dans le quartier." I insisted that there must be a bit of bread, adding, "Je vous paierai bien." These words

acted like magic, and I soon became the possessor of half a sausage, a goodly hunch of bread, and a glass of water, for the sum of ten francs. I had just begun to discuss my food with a good appetite, when I heard the trumpets sounding "to horse," so I was obliged to cram my dearly-bought viands into my pocket, and run as hard as I could to the stables. There I found the yard full of men in every variety of uniform, some mounted, some on foot, but all talking at once at the top of their voices: "Je te dis que cet cheval est à moi!" "Menteur! voleur!" "Et cette bride là d'où l'as-tu prise?" "A cheval!" "Nom de Dieu, prends garde!" Such were a few of the speeches and compliments which caught my ear. In the stables matters were still worse; everyone was accusing his neighbour of having taken or wishing to take his horse, saddle, or bridle, and I soon found myself engaged in a conflict of words with a wretch in a gorgeous blue and white uniform, who was coolly leading my horse away for his own use. Having, I am happy to say, good strong lungs of my own, I managed to get the better of him, as his voice was husky from liquor, though his proficiency in slang was far superior to mine; however, I took to swearing stoutly in English, which eventually gained me the victory, for as soon as he heard the national "God damn," he said, "Tiens, c'est un Anglais, l'affaire ne vaut pas la peine," and allowed me to mount my own horse in triumph. Finding the yard quite empty, I repaired to the Mairie which was close by, and on arrival looked about for some familiar face, but could see none. I had arrived too late, and all my comrades had departed. I was waiting about for the chance of seeing some one who could direct me where to go, when a small troop of horsemen, wearing the red shirt of Garibaldi, swept past at a furious gallop. I determined to join myself to them, and putting spurs to my horse hurried after them, and was soon in their midst. "Où est-ce que nous allons?" I inquired. "A Père la Chaise," was the reply; "it is our only chance of safety, and we must get there as soon as possible: tout est perdu;" and then he shouted aloud to the men and women who were collected on each side of the road, "Tout va bien! Vive la Commune! Vive la République!"

At last we found ourselves before the gates of the cemetery, but no inducements, promises, or threats could make them open the gates to us. At last I remembered the order for the reconnaissance of the previous day, which was still in my possession, and I showed it to the sentry, who at once admitted us. I was now able to find out who my companions were; they were seven in number, five Poles, one Englishman, and one Frenchman, and certainly no credit to their respective nations. It was on their faces that I remarked for the first time that peculiar hunted-down look, if I may so say, that was afterwards to be seen on every countenance, and which I presume I myself presented. In virtue of my order, it was necessary for me to make some show of inspecting, so I rode up to the battery at the top of the hill, and was well rewarded for my pains by a sight such as few have beheld.

Beneath me lay stretched out like a map the once great and beautiful city, but now, alas! given over as a prey to fire and sword: I could see the smoke arising from many a heap of ruins that but a few short hours ago had been a palace, or a monument of art; it was impossible, however, to decide what buildings were actually burning, for a thick misty rain had set in, which prevented my seeing distinctly. In my descent I passed the place where the body of General Dombrowski was lying; he was shot in the streets during the night of Monday the 22nd, and his body had been placed in the cemetery for identification, as there was a report that he was still alive; he was dead without a doubt, for I could see the mark of the bullet which had slain him; it had been fired from behind, and had passed clean through his body. I had sent a man to discover where the head-quarters

of the cavalry had been removed to, and on my returning to the gates, I found him awaiting me with the news that Belleville was to be our rendezvous. We started accordingly, and had proceeded on our way as far as the church at the Place Ménilmontant, when I heard loud shouts of "Eh, voilà l'Anglais! viens donc ici;" I turned my head, and saw between thirty and forty of my old regiment huddled together in the rain. They were very glad to see me, and greeted me most heartily, so I joined them, and together we went to Belleville. We found stables, or at least standing-room for our horses, in a yard in the Grande Rue de Paris, and with great difficulty obtained a small amount of forage, but being the first arrivals we were in luck; the last-comers, who marched in only about an hour after us, finding literally nothing. Words cannot paint the spectacle that Belleville presented. It was the last place left, the only refuge remaining, and such an assemblage as was there collected it would be difficult to find again. There were National Guards of every battalion in Paris; Chasseurs Fédérés in their nondescript uniform (a sort of cross between a Zouave, linesman, and rifleman); Enfants Perdus in their dark green coats, hats and feathers—very few of these to be seen, as they had no claim to quarter, nor did they expect it; Chasseurs à Cheval de la Commune in their blue jackets and red trousers, leaning idly against the gates of their stables; Eclaireurs de la Commune in blue; Garibaldians in red; Hussars, Zouaves, cantinières, sailors, civilians, women and children—all mixed up together in the crowded streets, and looking the picture of anxiety.

As to food, there was none to be had; one might, by dint of paying largely, obtain a morsel of bread and a sardine or piece of chocolate—more it was impossible to find. I remember on that very afternoon, that a guard of the 150th battalion offered me fifty francs for a small piece of bacon, weighing perhaps three-quarters of a pound. As I had made a dangerous excursion as far as the Mairie of the 11th Arrondissement for it, and was moreover extremely hungry, I did not feel inclined to part with my treasure even for so large a sum, but told him that it was not for sale, and proceeded to eat it uncooked before his eyes.

In the afternoon, towards four o'clock, a general cry arose of "Voilà les gendarmes," and an officer rode to our stables to order us to mount and escort "ces coquins," as he styled them, to the Secteur where the Ministry of War had taken up their last abode. "Ces coquins" were forty-five gendarmes and six curés, who had been taken prisoners, and were now to be shot in the large yard of the building. We obeyed our orders, and accompanied them to their destination. I was told off to keep the ground, and not allow the mob to press forward too much, a duty which was but light. The men about to die were placed together, fifty-one in all, and the word given to fire. Some few, happier than their fellows, fell at once, others died but slowly; one gendarme made an effort to escape, but was shot through the stomach and fell, a hideous object, to the ground; an old curé, with long hair white as snow, had the whole of one side of his head shot away, and still remained upright. After I had seen this I could bear it no longer, but, reckless of consequences, moved my horse away and left the ground, feeling very sick. As I was in the act of turning away I observed a lad, a mere boy of fourteen or fifteen, draw a heavy horseman's pistol from his belt and fire in the direction of the dead and dying: he was immediately applauded by the mob, and embraced by those who stood near him as a "bon patriote."

And here let me remark, that those who have thought it cruel and inhuman on the part of the conquerors, to arrest and detain as prisoners *gamins* of from twelve to sixteen, are quite mistaken. Those who remained at the barricade to the last, and were most obstinate in their defence, were the boys of Paris: there were regiments of them; one, "Les Fils du Père Duchêne," was remarked and favourably mentioned by

the generals; they were fierce and uncontrollable, and seemed to be veritably possessed with devils. The difference between them, or in fact between all the irregular corps and the National Guard, was that the latter had, with very few exceptions, been forced to serve, either under compulsion like myself, or by the stern necessity of providing bread for their wives and children, whereas the former were all volunteers, and had but few married men in their ranks. Their pay was alike, thirty sous a day, but the *compagnies de guerre* of the National Guard and the irregular regiments were lodged and fed, instead of only getting their rations when on guard like the others; hence I think I am justified in saying, that the position of the younger men was decidedly better than that of their seniors, and that they were in consequence more likely to fight better and to be more unruly, than those who had their wives and children to consider.

The execution ended, we were ordered to remain where we were, and keep ourselves in readiness for any service that might be required; accordingly, there we sat on our horses for more than four mortal hours, not daring to dismount. I fell asleep in the saddle as I sat, and reposed uneasily, waking up every five minutes, as my horse was fidgety, and would not remain still. Right glad were we to hear the order, "Cavaliers, garde à vous," and we closed up our ranks with alacrity, as anything was preferable to remaining longer in that weary state of expectation.

A clock struck half-past nine as we moved out of the gateway; the night itself was dark, but the fires that were blazing on every side shed a bright light all around—I counted five-and-twenty distinct fires a few minutes later. Our lieutenant rode first, some twenty yards ahead of us; then came one of the brigadiers, with the *maréchal des logis fourriers* (quartermaster-sergeant), followed by over thirty *cavaliers*, riding in double file (I being second file of the rear rank), and the whole being closed up by two brigadiers.

We went at a walk, each man with his loaded pistol at full cock in one hand; no word was uttered, but the whole troop proceeded in the most profound silence. We knew not whither we were bound; all that had been told us was that we were to reconnoitre, but in what direction we went I cannot tell. Some said to the Rue de Montreuil, but as I was totally unacquainted with that part of Paris, I was, and still am, in ignorance of the route. I know that we passed an immense number of barricades, and along a broad causeway, whence we could see the enemy's batteries, blazing away like gigantic furnaces, in the direction of Belleville, which lay behind us. The lower part of this suburb below the Mairie was a mass of flames. The light from it was so strong, that at one barricade, at least two miles from the fire, we could distinguish the features of men standing fifty or sixty yards from us as distinctly as in broad daylight. After riding for more than three miles along the open road, we descended a slight hill; there were steep embankments on either side, and we were obliged to proceed with the utmost caution, fearing to be fired on from above.

It was the most exciting quarter of an hour I ever passed in my life; every sense was strained to its utmost as we rode slowly on; now and again we thought we could perceive a dark figure moving stealthily above us, and the word was passed in a whisper to halt, but in a moment we set forward again, peering forth into the darkness, which was now complete, as the fires were hidden from sight by the steep banks. At length we reached the last barricade we had to pass before arriving at our destination, and could distinctly hear the rattling of musketry. We had left the barricade about half a mile behind us, when I heard a bullet whizz past my ear, followed immediately by another; I rode on for a minute or two, and then was startled by the sound of horses galloping behind me. I turned and looked back. What was my astonishment to find no one there! The rest of our troop had been seized with a panic, and, turning tail, had

retreated as fast as their horses would carry them. This obliged us to return, and we found our comrades at the next barricade, which they could not pass for want of the countersign. To induce them to push farther on, and to persuade them not thus to give way at the first shot, was a difficult task, but we accomplished it, and having re-formed our troop, we started again at a smart trot. We soon arrived at a barricade, where we ensconced ourselves behind a low wall and waited for our captain. It was as light as day, owing to a fire close by, so we were obliged to crouch down on our horses' necks, and make ourselves as little conspicuous as possible. Some, however—I among the number—were curious, and lifted up their heads to see what was going on. But the enemy were on the alert, and a few shots which wounded two of our number damped our curiosity, and forced us again into our recumbent position. At last, after more than half an hour's waiting, the word was given to retire, and setting spurs to our steeds, we started off, wounded and all, at a break-neck gallop, which lasted till we reached the first barricade on our way back. A few shots were fired after us, but without effect, and we arrived at Belleville, after four hours' absence, only to recommence our previous occupation of sleeping in our saddles. This we did for two hours more, at the end of which we rode forth again on the same duty but in another direction, unknown to me, and were finally released and sent to our stables at half-past six in the morning of Saturday, May 27th.

Sleep was out of the question; there was forage to be requisitioned and carried to our quarters, then the horses to feed, to say nothing of our own rations, which entailed an attendance of two or three hours at the Mairie in order to get the order signed and stamped, a delay all the more aggravating from the probability that after all these formalities there would be nothing forthcoming. We were not, however, destined to this fate, for we received a goodly store of bread and bacon, which had been brought to the Mairie during the night, and with these we made our soup in the yard, an occupation which helped to pass the time, and very good it tasted when it was ready. There was little enough of it, but we "filled up the corners" with bread, and congratulated ourselves on our good fortune in having any at all.

Between one and two there was a cry raised at our gates that 1,500 linesmen, who had been taken prisoners at the barricades while fighting against us, were passing. That they were there was true, and believing for the moment that there might yet be a chance for us, we rode out to escort them to the church opposite the Mairie, where they were to be confined. That they had been actually taken during the last two days, no one doubted; and I was greatly surprised at hearing afterwards, that they were soldiers of the regular army who had refused to serve the Commune, and had in consequence been detained in the different barracks of Paris, and finally paraded through the streets as prisoners of war just captured, in order, if possible, to raise the drooping spirits of the insurgents.

The excitement of the crowd was intense; as we rode slowly down the streets, questions were showered on us as to their numbers, where they had been taken, and where they were to be confined. Women came out from their hiding-places in the cellars, and called on God to bless us, the children pointed with their tiny hands at the *coquins de Versaillais*, and shouted "Vive la Commune!" while every one said to his neighbour, "Tout va bien." While waiting outside the church as the long procession filed in, a mounted officer of my acquaintance, in plain clothes, came to me and called me aside. He was followed by two other men, one like the captain, for such was his rank, dressed *en civile*, the other wearing an artillery uniform. We rode through many streets, stopping now at one barricade, now at another, till we reached a *marchand de vins* in a totally deserted street. Here the officer stopped, and ordering us to dismount said to the artilleryman and myself, "You must

manage to exchange your uniform for plain clothes, as my work requires men to be dressed as civilians; here are fifteen francs, do what you can; we will wait for you here." Wondering greatly at this curious order, we walked into another street, where we had noticed a group standing, and advancing towards it asked if any one had clothes to sell in exchange for our uniforms. "Mais volontiers, mes pauvres enfants," answered a stout man in a blouse; "follow me, and you shall have some." He took us into a house close by, and we were soon equipped, I in a jacket of some thin blue material, coarse and like a towel in texture, and black cap, which was all I required, my companion in a complete suit of workman's clothes, which as he was a little man gave him a most ridiculous appearance.

Having paid our money, we returned to the *marchand de vins* where we had left our companions, but found that they had departed, leaving word for us to follow them to the Mairie, as they were tired of waiting. To the Mairie we accordingly proceeded, but found to our amazement that nothing had been seen of them. So we agreed that the best thing to do was to return to our quarters. But we had been absent for more than five hours, and the daylight was beginning to wane, so that when we arrived at the first post we were challenged by the sentry, and ordered to give the countersign. It was in vain to say that, having been detained, we were only returning to our regiments; we were arrested and escorted to the Mairie. We were led upstairs and brought before a member of the Commune, who was sitting at the head of a table covered with papers, and surrounded by men in uniform of all ranks busily writing. We explained what had happened, but upon my speaking he said to me in excellent English, "What are you doing here, an Englishman, and in plain clothes?" I answered, "Yes, I am English, and have been compelled to serve in your army. I don't know who you are, or what your name is, but I request that you give me a paper to allow me to quit Paris without farther molestation." I was almost choked with passion: the manner in which I had been treated had exasperated me beyond measure, and my wrath was not allayed by the cool manner in which my interrogator smiled and shook his head as he answered, "There's only one thing to do with you, my friend. Sergent, par ici." He wrote something on a bit of paper and handed it to the sergeant, who ordered us to follow him. We were conducted into the guard-room, where we underwent a thorough examination; everything of value was taken from me, my watch, 180 francs in money that still remained to me, and, what I regret the most, my papers and note-book. I had a gold ring on my finger, the gift of my mother, which nearly cost me my finger, for it was exceedingly difficult to get off, and they proposed an amputation as the only means of obtaining the object of their desires.

This wholesale robbery being completed, we were conducted before the court-martial, where after a few minutes I had the melancholy satisfaction of hearing that I was to be shot the next morning at nine o'clock, for having refused to serve the Commune. I had been asked no questions, nor was any evidence produced, either for the defence or prosecution. Five men sat at a table strewn with papers, and after conversing together in a low tone for a few minutes, one of them said: "Citoyens —— et ——, vous serez fusillés demain matin à neuf heures, pour la crime d'avoir réfusés de servir la Commune." That was all, and then we were conducted to the black-hole. There we found nine others, all of whom were to suffer the same fate as ourselves. I was too tired to do anything but throw myself on a filthy mattress, and in a few minutes was sleeping what I then thought was my last sleep on earth.

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Contents:—

I.—How is the Work of the Nation Done?

II.—Patty. Chapters LIII.—LIX.

III.—Unfulfilled.

IV.—The Early History of Oxford. By J. R. Green. Part I.—The Town.

V.—The Jade Quarries of the Kuen-lun. By H. Cayley.

VI.—Blank Court; or, Landlords and Tenants. By Octavia Hill.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1871.

HOW IS THE WORK OF THE NATION DONE?

ALTHOUGH, during previous sessions of Parliament, complaints have been made of the slow progress of business and the waste of public time, it must be at once conceded that the session which has just expired has far surpassed its predecessors in both respects, and has afforded ample grounds for the reiteration of similar complaints. Since its meeting on the 9th of February, the House of Commons has sat on 131 days, during which time there has certainly been more talk and less performance than in any previous year which we can call to mind. No people, in fact, are more ready to admit the truth of this allegation, than the members of the House themselves, although they naturally differ as to the quarter upon which they would cast the blame, according to their several views, or rather the several points of view from which they regard the matter. The Opposition—and those "candid friends" who are more terrible to a Government than an Opposition—blame Her Majesty's Ministers for the introduction of many more measures than they could ever have expected to carry in the period usually allotted to a parliamentary session, and for their pertinacity in pressing forward certain bills at a time when it was impossible that they could be passed, if opposed; whilst the time occupied in their discussion was sadly wanted for the consideration of estimates and the transaction of the current business of Parliament. On the other hand, the friends of Ministers retort upon the Opposition with a charge of "factious obstruction," of talking for talking's sake, and of having evinced a determination to take an undue advantage of the privileges conferred upon a minority by our parliamentary constitution, with a view to resist the ascertained will of the majority upon certain important subjects, by that effluxion of time which has often proved a potent auxiliary when arguments have been wanting, or have failed to convince.

It is not our business or intention to decide upon the amount of weight to be attached to these conflicting charges, or to duly apportion the blame which should rest on either side of the House. But a question has arisen of far more interest and importance than the relative shortcomings of Government and Opposition; and it is to this question and the possibility of its solution that we would direct attention. It has been frequently and anxiously asked, within the last few months, whether or no our parliamentary system, as a legislative machine, has collapsed and broken down?

In the attempt to deal with the question raised by this inquiry, we shall in some degree be guided by the labours of a Select Committee of the House of Commons which sat during the recent session, and the appointment of which

indicated, on the part of the House of Commons, a painful consciousness of the necessity of some attempt at self-reform.

But before dealing with the recommendations of this committee, it will be well to call more particular attention to the precise condition of the House of Commons at the close of its laborious session, and to examine a little more minutely into the recriminatory charges so freely bandied between Government and Opposition. Indeed, it is the more necessary to do so, inasmuch as the leading statesmen of the day have felt constrained to call the attention of the House and of the country to the crisis at which parliamentary government has arrived, and have, on more than one occasion, addressed themselves to the question with a solemnity becoming the gravity of the subject.

Even Sir Roundell Palmer has been moved from his judicial calmness to reproachful utterances against the waste of time caused by the undue loquacity of certain senators, and the leaders of each side of the House have entered into the arena upon the same point. Mr. Gladstone has more than once stated that the public would have to judge upon which side the fault lay; and the cheers with which the sentiment has been encountered on both sides of the House may be taken as a general admission of the existence of a fault somewhere. Mr. Disraeli, moreover, having girded himself to the fray upon the last occasion when the Ballot Bill was before the Lower House, found it necessary to vindicate a section of his supporters from the charge of obstructive conduct, and, with a generosity which must have cut its object to the heart, vigorously defended even that insubordinate *Franc-tireur* of debate whom Cambridge University has sent to support the Conservative leader.

Since, then, the existence of a fault may be assumed on one side or the other, or possibly on both sides of the House, it is worth while to consider the peculiar manner in which such fault has been developed. Three counts in the indictment may be laid at once: 1st. The introduction of too many measures, and general mismanagement of business on the part of the Government. 2nd. The too great loquacity of honourable members. 3rd. The abuse of the forms of the House, and of the privileges accorded to individual members. Let us take them each in turn.

1st. As to the introduction of too many measures. A return presented to the House of Commons on the 26th of August shows us that 251 bills have been presented to Parliament during the present session—141 by Government; 110 by private members. Of these 135 have become law,—*i.e.* 106 Government bills; 29 bills in the hands of private members. It follows that 35 Government bills and 81 others have, after more or less discussion, been defeated or withdrawn. This is exclusive of 254 "private bills" introduced, of which 223 were referred to select committees. There is nothing very striking in the number of measures introduced, passed, and withdrawn, as compared with the history of other years; and a comparison with the proceedings of other Governments by no means bears out the allegation, that Mr. Gladstone's ministry has introduced a more than ordinarily large quantity of measures.

But it is alleged that the business of the House has been so mismanaged that bills have been jumbled and jostled, one against the other, until all at length became inextricable confusion. The weight to be attached to this accusation, however, obviously depends upon the extent of the power which a Government possesses to arrange and regulate the public business of the House of Commons; and hereon will be found to hinge much of the difficulty with which we are now endeavouring to deal. Government can indeed fix certain times upon which any of its measures shall be brought forward, but neither Government nor the House itself can, under present regulations, ensure either that the discussion shall begin at the hour fixed, or, still less, that it shall terminate at any given time, or that it shall not be indefinitely prolonged.

It was known, for instance, that, rightly or wrongly, the present Ministry

deemed their Army and Ballot Bills to be measures of such importance that they should be pressed forward earnestly and continuously. What was the result? We will treat as idle rumours the statements which freely circulated throughout the session, that there was a determination to prevent the progress of the Ballot Bill by undue prolongation of the Army Bill debates. We will refuse to entertain this suggestion of a device so discreditable to those to whom it was attributed, and will suppose that the length of the debates upon the Army Bill was entirely due to the great importance of the subject. But it cannot be denied by any person who, for his sins or his pleasure, frequented the lobbies of the House of Commons during the Army discussions, that, for good or bad, a fixed determination to cause delay did exist, amounting absolutely to an organization, and that this was freely spoken of, and even boasted of, by some of its supporters. "Until the Government had propounded its scheme of retirement, the bill should be delayed"—this was the *mot d'ordre*, the propriety of which we are not at this moment discussing, but simply pointing out its results as bearing upon the power of Government to arrange and carry on business. The Army Bill was introduced upon the 16th of February. Five days in March were occupied by the debate on the second reading, two more in May upon the question of the Speaker leaving the chair, eleven days in the committee upon the bill, another on the report, another on the third reading, and two more on the "prerogative debate" after the bill had come back from the Lords. So that in all twenty-three days were consumed in discussions upon this measure.

Nor, indeed, must it be forgotten that this number of days by no means represents the whole time occupied in discussions bearing immediately upon the subject of this bill. For, besides innumerable questions—not unfrequently of considerable length, and entailing long answers—two lengthy debates were initiated by Mr. Trevelyan (one upon the tenure of the Commander-in-chief, and the other upon the abolition of honorary colonelcies), whilst Mr. Mundella and Captain Beaumont furnished kindred matter, which also occupied the greater part of two nights, and many of the points involved in the bill were more than glanced at in the discussions upon Army estimates. So that if the House had been in a practical humour, or if the tongue-power of the military, ex-military, and dilettante-military orators could have been restrained or limited, ample time was given for the discussion of the bill as introduced, even to its minutest detail. So far, however, was this from being the case, that the critics of this bill far surpassed the loquacity usually (though, perhaps, unfairly) attributed to members of the legal profession, and it was the theme of common conversation among the older members of the House that they had never known a bill upon which so many amendments, involving the same points, were moved in committee, and upon which, night after night, the same arguments were repeated again and again by the same speakers, until the House was utterly weary of both the one and the other. The natural consequence was the mutilation of the bill, followed by complaints of the imperfect manner in which the subject had been treated, emanating from the very individuals whose real and artificial *cacoëthes loquendi* had prevented its being perfectly and fully considered.

The Ballot Bill had even a worse fate. Introduced on the 20th of February, and read a second time on April 3rd, the prolongation of the Army debates drove off the motion for committee until the end of June, when three nights were consumed thereupon; then sixteen days of July and three of August were occupied in the committee, many of them "double sittings" by night and day. The report and third reading took two more, so that in all twenty-six days were occupied with a bill which the House of Lords was expected to consider upon the 10th of August. Their Lordships, however, who had adjourned the consideration of a vote of censure upon the Government for a

week, sooner than infringe upon the sacred days of Goodwood Races, could hardly be expected to postpone the claims of grouse to the discussion of the Ballot Bill, and a triumph was thus secured to the obstruction-mongers of the Lower House.

But if forty-nine out of one hundred and thirty-one days of the session were thus occupied in the discussion of two measures, besides the time employed on discussions incidental to the same, but apart from debates upon the actual stages of the bills, it is obvious that there was little scope left for the legislative powers of departments of the Government other than those which were charged with the conduct of the Army and Ballot Bills. Considering, moreover, that no human being, in or out of the Government, could have anticipated so enormous a consumption of time, or so vast an amount of elocutionary ardour suddenly developed in wholly unexpected quarters, it is hardly fair to throw upon the Government the whole blame of this late and laborious session, or to accuse them (save in the measure and to the extent to which every previous Government may be blamed) of the introduction of "too many measures." It is a problem hitherto unsolved, why every Government invariably brings in many more measures than it can carry, and why, at their autumn meeting, the Cabinet, having received the views of the heads of the different departments, do not, collectively, check the separate legislative ardour of the latter, decide upon a few of the most important proposals submitted to them, and resolve that such and such only shall be brought before Parliament in the coming session, and pressed forward as "Government measures." The doings of cabinets are, however, mysterious and inscrutable; and, after all, they must be supposed to be well aware of the fact that it is to their own discredit if many of their measures are proposed only to be withdrawn. That discredit, however, is of course immensely lessened if, as in the present session, an enormous and unexpected avalanche of talk bursts in upon the legislative stream, and sweeps before it all opportunity of advancing measures, good, bad, or indifferent.

And this brings us to the second count in our indictment, viz. the superabundant loquacity of hon. members. It has always been and still is the pride of our parliamentary system to preserve the utmost freedom of debate compatible with order, and to resent any interference with the rights and privileges of "private" or "independent" members. It is an ungrateful task to advocate the necessity of change in this respect; but, on the other hand, it cannot be tolerated that these rights and privileges should be systematically used by a comparatively small number of individuals to the hindrance of public business, and the annoyance of the general body of the House of Commons. Any measure of restriction now or hereafter to be adopted will have been brought about by the want of self-restraint and the absence of discretion in individual members, who erroneously imagine that their "privileges" can, may, and ought to be exercised in the teeth of the opinion and in defiance of the wishes of the vast majority of their fellow-workers in the parliamentary vineyard.

Under ordinary circumstances it would be invidious to allude to the proceedings of any individual members during the recent session. All delicacy upon this point may, however, be considered superfluous, since the speech of Mr. Disraeli on the 8th of August, in which he defended, by name, the conduct of several hon. members, to whose exuberant ardour in debate public opinion had ascribed a large share in bringing about the unfortunate dead-lock in the transaction of public business. Two of these gentlemen, Mr. Beresford-Hope and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, were certainly foremost among the assailants of the Ballot Bill; but had Mr. Disraeli extended his defence to those who are obnoxious to the charge of general as well as particular loquacity, it would have been grossly unjust to have omitted the strong claims to notice of Mr. G. P. Bentinck (West Norfolk) and Mr. Newdegate. In alluding to the four gentlemen above men-

tioned, it must be clearly understood that no unkindness or disrespect is intended to any one of them. Each is a pleasant and worthy gentleman, useful in his own way, and it is not doubted that all four have always been actuated by a keen sense of duty, though it may be deemed fortunate by the House that the same feeling does not produce the same results in the case of many more members of an equally conscientious temperament. For, were this the result, the transaction of business would become next to impossible.

It is much to be regretted, for the sake of our illustration, that there exists no authentic and accurate report of the number of occasions upon which these gentlemen actually addressed the House during the past session. The newspaper reports of speeches made when the House is in committee, or during day-sittings, are very much curtailed; and as many of the orations of the two gentlemen who especially distinguished themselves upon the Ballot were delivered in committee, and in the day, they do not appear in any report; and, especially in the case of Mr. Beresford-Hope, no one who was not present during the Ballot debates can be aware of the number of opportunities which that hon. member afforded the House of gauging his oratorical capabilities, or of the length of some of his harangues. Again, newspaper reporters, being wiser in their generation than members of Parliament, go to bed—or, at all events, cease to report—about one o'clock A.M. Now, as it unfortunately happens that no inconsiderable number of Mr. Newdegate's speeches are delivered, with unwearied vehemence of voice and gesture, during the small hours of the morning, it must be readily and candidly owned that the number of times upon which the House has benefited by his elocutionary wisdom very considerably exceeds the number reported in the *Times*, from the impartial reports of which paper the following record has been taken of the speeches of all four gentlemen. Exclusive of questions asked (of which each furnished a full quota), the *Times* tells us that, from the meeting of Parliament on the 9th February, to its prorogation on the 21st August,—

Speeches made by	On the Ballot.	On other subjects.	Total.
Mr. G. Bentinck ...	33	42	75
Mr. C. Bentinck.....	34	42	76
Mr. Newdegate.....	23	67	90
Mr. Beresford-Hope	62	54	116

making a total of 357 speeches delivered by these four gentlemen, to which a considerable addition would have to be made (especially in the two latter examples) if a *bonâ fide* report of all their utterances could be obtained.

Now, the object of these remarks is not to gibbet four members of Parliament as being the only or the main cause of the prolongation of the session, and the delay in the progress of public business; but to point out, by their examples, that, in the interest of the public, it is no longer safe to leave to individual discretion the number and length of the speeches which individual members may make. It is not that the opinions of these four gentlemen are less worth hearing than those of many others, or that they are by any means the only "habitual criminals" in trespassing upon the "indulgence of the House." On the contrary, there are certain subjects upon which the House feels that they have a right to speak, and accordingly listens with consideration. It is natural to hear Mr. Beresford-Hope and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck upon Fine Art and the delinquencies of First Commissioners of Works; and the opinion of the former upon Church questions is heard with respect. Then Mr. George P. Bentinck is an authority upon certain matters connected with Navy Estimates, and from him also a little occasional abuse of "the two front benches" is always received with pardonable indulgence. Moreover, if Roman Catholics seek concessions, or Protestants are oppressed in any part of her Majesty's dominions, we expect, with cheerful resignation, the heavy roll of Mr. Newdegate's artillery. But, with the greatest respect be it spoken of all

four, there are many other members whose opinions carry at least equal weight with the House, and with the country, upon general questions; and if all, or half the number, chose to indulge in the like amount of speechifying, it would be simply impossible that any business at all could be transacted in the House of Commons.

Sir Erskine May, in his evidence before this year's committee (Question 216), spoke of a "moral *clôture*" which he said was "often exercised with very great effect;" but it is a fact not to be controverted that upon these and other offenders this "moral *clôture*"—*i.e.* the loudly and generally expressed disapprobation of the continuance of an ill-timed and unpalatable speech—has been again and again tried without the smallest effect: it is regarded by them as a personal affront, instead of (that which it really is) the legitimate and only possible means of expressing the general feeling of the House; and it is evident that some more formal and authoritative mode of repression will eventually have to be adopted, in order to remedy an evil which has become intolerable. It is quite true that Sir Erskine May (Question 75) has given it as his opinion that, "by judicious regulations, it would be quite possible to get through the business without any interference with the rights of members;" and that the Speaker would be "disposed to try what could be done by other means rather than proceed *at once* to that extremity" (the *clôture*); but it is not improbable that the opinions even of these high authorities may have been modified by the experience of the four months of the session subsequent to the period at which they gave their evidence before the Select Committee.

Nor is it fair to regard this question, as it is too often regarded, as one between the Government on one side and "private members" on the other, or as an attempt of the former to curtail the privileges and speaking powers of the latter for their own advantage and convenience. It is in reality a question between the House of Commons and the country—whether the former will consent to control its component parts in such a manner as to enable public business to be carried on with reasonable expedition and efficiency; or whether, standing upon its "inherent privileges" and its "ancient rights of debate," it will refuse to alter its internal arrangements, and continue to allow the existence of such obstructions and impediments to the progress of business as will eventually array against it in its present form that force of public opinion which is not to be resisted. Englishmen are continually boasting that they are a practical people, and sooner or later the day must come when they will vindicate their title to the appellation by revolting against that intolerable tyranny of talk which at present reigns in the representative branch of their Parliament.

The third count in the indictment may be shortly dealt with. The forms of the House of Commons are elastic, and are intended to allow of the exercise of much discretion on the part of honourable members. Formerly speeches were made upon the presentation of petitions, but this privilege was abandoned on account of the great delay of business caused thereby, and only the prayer of the petition is now allowed to be read by the presenting member. The great majority of petitions are presented silently, which is a fortunate thing when we find that their number during the recent session amounted to 17,500. The gain of time, however, in this respect, has been counterbalanced by another evil practice which has sprung up. An enormous number of questions are asked of Ministers—sometimes as many as thirty or more at one sitting—occupying, as a rule, from half an hour to an hour of valuable time, and relating not only to subjects a motion and debate upon which may be avoided by an answer judiciously and civilly given, but to innumerable matters either wholly uninteresting to the general public, or which would be much more properly settled by private inquiry without occupying the time of the House. And during the present session it has happened, over and over again, that a member, desirous of speaking

upon the subject of his question, and having been interrupted by a murmur of disapprobation or "call to order," has "stood upon his privilege," and moved the adjournment of the House to allow him to do so.

The intention of the rule which allows a member to move the adjournment of the House, and upon such motion to found a speech, is evidently to enable some question of sudden occurrence and peculiar urgency to be brought under the notice of the House, or some matter affecting the privileges of the House, or any of its members, to be discussed and decided without delay. But it is an obvious and lamentable abuse of this rule to employ it, as has been done during the recent session, either for the ventilation of some question which should have been brought forward as an ordinary notice, or for the still more objectionable purpose of interposing a discussion between the time allotted to questions and the reading of the orders of the day, with the palpable result, if not with the intention, of delaying the consideration of the latter. The natural and inevitable result of such an abuse of this and other rules must be the adoption by the House of more stringent regulations, the enforcement of which, inconvenient as it may sometimes be found, will prevent the reckless and inconsiderate waste of time which has, during the late session, brought our parliamentary system into so much discredit.

Indeed, it is somewhat extraordinary that the general body of the House has so long been willing to trust its credit and comfort to that discretion of individual members in which they have been of late so sadly deficient. Some spasmodic but ineffectual efforts to avert or modify the evil have certainly been made, but hitherto all have failed. We have already alluded to the Select Committee which sat upon the business of the House during the present year, and it is impossible to discuss the question now under review without reference to this, the last grand attempt of the House of Commons to reform itself. On the 13th of February it was resolved, upon the motion of the Prime Minister (not without protest, be it observed, from our friends Messrs. G. and C. Bentinck and Newdegate, against any encroachments upon those "rights of private members" of which they are such practical champions), "that a Select Committee be appointed to consider the best means of promoting the despatch of public business in this House;" and this committee, which consisted of the large number of twenty-three members, met for the first time upon the 6th March, sat four times, examined exactly *two* witnesses, and reported to the House upon the 28th of the same month.

It is quite true that many of the members of this committee were gentlemen of great parliamentary experience; but it is impossible to read the report of their proceedings without a painful suspicion that they were hardly alive to the imminent and growing importance of the question with which they were dealing, and were disposed to hurry through a business which the five subsequent months of the session have proved to be one requiring the gravest and most careful deliberation. Their proceedings, moreover, appear to have been characterized by the same reverence for the existing order of things, and fear of innovation, which was so evident in the deliberations of former committees. One day sufficed for the consideration of their report, which was adopted after eight divisions, and which contained seven separate suggestions. We may dismiss from present discussion the two last of these, inasmuch as the seventh relates to the exclusion of strangers, and does not bear upon the despatch of business, whilst the sixth, enabling members to bring in bills in the same way as unopposed returns, without debate, provided no objection be raised, is a very small practical alteration of the present system, and, not being compulsory, would prevent no member from talking upon the introduction of his bill even if unopposed, if he happened to be so inclined.

But the other five suggestions require our attention. The first was intended to enable Government to proceed to take

"supply" on Mondays, without being exposed to the delay caused by amendments to the question that the Speaker do leave the chair. The principle of this proposal was carried by 13 to 5 votes in the committee, and would, no doubt, if adopted by the House, facilitate the passing of estimates to no inconsiderable extent, and enable members to know for certain, on one night of the week at least, that estimates of which notice had been given would actually be discussed, instead of being, as at present, postponed from day to day in consequence of intervening amendments, to the great disgust of those who have come down purposely to discuss them. The second suggestion recommended that public business should, on days when the House met at a quarter to ten, begin at a quarter instead of half-past four, provided that private business and petitions had been disposed of. The third had for its object the prevention of "snap" counts-out after a morning sitting, and proposed that no "count" should take place until a quarter past nine, when the House had resumed its sitting at nine. The fourth suggestion was to the effect that no fresh opposed business should be proceeded with after "half-past twelve of the clock antemeridiem," and the fifth declared that it was "desirable that Parliament should assemble at a period of the year not later than the last week in November." This proposal was carried by a majority of one; and as it is a question of some interest, it may be well to give the division list.[1]

Ayes 10.	Noes 9.
Mr. Disraeli.	Sir George Grey.
,, Dalglish.	Col. Wilson-Patten.
,, Clay.	Mr. Bouverie.
,, Graves.	,, Newdegate.
,, Goldney.	,, Cavendish Bentinck.
,, Rathbone.	,, Collins.
,, Vance.	,, Knatchbull-Hugessen.
,, Bowring.	Sir John Pakington.
,, Charles Forster.	Col. Barttelot.
,, White.	

[1] It was understood that the three absentees, Mr. Dodson, Mr. Charles Gilpin, and Sir Henry Selwin-Ibbetson, were all opposed to this suggestion.

It cannot be denied that these five proposals are all worthy of consideration, inasmuch as they would effect a considerable change in the present system, and a change, for the most part, in the direction of economy of time. It may be doubted, however, whether this would be the result of the adoption of the last-named proposition of the committee, which emanated from Mr. Disraeli. Those who object to a parliamentary session commencing in November, are sometimes taunted with their too great partiality for field-sports, with which such a session would materially interfere. There may be some ground for the taunt, inasmuch as the pursuit of field-sports forms part of the amusements of the life of most English country gentlemen, many of whose engagements in the winter months are formed with a reference thereto, and would undergo no small interruption if the suggested change were adopted. Regarding the matter, however, from the lowest point of view, and supposing that a certain number of members of Parliament would be influenced by such considerations, it would be a change of doubtful wisdom which would lessen the attendance in Parliament of an important class, and cause members thereof to hesitate before they entered Parliament at all, if by so doing they were to be called upon to make so considerable a sacrifice of ease and comfort.

But supposing that such an argument meets with the ready, though not conclusive reply, that the country can afford to dispense with men who are not willing to sacrifice some portion of their amusements in her service, there remains another and more weighty objection behind. It is during the winter months that the presence of large establishments, and their accompanying expenditure in country districts, is peculiarly desirable and advantageous to the poor of the localities in which they are placed. The attraction to and expenditure in the metropolis of revenues derived from country estates already fall upon the latter with baneful effect during half the year; and if the sitting of Parliament in November and December is to increase

the evil, the rural districts and localities far removed from the metropolis will have a just cause of complaint. Moreover, whilst the adoption of this change would effect a total revolution in the social life of England, it is by no means certain that the House would perform its work with greater rapidity, or that it would adjourn at an earlier period in the summer, unless the change were accompanied by a provision making imperative the close of the session upon a certain given day.

This, however, would be attended with obvious inconveniences. Sudden and unforeseen circumstances might, in any one year, render such a regulation almost impossible of observance; and if once established, without any accompanying restriction upon talking-power, the temptation to talk out hostile measures would to some men be irresistible. When to these considerations there is added the recollection that a recess of some months is absolutely necessary to enable Ministers not only to recruit their jaded energies, but to prepare and mature their measures for the coming session, it will be seen that the objections to Mr. Disraeli's proposal are by no means of a light and trivial character. Sir John Pakington, who opposed this change, was of opinion that the House should meet on the "earliest convenient day after the 14th day of January;" but it is extremely doubtful whether these three weeks gained at the beginning would accelerate the close of a session, unless accompanied by some remedy for those evils which exist altogether independently of the time of the meeting of Parliament.

The other four proposals of the committee stand upon different ground. The saving of a quarter of an hour when and wherever it can be saved, is an obvious, though small improvement. The prevention of "snap" counts-out is also desirable, although the whole system of "counts" might probably be revised with advantage. Government is frequently blamed by "independent members" for the occurrence of a "count" when, as is almost invariably the case, more than half of the members present are members of the Government, and it is the absence of private members which renders the proceeding possible. But, in fact, a "count-out" is often a legitimate excuse for the obtaining by the House of a day's rest after a lengthened spell of work, and still oftener for the escape from some dreary speech upon an uninteresting subject. To men of ordinary intelligence, however, it might seem that the former object might be obtained, in a more dignified manner, by an adjournment by agreement on the previous day; whilst, if the latter be the object of the count, the result might equally well be arrived at in another way. It sometimes happens that important business is on the paper, but one or two motions, which nobody cares for save the gentlemen who are about to make them, so block up the way as to render the prospect of arriving at such business perfectly hopeless; thereupon ensues a "count," the important business still stands over to take its chance, whilst the authors of the uninteresting motions which have caused the mischief, go home with a sense of injustice and injury, and probably with a determination to do their best to weary the House upon some other opportunity when the like door of escape may be less accessible. Now, why should the House be so completely at the mercy of such gentlemen, that it is only by the performance of an act of temporary self-destruction that it can escape the infliction of their eloquence? The power to move that the question be put without debate; the exercise of the power (existing, but rarely used save by the leader of the House) to move that certain orders of the day or notices of motions should be postponed until others have been considered; and the adoption of the *clôture*, in some shape or other, —are all remedies by which the House might render unnecessary the present system of "counting-out," which is so liable to abuse, and might greatly facilitate the despatch of public business.

The proposal that no fresh opposed business should be proceeded with after half-past twelve A.M., is one which commends itself to our common sense.

Its adoption would certainly place in the hands of obstructive gentlemen the power of stopping business, and annoying a Government by offering opposition to measures which, save for this rule, would pass unopposed; but, on the other hand, the saving of health and strength to weary legislators would be enormous, and no important debate, if begun before the mystic hour of 12.30, would be impeded by the rule. According to the evidence of Mr. Speaker (Question 296) the evil of late sittings has "grown very much indeed, and within the last two years especially." This practice, according to the same high authority, "turns what ought to be a most honourable service into almost intolerable slavery," and, so far from being regarded with approbation by the country, is "looked upon as extremely unreasonable and almost insane, and a thing that almost everybody outside the House regards as something highly reprehensible." The Speaker evidently leant towards the adoption of a rule even more stringent than that recommended by the committee, namely, that opposed business should positively close at 12.30, in the same manner as it now closes on Wednesdays at a quarter before six. The fear, however, that the establishment of such a regulation would lead to "speaking against time" was evidently in the mind of the committee, who adopted in their report the milder alternative. It cannot be questioned that the evil of late sittings has become one of enormous magnitude. Questions of interest, postponed night after night, are thus at length taken, towards the close of the session, between the hours of one and three A.M. No reports are given of the debates carried on at such preposterous hours, the country is kept in ignorance of what goes on, and members of Parliament are in such a fagged and jaded condition, that it is impossible that either their physical or intellectual powers can be in a state sufficiently vigorous to justify their transaction of important business.

As far, however, as economy of time is concerned, Mr. Lowe's proposition to allow Government to commence "supply" on one night of the week without previous debate, is by far the most efficacious of any which met with the approval of the committee. Sir Erskine May tells us (Question 10) that the practice of bringing forward amendments, and calling attention to various subjects, on going into committee of "supply," is of comparatively modern invention, and dates from the year 1811. There can be no doubt that the constitutional maxim, that grievances should be remedied before money was granted to the Crown, was one of very great value at periods of English history when the representatives of the people stood as barriers against the encroachments of arbitrary power, and brought the monarch to his bearings by a judicious regulation of the national purse-strings. Then, no doubt, the motion that the House should grant supplies to His Majesty afforded a proper and legitimate opportunity for the ventilation of real or supposed grievances.

But no one can pretend that the necessity for any such opportunity is likely to arise in the present day, or that there is any lack of other opportunities for the bringing forward of complaints against any existing abuses whatever. In every week throughout the session Tuesdays and Fridays are devoted to such objects, and if any question should ever arise which is deemed by the House to be of pressing urgency, the House has, and would not be slow to exercise, the power of postponing the other orders of the day, and of taking such question into immediate consideration. It is, therefore, only superstitious reverence for tradition, and an idle fear of impossible contingencies, which suggests the continued adherence to an obsolete practice, which enables a number of gentlemen unnecessarily to gratify their loquacious propensities at the expense of the public interests. Moreover, the discussion of estimates is one of the most important duties belonging to the House of Commons, and during the present year the House has had to choose between the neglect of this duty and the indefinite prolongation of the session.

It is idle to blame Ministers for not

more often and at an earlier date putting "supply" down upon the business paper, for it is perfectly well known that their doing so would have been merely to cause the waste of more time in the discussion of unprofitable amendments on the motion for the Speaker leaving the chair. But if one night per week is to be devoted honestly and really to "supply" without intervening amendments, Ministers will be fairly chargeable with failure in duty if "supply" is delayed till a period in the session too late for its proper discussion, and "independent" members will have a chance of knowing the time at which important votes will actually be taken. It must be borne in mind that under the present system the division of time between the Government and "private members" is rendered most unfair towards the former by this practice of moving amendments on the motion for "supply." Government cannot encroach upon the Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays allotted to private members, save by consent of the latter, whilst these can interrupt Government business, and appropriate to themselves a share of Government time upon every day when "supply" is brought forward, and thus practically add another "notice day" to each week. There is, therefore, every reason for some such change as that proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It is much to be regretted that the Select Committee refused in any way to deal with the question of repeated motions for adjournment. Two proposals were before them—one, that upon any motion for adjournment having been made and withdrawn or negatived, no such motion should be renewed within one hour; the other, that when the adjournment of a debate has been moved no member should speak to such motion upon the subject-matter of the debate, but only upon the question of adjournment. Both these propositions were negatived without a division, and the evil therefore continues, that a small minority may entirely set at nought the opinions and action of the majority by repeated motions for adjournment. By way of out-heroding Herod, this practice has been so improved upon during the late session, that when the Government wished to fix the continuation of a particular discussion for the following day, to which certain members objected, the latter pertinaciously moved *the adjournment* of the debate upon the time of adjournment, and, having been ruled to be in order, were of course victorious, although the adjournment of a debate from one day to the next, or to some other future time, would appear to ordinary mortals to be a question which, from its very nature, must necessarily be decided on the moment, and be itself susceptible of no adjournment.

Another point was left unnoticed by the committee, upon which some improvement might possibly be effected—viz., the time occupied in taking divisions, which was stated (Question 243) to have amounted to fifty hours—equal to *five days' sittings* of the House, during the session of 1870, in which there were 240 divisions, and must, of course, have reached a higher figure during the session of 1871, which exceeded its predecessor by some thirty divisions. It is at present in the power of any member to force a division upon a reluctant House, provided he can obtain one friend to "tell" the numbers with him. Of course, it rarely happens that a member stands entirely alone in his opinion upon the question before the House, although even this contingency has before now arisen, and the House has thus been saved from the inconvenience and obstruction to business which would otherwise have followed. Instances, however, are by no means infrequent in which an obviously small minority forces the House to a division in defiance of the general wish. This is another instance of the want of control on the part of the whole House over its component parts. During the discussions upon the Ballot Bill, Mr. Beresford-Hope, impatient at the silence preserved by his opponents, exclaimed, upon one occasion, "If you will not talk, we will make you walk;" and after his usual hearty laugh at his own witticism, proceeded to enforce a totally useless division upon a wearied House,

in the early part of the month of August, when every moment was precious. It would be difficult, and probably undesirable, to deprive individual members of their power of calling a division; nor need resort be had to so extreme a measure, in order to effect the saving of time which is desired. It is, however, worth consideration, whether it might not be left in the Speaker's power, after his decision has been challenged, to call on the minority to stand up in their places, and whether the House might not then take upon itself to decide by voice whether or no a division should be taken. This, however, is only one of many suggestions which might be made. The obvious objection to all is the desirability of having the votes of members recorded upon important questions, for the benefit of their constituents and the country, and the difficulty of effecting this under any other system of division-taking than one similar to the present. It is, in fact, a balance of inconveniences, and it is difficult to devise a remedy which would be perfectly satisfactory.

Enough has been said, to indicate the necessity of improvement. It has been attempted in this article to point out some of the defects which surround our present parliamentary system. It is futile to deny that the machinery which sufficed for our fathers is unsuited to the House of Commons of the present day. Oil and clean it as you may, the substitution of new works has become a necessity for the efficient working of the machine. "This is an age of discussion," says Sir Erskine May; he might have said, "of overflowing discussion," and no remedy will be found efficacious for our present complaints until we put our insular pride in our pockets, and condescend to imitate those restrictions upon unlimited talk which have, in some shape or other, been adopted by every other constituent assembly. Little by little this conviction is growing upon those who fairly consider the subject. What sane man would entrust the management of his private affairs to 658 individuals, however exalted their capacity? But, if compelled to do so, he would probably evince his sanity in the first instance, by either limiting their talking power, or dividing the business among them.

This is the alternative scheme to the adoption of a system of *clôture*. It is treated of by Sir Erskine May in the shape of a suggestion to refer to large committees of the House a certain portion of its business. But although every suggestion from such a quarter is worthy of serious consideration, the entire delegation by the House of any material part of its functions to a smaller body is a change which should be avoided, if possible, and which would be liable to much abuse. The real remedy may be secured without having recourse to such an alteration. It is to be found in the assumption by the House, collectively, of a power over its own proceedings in debate, which it now permits to be practically exercised—but only in the direction of prolongation—by its individual members. Should the principle of the *clôture* be adopted, modifications and restrictions in its application may be considered; but so long as the sanction of Parliament is withheld from that principle—that is to say, so long as the House of Commons, which trusts so much in the working of its rules to the forbearance and discretion of its members, hesitates to trust its own collective forbearance and discretion, with the power of remedying the evil results of the want of such qualities in individuals—so long will the ears of the House be wearied by dreary platitudes, legislation be impeded by obstructive egotists, and the boasted parliamentary system of England rapidly degenerate into a scandal to her own people, and to the other civilized nations of the world.

PATTY.

CHAPTER LIII.

PARTED.

"ARE you in earnest?" said Paul, but the look he gave his wife asked a much more severe question.

For a moment Nuna felt as if she had acted guiltily in going to Park Lane without asking leave of her husband.

On the whole, she had come home happier than when she went out. She had been taken away from herself and her own sorrow, by sympathy for Roger; and then by the undefinable interest with which Patty managed always to inspire those who approached her, an interest mingled just now in Nuna with a sort of heroic pity, which carried her for the time, as this kind of heroism is apt to do, far above dislike or jealousy.

"Poor thing! one must feel for her; she is so lovely, and she has been badly brought up; and all this prosperity must be very trying. How silly I was to think Paul would like anyone so artificial; there is no simplicity left in her. I remember I used to laugh at Mrs. Fagg for saying Patty was always acting, but she was right; still, if Patty had kept to her own station, I think she would have been happier; she must always be uncomfortable."

Nuna had forgotten all about the sharp twinge of remorse roused by Patty's question. She had spent the evening in remembering Paul's intense love for all that was simple and natural; her poor, thirsting heart taking large refreshing draughts as she reflected on the studied graces and manner of Mrs. Downes.

And now Paul had come in and looked downright angry as she told him her adventures.

"I did not think you could be so foolish," he said.

She had felt nervous in telling him, but that was because of their last talk about Mrs. Downes; it had been such an effort to go to Park Lane, that Nuna felt as if she deserved praise for having accomplished Roger's wishes. She looked surprised and frightened at her husband's reproof.

"What could I do? Oh, Paul! I should have liked to ask you, but Roger insisted——"

"Roger! what claim has Roger on you which can lead you into doing what you must know I should dislike?"

"How could I know it?" Nuna's colour was rising; there was something so hard, so tyrannical in Paul's manner, that her spirit was rising too.

"You might have been sure of it!" and his look told her he considered she had deceived him. "If I had wanted you and Mrs. Downes to be acquainted, I should have taken you to see her. You have plenty of sense, Nuna, and you must have guessed I wished to keep you apart."

Nuna's jealousy flamed up in an instant; if it had not made her blind and deaf to everything but itself, she might have known that her husband would have been less open in speech if he had any special friendship for Patty.

She drew herself up proudly; Paul started at the coldness with which she spoke.

"You give me so little of your time that it did not occur to me you ever thought about me; and really, I hardly see what harm I have done in taking an old servant's message to his daughter."

There was pride in her look and in her voice, ah and in her meaning too, though she strove against it; and Paul misunderstood it: it wounded him to the heart; it was the first time Nuna had ever let him see that she was aware of being well-born.

"All that is such folly, such childish nonsense," he said: "Mrs. Downes's position is very superior to ours, and there's an end of it. I don't want to hear anything more about her."

He turned away, deeply, terribly mortified. Perhaps, if Patty had asked him, he would have consented to take Nuna to Park Lane, but then she would have had all fitting attendance;—she would have had his protection. He was not specially weak with regard to the opinion of others, but he did not choose that the woman he had loved, and who had so wantonly rejected him, should even guess at a flaw in the trust and love of his wife. It seemed to Paul that jealousy had taken Nuna to Patty.

"Nuna is no more the woman I pictured her to myself than she is an angel," he said, and then he wondered at the folly of that night's meditations at Harwich,—the night when he had caught a glimmer of the depth of his wife's love, and of his own neglect,—only a short while ago in time; in thought, in feeling, it seemed so far away!

Nuna kept silence. She felt so proud, so indignant, that it seemed to her she should say something which Paul could not forgive. He did not love her,—she felt reckless of any doubt about that; but the idea of open disagreement, of prolonged anger between husband and wife, shocked her and kept her silent.

"But it is dreadful to be like this," she said, as Love struggled for power in her soul. "Surely if I go and ask him not to be vexed with me, that must make things better." When thoughts like these come, it is wise to act on them headlong; they are among the rare opportunities of life: wait, it may be, for a moment, and the chance as it seemed, or the angel's whisper, has gone from us,—useless.

In came the maid with a letter for Nuna with "immediate" on it, in her father's quaint, crabbed handwriting.

She glanced at Paul. He had taken a book and was reading at the window. Nuna opened her letter.

"Oh, Paul!" She had quite forgotten their quarrel. "She is so ill, perhaps dying; oh, will you read, please? I may go, mayn't I? Could I to-night?"

Paul took the letter unwillingly; he had none of Nuna's elastic power of forgetting annoyance.

"Who's ill?" he said coldly.

"Elizabeth,—Mrs. Beaufort; it does seem so very sad; and I've had such hard thoughts of her, and all this time she has been sorry." Nuna clasped her hands.

Paul read the letter;—only a few words of deep sorrow for the writer's unkindness to Nuna, and an earnest entreaty that she would see her. "I believe I am dying," the letter ended: "I think you will come if you can."

"Mrs. Beaufort is sorry, but she's selfish still," Paul thought, "or she would have left Nuna free about going down."

"You can go to-night if you wish it," he said, gravely, "only I am afraid I can't go with you. I have to begin a portrait of Sir Henry Wentworth to-morrow morning; and he has been so kind, and has taken such a liking to my work, that it seems a risk to break my first appointment; he can make my fortune if he chooses."

Nuna looked up fondly at her husband.

"No one need do that," she said, "you must be famous some day;" and then she went off timidly to the subject of her journey, seeing no response in Paul's grave, fixed look.

"If she is so very ill, a few hours may be of importance. I could take Mary."

"Yes, but I wish I could go with you."

Nuna lingered a moment; but Paul got the time-tables and told her she had only an hour to spare, so she gave up her longing for a more decided peace-making.

She summoned Mary, and began to pack what she wanted.

"I shall only be away a few days," she thought, "and when I come back we will begin life afresh, and I will try to

win Paul's love. Surely, if I try, I must. I cannot believe he likes that poor artificial woman better than he likes me."

What a kiss Paul gave her just before the train started! He did love her, after all; and as she leaned back in the gathering darkness, Nuna felt that strange sickness of hope deferred, mingled with a brooding fear. Had she been wifely, wise even, to go far from her husband, without the heart-to-heart reconciliation, which should have come after these sorrowful days of estrangement?

CHAPTER LIV.

AGAIN AT ASHTON.

PAUL had telegraphed for the fly to be in readiness at Ashton station; but it was past ten o'clock before Nuna reached the Rectory.

Something in the familiar sounds of servants' voices, in the atmosphere full of almond perfume from the starry clematis on the verandah, stirred Nuna's heart strongly. She was crying as she met her father in the inner hall. He looked ill and old. She threw both arms round his neck, and sobbed on his shoulder.

Mr. Beaufort gave a little sigh;—he had been feeling like an ivy plant torn rudely from its accustomed support—it was hard to be called on to play the part of elm to the very aid he had sought.

"There, there, my dear, come in my study and have tea; I think you had better not see Mrs. Beaufort till to-morrow; you might excite her."

Nuna tried to calm herself, but it was not easy; every step called back some half-forgotten bit of former life; and when she was fairly seated in the study, she had nearly broken down again.

Mr. Beaufort sat opposite her, but he seemed nervous. Warm as the weather was, he had a fire in the study; he stooped down and struck out a shower of sparks from the whitened logs. Nuna tossed her bonnet on to the sofa. The old, careless action bridged over her period of absence, and her wifehood. Mr. Beaufort only saw in his daughter the vague, unformed girl who had given Bobby Fagg the run of his study table.

"Elizabeth wrote you a beautiful letter," he said in a fretful voice.

"Yes; I long to see her and be of use to her, if I can."

"I hardly think you are fit to nurse," and then, touched a little by her sad eyes, "I mean, you have no experience compared with cook; and Mrs. Fagg comes up every day—she is so thoroughly good a nurse."

"Ah!" Nuna sighed, "but I hope Elizabeth will like me to be with her."

In her heart she wondered why else had she been sent for.

"Yes, yes, of course." Poor Mr. Beaufort had passed several sleepless nights; he was altogether for him in a most unnatural position—he had been an invalid, the invalid of the house all his life; it was hard to be dethroned, to have this fresh anxiety thrust on him. His natural feelings had softened his anger against Nuna, but as he grew used to her presence, it returned.

"I sent you that letter because Mrs. Beaufort wished it; but in my opinion it was uncalled-for—I mean, I think, Nuna, you have quite as much to atone for as she has."

"I—towards Elizabeth!" Nuna felt in a dream.

"I hoped you would have seen it yourself." He got up and stood beside the fire, so that he need not see the eyes so earnestly fixed on his face. "You know how I shrink from any personal discussion; but surely, Nuna, you cannot call your conduct towards us dutiful, or becoming?"

He paused; but she did not speak; she was setting her father's speech beside the shock Patty's words had given her—trying to see the meaning to which she could feel all this pointed; and when hearts, however ignorant, are deeply in earnest, a sudden call of this kind so bewilders the senses that there is nothing on which to found definite words.

He thought she was vexed, and this irritated him.

"You see, the great fault of your character is self-will; you will only act by your own judgment. Now, I dare say in your heart you consider you have not been kindly treated: if you do think this, it is a most complete mistake—it would have been far pleasanter to me to have gone on as we were; but—to begin with—you neglected every sort of domestic duty; and then you were very perverse about marrying. I consider whatever happened afterwards was entirely your doing. Yes, Nuna, the chief unhappiness that has come into my life has been of your making."

Nuna had sat listening, her eyes intently fixed on her father. She could not see much of him, but she could feel that there was a change. There was a reality too in his voice, which gave a weight to the old fretfulness it had never had before.

Was he unhappy with Elizabeth? Yes, she felt sure he was; and he meant that Nuna had been the cause of his marriage.

Self-defence was always deficient in Nuna's nature; the feelings which had been struggling to be understood swept upwards, overbearing any attempt at self-excuse, into an agony of remorse.

She threw herself on her knees, and clasped her arms round her father; but no words would come to help her.

Mr. Beaufort was shocked and distressed.

"Oh, my dear—there—there—pray don't—don't agitate yourself, and me too, by giving way; just now, too, when we all have need of extra strength. Oh, my dear, you'll unnerve yourself, and make yourself useless—quite."

But the words were not the styptic to her agonized flow of feeling that they would have proved a year ago. For weeks, Nuna had been keeping back the outward expression of her sorrow; and now it had found vent, it carried her along with the power of sudden freedom.

"Only say you forgive me, father," she said, passionately. There was none of the old timidity; she was not even crying. Mr. Beaufort was fairly borne along by the strength and genuineness of her appeal.

He stooped down and kissed her; and then tried to raise her.

"There, there—yes, darling; God bless you; I knew you would come right;" and then he hid his own face in his pocket-handkerchief, under cover of blowing his nose.

Nuna rose up, still and calm; a great load seemed lifted off her heart, but it was scarcely lighter: so new a self had been roused into life by her father's words, that she longed to be alone to sift them, and prove their meaning.

Mr. Beaufort rang the bell.

"I had ordered the spare room got ready; but cook and Jane said you would be sure to like your own room best. I dare say you're tired."

Nuna was thankful to say, Yes, and to find herself lighted by Jane up the old staircase.

Jane lingered.

"Shan't I take your things out, miss—ma'am, I ought to say?"

"No, thank you, Jane. I am so very glad to see you again, and cook too. I'll come and have a talk with you to-morrow."

Jane went away; and Nuna stood looking round her, trying to cast herself back into the state of mind she had lived in with those surroundings.

Little change had been made in the arrangement of the room; it almost seemed to her that some one had tried to replace everything in its accustomed position.

And, while she stood gazing, it came to her suddenly that it was here that the old life had seemed most distasteful as she mused over it; it was here that she had thought of life alone with Paul as a state too full of bliss for earth.

Had she been happy? had she made Paul happy?

"Yes, I have been wildly happy sometimes; and did I not say, myself, I preferred that sort of changeful life to a monotonous existence of tepid content?

I thought love would be very different —more the mingling of one heart with another, than this. I thought Paul and I would have known each other's thoughts and wishes before they were spoken."

She sighed; looking back at the old life, she felt herself discontented—wicked, even, at the contrast its dreariness offered beside her new state: and yet she could not, even though she summoned unreal strength—that strength with which a woman often makes herself a temporary heroine to sink beneath her real self when the effort is past—Nuna could not force herself to be resigned; she could not give up the hope of winning her husband to love her more entirely as she wished: and then came back her father's reproaches—had she really power to judge herself rightly at all?

There was a tap at the door, and when she opened it she saw her father, pale, and much agitated.

"I don't know what to do," he said, in a low voice. "Hush! don't speak, or you may make her worse. She keeps on fainting; and I don't know really what to do. Dennis is very unwell, so I can't send for Mrs. Fagg; and Elizabeth does not like me in her room, I know she does not."

"Let *me* go," said Nuna, eagerly.

"*You!*" He looked at her, and shook his head. "I don't want to vex you, my dear, but I really think you would do more harm than good. Nursing requires such unwearied attention and carefulness."

"Yes, I know—I mean, I don't wonder at your distrust, dear, dear papa." She had got his hand in hers, and she kissed it with a fervour that startled him. "You have made me begin to see, to-night, how little I have lived for others. Won't you give me this chance of beginning fresh? Let me only try to do something really to make you happy. If nursing and care can bring Elizabeth back to you, then indeed I will try to save her."

As she spoke, her words grew calmer and sweeter; even her father saw that their first impetuosity had been caused more by the effort at uttering them than because she was unreal. She stood with clasped hands; her eyes liquid with intense but restrained feeling, gazing into her father's face.

He struggled a few moments, and then nature rose up against prejudice, and all the petty hindrances that so often sever loving hearts.

He bent his head to Nuna's; he meant to kiss her forehead; but with her clinging arms round his neck, the poor lonely man's soul found voice at last.

"My darling," he whispered,—and sobs came between his words,—"why did I never find you out before?"

CHAPTER LV.

CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

Mrs. Downes stopped and looked round, to be quite sure her black silk flounces were clear of the dirty gate. "I had made up my mind not to come to Bellamount Terrace till just before we go away, and yet here I am on this muddy day, too, and all because that foolish doll of a woman chose to interfere between me and my father. I shan't forget her manner when she went away. I don't think I've felt so out of temper for months; and I don't forgive people who put me out of temper; it wrinkles my forehead and heats my complexion." Patty's bewitching smile came here; it was too amusing to think that any falling off could come to her beauty.

Her smile seemed to irritate Roger. He had opened the door noiselessly, and anyone less quick of observation would have been taken by surprise; but, as a girl, Patty's motto had been "never to be caught napping," and her observing powers had not grown dulled by luxury.

Roger frowned; and his mouth was so firmly shut, that a series of hard semicircles showed at each corner of it.

"How are you?" said Patty. She

made no effort to kiss him; she shook hands instead. "I am afraid you have been ill again."

"Are you?" He led the way into the parlour. "I've been expecting you, Madam Downes."

Patty did not seat herself. She walked up to the little picture on the mantel-shelf, and looked first at it, then at herself in the misty looking-glass.

Roger watched her; and his anger suddenly burst bounds.

"You're a vain hussy, that you are, and always were. If your husband's fool enough to stand it, well and good. I wish him joy; he'd do well to remember that it's the vain women as brings shame and disgrace to a husband's home far more than the froward or the sour ones."

Patty had flushed angrily at his words, but their stern sound frightened her,—shocked the soft pleasure-seeking soul by the glimpse of broad daylight it seemed to let in. Roger checked himself; he seldom uttered long sentences, and felt half ashamed of having, as he thought, "jawed like any woman:" but he had more to say yet that he meant Patty to listen to.

"Is this what you sent for me to hear?" she said, with the old defiant movement of her head.

"No; I've wasted words, and them's things as I don't often throw away."

Patty gave a little shudder of disgust—he spoke so broadly. Roger saw it.

"Ay, ay, I know all about it; you'd give your right hand, Madam Downes, if ye could put a wide sea atwixt us; an' I don't blame ye, not I."

"Father, how can you?" she began, but he interrupted her.

"Now you just listen, here." He pointed his bony forefinger towards her, a finger which seemed to have more knuckles than of right belonged to it. "So long as you keep straight, I'm content to let ye bide; but don't you go stirring up unhappiness atwixt man and wife, or I'm down on ye. Maybe I know more than you think for, and if Whitmore's fool enough to fret his wife's heart for the likes of you, why"—he scowled at her as he paused for breath—"it's just this: if you don't shut your doors agin him, you won't shut 'em agin me neither. I'll see this smart husband of yourn, and tell him more about you than you mean him to know."

He stopped; but he bent his eyes on her. It seemed as if he expected her to spring at him, or fly off into vehement anger. He had not, in any way, realized the steady hold which daily practice had given Patty over any show of feeling.

She stood a minute, with downcast eyes, choosing her line of conduct. All she cared to do just then was to pacify Roger; and the best way seemed to follow out the lead her feelings had taken at his words.

She pulled out her pocket-handkerchief and wiped her eyes: there were really some tears there; smarting, vexed drops that seemed to sting with sudden pain.

"I know I've not been always what I ought towards you, father; but I thought you didn't care, as some do, for outside show." A little sob here. "I thought, so long as you had the substance, I was of too little consequence to you for you to heed my goings and comings as some might;" then with a sudden change of voice, "I've doubled your allowance," she said reproachfully. "I should have thought that more to your taste than any make-up of dutifulness; and, I must say, it's hard you should listen to that woman against your own child."

Roger's face cleared; his mouth relaxed till his lips parted in surprise, and then a look of doubt came into his restless eyes.

"Thank you," he said; "tho' as I've told you before now, by rights, it ud been me as should have gived the allowance; not you, Patty. You're wrong about Miss Nuna, she told no tales agin you; but if you have done as you say about the money"—he said each word deliberately, while he looked at her keenly—"why, I say again, thank you."

Patty looked away; as yet she had

not made the promised alteration. "But I mean to do it," she thought, "and that's all the same." She went to the mantelpiece and took up the little picture. "You don't mind letting me have this? I'll give it back some day. I want to get it copied."

"Take it." Roger was thinking whether he had said enough in the way of warning. At another time he might have suspected Patty's motive for removing the only link which could prove her connection with Bellamount Terrace; but he was far more intent on the remembrance of Nuna's sorrowful face than on his beautiful daughter.

"You'll not forget what I said a while ago." Patty was putting the picture in her pocket: he could not see the frown his words called up.

"Mind you, Miss Nuna made no complaint; and don't go setting yourself agin her; but it stands to reason it ain't happy for a wife to see her husband going after one as he fancied afore he saw her."

"You're mistaken there." Patty's eyes sparkled with triumph. "Mr. Whitmore saw Nuna Beaufort before ever he set eyes on me; and she knows it. Do you suppose I care about a poor artist like that? not I. If she chooses to be a jealous idiot, it's no fault of mine. Mr. Whitmore came to paint my picture; well, it's finished, and sent home; and I dare say he has got the money for painting it; and I don't suppose he and I are likely to meet again: but I do think it is very hard that you should judge your own daughter to be all wrong, and Nuna Beaufort to be all right;" and Patty swallowed a little indignant sob.

"Well, well; if it's as you say, it's well ended." Even Roger was touched. "But don't think me hard neither; as you brew so you bake; and you know, you was always for getting all the menfolk to yourself and robbing others. You keep your door shut agin Miss Nuna's gentleman, and I'll keep my own counsel."

Patty did not utter a word when she rejoined her companion at the railway station; and Patience had grown so accustomed to her moods that she was aware this was not one to be rashly broken in on.

Passion with Patty was not lasting; but it never passed away without leaving the fruit of a settled purpose. She had rarely been so moved out of herself, as by this discovery of Roger's motive in summoning her to Bellamount Terrace.

The resentment roused by Nuna's lofty coldness had been smouldering—not forgotten; and now, as Mrs. Downes realized that this girl, whom she had hated all her life, who had robbed her—this was Patty's view—of the only man she ever could have loved, had been at the pains to stir up her own father against her, the old hatred flamed out again. Patty reminded herself that one of the first joys of her inheritance had been the consciousness that, one day, she would have power to humble Nuna Beaufort.

"She shall be humbled, too. She has brought it on herself. I'll teach her the difference between us;" and she lay back in the carriage, thinking.

Patty had not owned it to herself distinctly; her conscience had grown tough, but still she had a consciousness of deep mortification. Paul had not called once since the last sitting; and a faint blush tinged the beautiful face as she remembered her efforts, that day, to fascinate him. She did not enter personally into this question; but in summing up Nuna's offences her foolish jealousy headed the list. No doubt Mrs. Whitmore had made the poor man's life miserable when she found out he had been painting her portrait, and he kept away from Park Lane just for the sake of peace. "He shall come, though," she said, "even if I ask her to come with him."

Mrs. Downes turned suddenly to Patience.

"Tell Newton to drive to St. John Street; I want some alterations made to that picture; and I may as well return Mrs. Whitmore's visit."

Patience began a remonstrance; but the words died away, there was so determined a look in the blue eyes.

Mrs. Whitmore was not at home.

"Mrs. Whitmore's gone into the country for some days."

"Where to, ma'am?" The powdered giant touched his hat.

Patty sat thinking; a plan had been growing in her scheming brain. Lord Charles Seton had told her of his meeting with Paul Whitmore, and he had also expressed a wish to have the artist's companionship in an excursion he had planned for the coming autumn.

At the time, Mrs. Downes had paid little heed to the proposal. She had looked at Lord Charles's sketches, and praised them; and felt rather bored at having to talk to him about anything except herself; but now this remembrance came back vividly. It was just the clue she wanted; she could amuse herself, and punish Nuna by the same stroke; and Mrs. Whitmore's absence from St. John Street placed her completely at Patty's mercy.

"There is no prestige in being admired by Paul; but I like it: his appreciation of beauty is quite of another order to Lord Charles's; he shall come to Park Lane while she is away, and I'll take care she knows of his coming; and Paul shall go abroad with Lord Charles, too. Why should we not all go together?"

She ordered to be driven to Queen's Gate; and then she went on planning. It seemed to her that she must not trust Patience. It must have been from her companion, that her father knew so much of her proceedings.

"Miss Coppock,"—Patty looked grave; she began to be aware that Patience suspected her smile,—"I must call on Mrs. Winchester, and I promised Mr. Downes I would drive out with him at six o'clock. I would not keep him waiting on any account, so you had better take a cab and go home with my message."

It would have been simpler to leave Patience in the carriage; but Patty's nature was incapable of simplicity, either in thought or action.

CHAPTER LVI.

COUSINLY.

Mrs. Winchester sat in state in her vast drawing-room, at the opposite end to that by which Patty came in.

Some people of timid nature and excitable nerves, feel dismayed when they have to make these solitary pilgrimages to the point where the mistress of all the state and splendour they traverse awaits them.

Even for her cousin's wife, Mrs. Winchester made no forward movement; but, as Patty approached, she rose from her lounging attitude, rustled out her ample skirts, and gave a little nod of welcome.

Mrs. Winchester was proud of her rooms. She considered decorations of walls and ceilings in any purely artistic fashion simple waste; her rooms ought to be as much like everybody else's rooms as possible; and everybody sat and walked upon representations of birds, and flowers, and Cupids, and even birds' nests full of eggs. Therefore, it was the right thing to do.

"If you only trust all to a good upholsterer," said the faded Juno, "you are sure to be fashionable, and have things as they should be. Why, I left even my mantelpiece, and the hanging of my pictures, and the arrangement of the old china, to the upholsterer."

She said this to her cousin's wife, by way of suggestion; for she considered Maurice Downes far too much inclined to take up with eccentric ideas of taste.

"Yes," said Patty, sweetly, "I see what you mean: everything in your room looks as if it had been done for you right off, it all looks so new and nice. What does your protégé Mr. Whitmore say to it all?"

"My protégé! He would not like you to say that; he is a very rising artist indeed: people tell me I am very fortunate to have been painted by him."

"I think you are." Patty spoke quietly; but Mrs. Winchester looked affronted.

"I suppose you mean we all are. Maurice seems delighted with yours. Pray, when am I to see this portrait of yours, Elinor?"

"That is exactly what I came for." Patty had managed to avoid Mrs. Winchester's hints about seeing the picture in progress. "I thought, you know, you would judge of it so much better in the frame; the gilding, and all that, improves a picture, just as dress improves a *passée* woman."

"Any woman, you mean?" Mrs. Winchester felt rather as a soft comfortable mole must feel, when he meets a hedgehog unawares.

"Oh dear, no." Patty's smile grew sweeter at the discomfiture in those lustreless, colourless eyes. "Some people look actually charming in a dressing gown. Why, there's Venus; I suppose the reason that she's always shown undraped is, because she was too really beautiful to need any adornment in the way of dress."

Mrs. Winchester looked at the beautiful face with severe horror.

"I don't know anything about Venus's dress, I'm sure. I don't think Venus is meant to be talked of, at all; one only looks at her." Patty's eyes were beaming with mischief; but she grew grave as she remembered that she must not irritate her cousin too much; she had not accomplished the object of her visit.

"Now, when will you come and see my portrait? Lord Charles Seton dines with us on Tuesday. Can you come? I should so like you to meet him."

"Lord Charles Seton! of course I will, my dear Elinor. I had promised the Stephen Winchesters; but Charles must manage to go to them alone, and I will come to you. I know so many friends of Lord Charles Seton's, that it will be pleasant to meet him."

Patty smiled. Mrs. Winchester had tried more than once to be asked to meet some of her cousins' titled acquaintances.

"And I know Lord Charles will be pleased." Patty looked as if a signal favour had been granted. "Can you bring Mr. Whitmore?" she said, carelessly. "Lord Charles wants to meet him, and I don't quite know how to manage. You see, we don't visit Mr. Whitmore; and Maurice would not, I think, like to invite a person of that kind in such an intimate way. We only have artists and those sort of people at large parties; but, if you were to bring him as your friend, it would be quite different; in fact, you must manage it for me, dear, for I have quite promised Lord Charles."

Mrs. Winchester was proud of Paul's friendship; she had even called on Nuna, and had pronounced her charming; but she was ashamed to be less exclusive than this wife of Maurice's, whom she yet believed to be a nobody after all.

"I can bring him, of course, my dear; he will be quite flattered; and it will be, no doubt, a great advantage to him in all ways."

Even then, Patty could not spare her husband's cousin.

"Yes, it must be such a great advantage to be considered your friend. Very well, then, I count on you for Tuesday."

"What a fool that woman is!" she thought, while she leaned back in her carriage. "Give a footman a title, and set her beside him, and she'd worship. It's only the title; she don't care for anything that goes along with it. Well, perhaps she is only like the rest of the world."

Mrs. Downes went home and wrote a note to Lord Charles Seton. She must see him before he met Paul; she was determined the two men should go abroad together; and she was also determined on accompanying them; but it was necessary that the proposal should not seem to be hers.

"Of course I have only to say, I wish it, and Maurice will agree; but then, there is that tiresome, suspicious Patience, and I want her to be taken completely by surprise. She might write to Mrs. Whitmore, and upset everything."

CHAPTER LVII.

PATTY'S LETTER.

"NUNA, dear, don't be away long," said the weak weary voice behind the bed-curtains, "I miss you so."

Nuna gave a pleased, grateful smile, and moved quietly out of the room.

She had only been a few days at Ashton, but she had grown quickly used to her new position. She had taken her place by Elizabeth's bedside on that sadly anxious night, and she had scarcely left it since. When her stepmother regained consciousness and recognized her, Nuna checked the broken words that faltered from the sick woman by a loving kiss; and the sentence just uttered was the first expression of thankfulness she had received; but Elizabeth's eyes had spoken, and, in the new atmosphere of love and confidence in which Nuna found herself, her being seemed to expand; her power of thought and care for others developed with the suddenness with which such a power grows in a loving nature, from which it has not been actively claimed. For the first time she found her easy, gentle movements actually useful; they seemed to soothe her patient.

Mrs. Fagg's quiet, cheerful presence in the sick room had been very helping, though Nuna had scarcely had any talk with her—anxiety had been too urgent—but her impressionable nature learned more of nursing in those few hours of association than she could have thought possible.

It was Mrs. Fagg who had now come up from the "Bladebone" to take Nuna's place, for an hour or two, with Mrs. Beaufort.

"You'll be sure to lie down now, won't you, ma'am?"—she followed Nuna out on to the landing—"and there's a letter for you on the study table."

Nuna sped down stairs. She had not expected to hear again from Paul.

She had received one kind little note, in which he told her he had made a new acquaintance, Lord Charles Seton. "I met him at Sir Henry Wentworth's. He has a capital face for painting; and when I told him I had been wanting a face like his for my Academy picture, he offered in the frankest way to sit to me. He is really charming. You must see him when you come home."

Nuna had read this note over and over and kissed it, and committed those follies some wives are apt to commit at sight of a husband's letter; but yet she had sighed—sighed. She would almost have preferred some blame if the rest of the letter had been lover-like. She had written to him so fondly, and now she felt ashamed of her words. She knew her letter must have crossed Paul's; "he will think mine exaggerated and silly," she had said.

Therefore, at Mrs. Fagg's announcement, her eyes glowed with rapture; this was an answer to all the silliness she had blushed for.

She was so glad to find the study empty. She saw nothing in the room but that piece of white on the blackness of the writing table.

"Not Paul's!" The glow faded; the large dark eyes brimmed over in an instant; there was no one there to see her, and Nuna stood beside the table and cried.

"What a baby I am!"—a bright smile came as she wiped her eyes,—"is this the way I am going to act out my good resolutions? I thought I was not to think of self any more. Am I for ever going to be satisfied with intentions only?"

You see, Nuna had had more time for actual self-communion in those long hours beside her stepmother's bed than she had ever had in her life before; and truth comes out fearlessly when there is no sunshine to shame her nakedness; she has no need of the veils and wrappings which have a way of disguising her altogether.

Nuna opened the letter; the handwriting was quite unknown, but instinct told her, at once, who was her correspondent.

She changed colour while she read; indignant surprise and fear chased each other as she went on; but when she ended, a look of determined indignation was paramount.

The letter was from Patty.

"Dear Mrs. Whitmore,

"Your husband has been dining with us, and we have planned to go abroad together in a week's time. I dare say Mr. Whitmore will write and tell you all about it; but as I know husbands are forgetful, I think it better to invite you myself to join our party.

"I fancy you will like to go with us, although I believe artists never take their wives about with them on their sketching expeditions, and you are doubtless often left alone, and are used to it. I think this little holiday will be highly advantageous to your husband. Mr. Downes has most influential foreign acquaintances, and you may be sure he will recommend Mr. Whitmore to their notice; and your husband is such a real friend of mine, that I feel we shall enjoy our journey together. I take Miss Coppock with me, so that you will always have a companion, even if I cannot be at your service.

"I hope you will come.

"Yours truly,

"Elinor M. Downes."

Nuna rose up, dilating with passion.

"Insolent—yes, I will go; I will not yield Paul tamely up to the amusement of this woman. She does not love him; she could not write of him in this way if she did; but she will not give up his admiration. Oh, how can one woman be so cruel to another!"

She could not follow Mrs. Fagg's advice. There was no use in lying down; her whole body was full of movement; in her vehement anger against Patty the blood seemed to course through her veins like fire. She excused Paul for dining in Park Lane; he might have told her, perhaps, but then it might have been a sudden invitation, unlooked for, when he wrote his note.

Mr. Beaufort came in; and her indignation had to pause: he was more cheerful than usual; he had begun already to look forward to these stray bits of chat with his daughter. It was a change to find her sweet, loving eyes with a welcome in them, after his late loneliness.

And Nuna had specially exerted herself to amuse him,—had been more like the arch, bright child of former days than the absent, dreamy girl of the months that had followed Mary's death. To-day, she forgot all her new resolutions; forgot her father's presence, even. She sat silent, self-absorbed, till Mr. Beaufort's weary sighs roused her.

He was tired; his head ached; now he came to think of it, he had a nervous pain in his knee, which made him feel quite sick. The clock struck; and Nuna looking at her watch saw that it was time to release Mrs. Fagg. She felt miserable; she must go now, and leave her poor sad father to his hipped fancies; if she had only been less selfish, if she had thought of him, she might have changed his whole atmosphere of thought, and have let in such a flood of sunny brightness, that even when alone his brooding fretfulness would have been scared away.

She left him as heavy-hearted as she was herself.

"There's no good in me at all," she thought, sadly: "I may have the will to improve, but I've no memory for it;—as careless in that as in the rest."

Mrs. Beaufort slept sounder to-night, and Nuna slept too.

When she opened her eyes, and saw the room full of light, it seemed to her that she was dreaming. Surely the night had not gone; she had had no rest in sleep; she had been moving from one place to another, always in pursuit of Patty—Patty, who had seemed for ever indistinct, though not invisible; and who held a black screen between Nuna and her husband.

Nuna rose softly from the sofa on which she had been lying, and passed into the dressing-room adjoining. She opened the window. How genially the fresh pure air rushed in to release the fevered atmosphere of the sick room! How sweetly the birds were twittering to each other! The calves were bleating

for their mothers in the yard hard by; there was that cheerful stir of country life which tells that another day has begun, and that men and dumb creatures are alike up and ready for it, going forth to their labour with willingness and good cheer.

"And I am not ready for another day," Nuna sighed. "Each day makes my load heavier. Oh, if I could only forget it all!"

The postman's horn sounded earlier than usual.

Jane came up presently with Mrs. Beaufort's breakfast, and a letter for Mrs. Whitmore.

Paul's handwriting this time. Nuna's heart throbbed so, that she stayed in the dressing-room to read. She feared Elizabeth would notice her agitation.

It was only a short letter, to tell her he had been asked to join Lord Charles Seton on a sketching expedition in the interior of France, and Spain; he did not count on being away more than a month or so.

"I will not go if you really dislike the plan," he ended, "but I frankly tell you I am pleased at the prospect of seeing Spain, with some one who has already been there. Write, and tell me what you think about it."

Nuna put the letter down, and passed her hand across her forehead, to clear her brain, as it were, from the mist that obscured it.

What was this — falsehood — from Paul?

"Why does he say nothing about her?" she cried, in anguish. "Does he not think I could bear anything easier than deceit? What shall I do? Oh, I shall go mad!"

She had thought Paul cold and neglectful, and careless of her love; but to deceive her! She had never felt as she did now—his judge.

And yet it was not the same sort of tempest that had risen in her soul at sight of Patty's picture. Something in the truth of Nuna's love told her that Paul was true, although he did not love her; and though this last thought was bitter, and though her jealousy still tried at intervals to gain a hearing, still she could not believe that such a woman as Patty could win more than admiration from her husband. The agony which gnawed at her heart, which took all light and colour from her hopes of winning Paul's love, was his want of trust.

"I see it now," she said, while scalding tears blistered the letter she still held, though she could no longer see it. "He cannot forget my jealousy; he will not mention her name, because he thinks I should never consent to his going with her. In his mercy for my silliness, he would not have told me of any companion beside Lord Charles Seton. Ah, Paul! Paul!" she sobbed, "you might have trusted your poor, foolish, little wife. Neither love nor trust! How am I to live out my life without either! If I could only die and leave him free!"

"Second thoughts are best;" "Impulse is often a dangerous guide;" and yet, in spite of these two sage maxims, one rarely repents of having answered a letter in the first flush of affectionate feeling.

But Mrs. Beaufort was so disturbed at sight of Nuna's red eyes and swollen eyelids, that she grew restless and feverish; and some hours passed away before Nuna had leisure or quiet.

Her feelings had had time to chill when Mrs. Fugg came to release her.

It was plain that Paul wished to go; and that he had no thought of or desire for her presence on the journey—why should she thwart him?

"If he can be happy away from me for so long, why should I interfere? He certainly will not love me any the better for keeping him against his will, and from what he evidently considers enjoyment."

She writhed at this, but she was fast hardening against her husband.

There is this fearful result attached to selfishness that it never contents itself with injury to its producer; almost every selfish act tends to harden some one or other against whom it is exercised; and, just as water has the magical power

of drawing water to itself, selfishness develops the same quality which may have been lying latent elsewhere.

Nuna's would hardly have been called a selfish nature. She had not lived actively for herself; but she had never yet realized the lesson that must be learned sooner or later—and for her own real happiness the sooner a woman learns it the better—that she must live actively for those among whom her lot is cast; and that she may, if she so wills, change every little cross and vexation of daily life, into a sacrifice of love—not in that way of self-conscious martyrdom which is only another form of selfishness, but the hidden joy of a heart which is striving, ever so unworthily, to tread the way of the Cross.

Nuna sat thinking.

"Am I never to come to reality in my life?" she said; but there were no streaming eyes now; the slender fingers lay listlessly in her lap: they were not twisting and writhing as they had in the morning. "I never remember a time when I was not looking forward; how long is this to go on?" She got up, and paced up and down her bedroom. Women like Nuna keep their childhood longer than others; but when they develop, and it is usually some outer shock which causes this development, the growth is startling.

"I am not a child." She stopped suddenly, and looked round her: all those tiny trifles, left untouched in her room, memories of the vague dreamy time which suddenly swept away from her for ever, had lost interest in her eyes. "I shall never have more faculties than I have now—I shall never have any one to depend on, or consult." Some sobs tried for escape, but she kept them back. "I shall never be younger or prettier—if I ever was pretty:" a scornful pity for herself curled her lips. "Why should I think I can ever be more attractive to Paul than I have been? He only cares for looks in a woman; and he does not care for mine. He doesn't dislike me—his note shows that; besides, till now, I don't think he has tried to deceive me; but he and I understand love differently—which of us is right, I wonder?"

Nuna kept walking up and down, thinking; still thinking. Time was slipping away; she knew that Mrs. Fagg's visit would soon be over, and then she must return to her post.

The longer she thought, the more useless it seemed to her to indulge hope as to her future life with Paul.

Once a wild idea had come of going away, hiding herself—and so leaving him free to choose a wife who could win his love; but though the weeds of neglect had choked much of Nuna's early teaching, her good angel had not been quite repulsed; something within her shrank from a wilful breaking of her marriage vow.

At last, a resolution came; and in her over-wrought state she thought it must be right, because it would give her pain to act it out.

"I must go back to Paul—there is no help for it." She stopped and suppressed, with renewed self-contempt, the leap her heart gave at the thought of seeing him again, "but I must try to live his life, not my own. I must not think him wrong because he cannot love as I love. How do I know that my wild, undisciplined nature has not made me more craving after love than other women are? I used to laugh at Elizabeth's notions. Was she right, after all? She seems only calmly fond of my father. Mrs. Bright, too—how she is able to talk of her dead husband quietly, peacefully, as if he had only been her friend. Surely, if I strive for indifference, it must come; and then, when Paul no longer fears being tormented by my jealousy or my love, he may at least treat me with confidence."

She sat down, and wrote, keeping watch on every word, lest it should show any impatience of his absence, or anxiety for his return: she tried to write simply, as if Patty's letter had never reached Ashton, and yet, spite of herself, the guarded words had a chill in them which expressed haughtiness and displeasure.

She finished it at last, and fastened the envelope.

"I have thought too long already; I will send it without more delay."

She went towards the sick room: Jane came out of the door as she reached it.

"I've been sitting with mistress, please, ma'am. Mrs. Fagg said, as you looked so poorly, you mustn't be disturbed: she's been gone this half-hour. It's too late for the letter, ma'am," she added, glancing at Nuna's hand.

CHAPTER LVIII.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Some days have gone by; the weather has changed; it ought not to be autumn yet, but there is a chilly feel in the evening air. Mrs. Downes shivers as she sits on board the steamer, and she sends Miss Coppock down to fetch warmer wrappings. Lying on the deck near her, almost at her feet, is Lord Charles Seton; and the two men pacing up and down, while they smoke, are Paul Whitmore and Mr. Downes.

Both are silent; and both, though the previous talk between them would not have led them to guess it, are thinking of their wives—thinking, too, that they have respectively just cause for dissatisfaction with them.

Marriage has acted differently on these men, as it must always act on diverse degrees of love. Mr. Downes has been selfish and worldly, but he married his wife only because he loved her; and the very disappointment her cold return to his affection caused, has developed in her husband a patience and an unselfishness which perhaps nothing else might have elicited: the most unselfish wives do not always belong to the least selfish husbands.

Paul often asked himself lately why he had married his wife. The impression that Nuna had made on his fancy, he knew, would easily have been obliterated, and he found himself deprived of the freedom which he considered belonged to him, by the presence of a companion he seemed to have no power of making happy.

"Nuna is discontented by nature," he said to himself, as they paced up and down. "Of course she is superior in many ways to Patty; but how easily she takes life! it refreshes one to hear her silvery laugh, even when she laughs at nothing."

But Paul's face grew graver as he thought of Nuna's last letter; he considered it sullen and rebellious.

"I shall take my time about writing again," he thought. "I can quite fancy she wrote that letter off in a fit of temper. I never knew Nuna had a temper till that affair of the picture. She's jealous again, I suppose, that I should get beyond her apron-string. Well, she must come to her senses. I will write, as soon as we make a decided halt, and tell her where to address letters. I dare say she's happy enough; in that first letter she said they were all so kind."

At the remembrance of that first letter a thrill of keen disappointment made itself felt. Any one looking at Paul's determined face would have said there was a spasm of jealous anger there—but it was anger against himself. He had read Nuna's first note hurriedly, but its lovingness brought back for a moment the self-created vision he had had during his lonely watch on the pier.

He would not have nourished resentment against his wife if he had been better satisfied with himself. He was not quite so much to blame as Nuna had thought him, for when Patty wrote to his wife, Mr. Downes had only given a half consent to the foreign journey; and it had been at first arranged that Paul and Lord Charles Seton should start together, and join the others at Bruges. But when this plan had been overruled by Mrs. Downes's quiet tact, it seemed to Paul that it would only vex Nuna, and that, as he meant to keep aloof from the Downes's, there was no occasion to tell his wife the names of all his travelling companions.

As to his visit to Park Lane, he had gone to meet Lord Charles Seton, and really no husband was bound to tell his wife where he passed all his time during her absence; and yet, though he said all this to himself, Paul Whitmore was not happy, or content.

"It is all her fault!" His companion's silence gave his thoughts no respite.

"I begin to fancy Nuna is coming out in a truer light . till now I seem never to have understood her. She seemed a sweet timid creature, without a will of her own. I hate men to ill-use their wives. I'm sure I have always been kind to Nuna—I always mean to be kind—but if she thinks I am going tamely to submit to be managed, she is very much mistaken."

He gave a long weary sigh at the picture his words had called up—a life spent with a jealous woman—jealous of every word or look which he might give to any other, and jealous and exacting as to her own rights.

"Pritchard was right," he said, sullenly. "I ought never to have married unless I could have found some one easy-tempered and indulgent enough to adapt herself to my erratic ways. I am not like other men; and if Nuna really loved me, she would have found that out. My mother always understood me; but then, was there ever a woman like my mother?"

It is a holy and happy thought for a mother to look forward to this sort of canonization in a son's memory; but for the sake of that son's future happiness, and the partner who will share it, it might be well if mothers would teach their darlings to live a little for the happiness of others. Slavish worship, however aptly precepts may be uttered along with it, must teach active selfishness.

An impatient turn in the midst of the walk made Paul look at his companion.

Mr. Downes left him, and went up to his wife.

"Won't you come and walk up and down, Elinor? I think you may take cold, sitting there."

"Thank you, no; I am so comfortable. Miss Coppock has brought me a warm shawl;"—she smiled sweetly in her husband's face—"go back to Mr. Whitmore, Maurice; he gets dull if he is left alone."

But Mr. Downes had been remarking the careless ease of Lord Charles Seton's admiration; he did not choose it to be shown so publicly on the open deck of the steamer. Mr. Downes loved his wife too well to think she would persist in encouraging this admiration if he showed decided disapproval.

"I really think you had better walk up and down," he said, in so grave a voice that Patty looked up with an amused smile on her lips. She saw the vexation in his face.

"You dear old fidget," she said, but she made no attempt to move, and her eyes were not smiling.

Lord Charles looked at Mr. Downes, and he began to have a dim consciousness that all was not as bright as it seemed, and that he was rather in the way. He got up, and strolled after Paul.

Patty sat waiting till he was out of hearing; but her husband's impatience broke loose.

"Why don't you do what I ask? I'm tired of this nonsense." He spoke so roughly, that the blue eyes were raised to his in sudden, unfeigned wonder. Patty was not surprised at her husband's vexation, but she was disturbed that he had found courage to express it; she was disconcerted, too; it seemed to her that the tactics which De Mirancourt had assured her would prove infallible in keeping well with her husband had not succeeded. This sort of behaviour was unjustifiable on his part. She never interfered with him in anything—why should he interfere with her?

"Poor Maurice! I thought he understood himself better. He always says he takes pride and pleasure in seeing me admired. What has Lord Charles done that Maurice has not seen done by others a hundred times before?"

And as long as Mr. Downes was ignorant that Patty could prefer any

one's society to his own, he had delighted in the homage paid to her; and, if Patty had loved him, he would have been safe in this delight, even if the worship paid her had been doubled. There is something shielding in love, even in women who have but vague ideas of a higher safeguard. When husband and wife are truly one—only halves when separated—love makes a woman callous to all but one opinion; perhaps, the truest and most single-hearted wives are the most simple and the least addicted to primness in their dealings with other men, because it could not occur to them to find any companionship equal to that of their husbands.

But Mr. Downes had gradually, and against his will, arrived at a doubt most humiliating to his self-esteem, and to a higher and better feeling than mere self-esteem. Just now as he came up to Patty and her companions, he had seen a look of weariness, of annoyance even, come upon his wife's face, and this was caused by his approach; she was plainly happier without him. It was not his first warning, but he had been incredulous; and in London Mrs. Downes had been more guarded; she had no simplicity to enable her to dare the world's opinion. Lord Charles Seton, too, had been so bewitched by Patty's picturesque appearance in travelling gear, far more becoming to her loveliness than the dazzling attire she delighted in, that he had forgotten everything as he sat there gazing up into her eyes with undisguised admiration.

His creed was that all beauty was made to be looked at. He had a way of thanking heaven he was free from prejudices, and ancient errors, and of talking of extinct superstitions and the modern growth of thought; he had picked up these notions orally at the university, and probably understood as much about the first as the last. He was the son of a Duke, he was very attractive both in person and manners, and he expected to succeed to a large property on the death of his cousin, Sir Henry Wentworth; but Paul Whitmore had already discovered him to be shallow-witted and ignorant, and altogether a most undesirable acquaintance for Mrs. Downes.

Patty had not answered her husband: she wanted him to reconsider the tone in which he had spoken; presently he said more quickly,—

"You will get chilled if you sit too long. Come and walk up and down."

"That's better," said Patty to herself; "but not right yet. He never must get his own way: it doesn't do for men; if they get it once, then they want to have it always."

"How you tease, you dear old Maurice! Why can't you sit down by me?"

Mr. Downes felt ashamed of himself; he was just beginning a penitent speech.

Patty turned her head ever so little to look after the two smokers, and her husband saw the movement; he made no effort to sit beside his wife; he stood stiff, and sullen.

"You must put an end to this nonsense at once, Elinor. I am not blaming you; I dare say you don't know it, but you will attract attention, and you'll have that young fool in love with you if you give him this kind of encouragement."

Patty sank back among her cushions, and clapped her hands.

"You dear, old thing,"—she laughed as if she were carried out of herself by the absurdity of her husband's words; "in love with me! How good that is, and how ungrateful you are; all this time I have been making myself a martyr. I have given up that clever Mr. Whitmore, who really can talk, that you might have him all to yourself, and actually I have tried to amuse that overgrown schoolboy, just to keep him from disturbing you. He bores Mr. Whitmore to death, I can see, by his amateur notions of art. I'm ashamed of you, Maurice. In love! why, it would be most amusing. I suppose you'll be jealous of your young brothers when they come to see me; I shall just punish you, and make them fall in love with me. If you are going to be jealous, dear, don't begin with a boy! Very

well, you shall have your own way: to-morrow I expect you to take this good-looking bore off my hands and let me amuse myself with Mr. Whitmore; at least, you will not be jealous of *him*, I imagine."

Mr. Downes looked sheepish, and still rather sullen, but he sat down beside her in silence. Patty offered him half of her warmest cloak, and drew it round him with her dimpled velvet hand and looked sweetly into his eyes; and although it was in her husband's mind to ask her to let the two young men amuse each other, and reserve her companionship for himself, he shrank from that silvery laughter and felt as if it would be priggish; and for the time peace was restored.

CHAPTER LIX.

AN APPEAL.

Days were slipping rapidly away, shortening as each went by. The fields grew more and more golden; scarlet, and blue, and ragged yellow flowers took the places of their more softly tinted fellows. The hedges, too, were fast putting on a fruit livery; only the wild clematis lingered, gracing every bush as it flung out over them its twining pennons.

But Nuna saw none of the lovely painting by which Nature was gradually changing summer into autumn; her days were spent in feverish impatience.

Every morning brought a new despair, only conquered by the fresh hope that sprang from it, that the next post might bring a letter from her husband. He had not written once since he went away; the only answer to her acceptance of his proposal had been a telegram, telling her they were starting three days sooner than he had expected.

In the reaction that came to Nuna after she had despatched her letter, she had almost resolved to hurry up to London, and bid her husband at least an affectionate farewell; but the telegram proved that this idea had come too late; and she could not leave Mrs. Beaufort: she felt sure there must be risk in giving her any cause for agitation.

But in the days that had gone by since then, the invalid had mended rapidly; her clinging to Nuna seemed to strengthen, and the irritation which convalescents always vent on one or other of their attendants appeared to have concentrated itself on her husband, instead of on his daughter.

"She *is* fractious, and no mistake," Mrs. Fagg remarked, when poor Mr. Beaufort had gone out of the room looking as if he had been whipped; "but, dear me, Miss Nuna, it's only natural; it's all that there restlessness and want of sleep coming out on the tongue. You see when married folk get crooked it's orkard for 'em to get straight unless they're by theirselves." Nuna turned away so as to hide her face from observation, but Mrs. Fagg went on, "Why, bless you, ma'am, if Dennis was to say—I don't say he do—but if he forgot himself and spoke cross to me when we was alone, I should shake it off as a dog does water; but before folk may be it would be different. Bless you, it's just one of the ways which shows us the poor silly things we are."

Nuna looked round at the landlady. She had been used to Mrs. Fagg's condemnation of others, it was new to hear her put herself on the list; and yet, something undefinable except in a general softening of voice and look had told her before to-day that the past year had worked some change in the mistress of the "Bladebone."

"How is that?" Nuna smiled.

"Put it to yourself, ma'am, if Mr. Whitmore was to speak, I'll say careless like: well, if you was with him alone, you'd go, I know you would,"—Nuna was blushing deeply at this home-thrust,—"and put your arms round his neck, or hold up your face to be kissed; you'd think it was your fault, fast enough. Bless you, Miss Nuna, you was always the same; them's sillinesses, no doubt, for the men have their tempers as well

as ourselves, but there's sillinesses as is safe and as is meant to be, because you see their pattern's in nature. But now look here, ma'am, if one of your old friends was by, Mrs. Bright now, or Mr. Will,"—Mrs. Fagg gave a quick sharp glance to see if her words had offended,—"you'd feel yourself ill-used, quite upset like, and unless you had a chance of making up may be you'd carry a sore heart, worrying yourself as to how you could have vexed Mr. Whitmore."

The sudden wonder in her listener's face gave Mrs. Fagg a hint of the truth. "That's all silliness, you know that, ma'am, as well as I do, but we're all alike at first beginning, high and low, we're all just men and women, neither more nor less; and if we looked at things straight and fair, we should see they must be the same. Any way, we've only got to look at things themselves, and not think of others or what they think."

"Yes, you're right, Mrs. Fagg," said Nuna meditatively.

"We're most on us, I take it, ma'am, sent into the world to do some one plain dooty; and with us womenfolk as are married and have to make just one man happy, what call have we to go fretting and worritting about other folks thinking of what happens atwixt us? Bless you, Miss, women are such fools; most on 'em lives as much for pleasing other folk as for pleasing their own husbands."

Nuna was in a reverie far off from the subject of talk, but a movement in Mrs. Beaufort's room recalled it.

"Do you mean about Mrs. Beaufort that it would be better for me to go home again? You mean, I think, that I come between them," she said.

Mrs. Fagg looked at her with a sort of reverent pity.

"Bless her dear heart! she's not changed a bit, just as willing to be guided as ever. Asking me what I think, indeed! I've a notion"—here Mrs. Fagg paused; whatever the notion was, she kept it back with a shake of the head, as if, like a refractory child, it wanted quieting.

"No, ma'am, not exactly; but I think it might be good for you and them too, if you was to go over for a day or so to Gray's Farm; only yesterday your poor papa said Mrs. Bright was begging and praying of him to send you."

The Rector was always "your poor papa" in Mrs. Fagg's discourse to Nuna. She pitied Mrs. Beaufort; but the time she had spared to nurse her had not been given for the sake of the invalid. Mrs. Beaufort belonged to the Rectory, and that was enough for Mrs. Fagg; but she had never got over her first impression that Miss Matthews had come prowling into Ashton, like the white cat she was, and had turned Miss Nuna out of her own home.

The kind soul was feeling uneasy about Nuna; her paleness and her constant depression, except when with the invalid, worried Mrs. Fagg. Gradually, she was getting more and more inquisitive about her favourite, and to indulge her old dislike to Paul Whitmore.

Nuna shrank from Gray's Farm, and from Will; but she was in that state of listless restlessness when any change or movement promised relief; and when Mrs. Fagg privately urged Mr. Beaufort to send her away, after a little, Nuna consented to go.

"Marriages don't seem matches," said Mrs. Fagg; "now to look at 'em, anyone would have said Mr. Bright and Miss Nuna was cut out one for the other: she, so careless, and he so prim and regular; but then, he'd have worried her to death most like—fond as he'd have been. He's a good, religious, handsome young gentleman; but, bless me, women don't care so much for looks, or for them tidy, particular ways, in a man—they've mostly got 'em theirselves. If there's a thing as a woman cares for in a husband, it's a something that's not like herself."

Mrs. Bright came duly to fetch Nuna, and she chattered incessantly as they drove along the dusty road. She persisted in regarding her old favourite as a victim. Even her son's positive assurance failed to persuade Mrs. Bright that Nuna could, knowingly and will-

ingly, prefer Paul Whitmore to her darling Will.

She left off talking for a bit, and looked at her companion.

Nuna had grown very thin and pale; and there was a sad yearning in her eyes which stirred the widow's patience.

"It's all that husband, haughty, sallow-faced fellow! without one good feature, unless it's his eyes, and they have such a sudden way of blazing up, too, I feel sure he's awkward to live with. He must be, or she wouldn't have got so thin and anxious. Well," —the comely face smoothed away its creases; *bonâ-fide* wrinkles cannot come on faces like the widow's, there's no loose skin to spare for them,—"Nuna will take comfort when she sees Will; the very sight of his face must make anybody happy."

She looked round at Nuna.

The sad look had vanished.

They were crossing a bit of open country beyond the common, with a distance of wooded hills before them.

"This place takes me back years;" Nuna smiled. "There's the old nut-wood, and there's the field where we used to find snake's-head lilies. I never shall forget tearing a frock all to bits in that wood because I quarrelled with Will, and wouldn't let him lift me over the brambles."

Mrs. Bright was radiant in an instant.

"My dear, I quite forgot to say that Will would have driven in for you, himself: he fully intended it; but who should come down last night but Stephen Pritchard, and it was awkward, you know, to leave him alone."

Nuna's heart leaped up with a sudden hope. She knew that Mr. Pritchard had gone back to Paris; he might have brought news of her husband. Paul had, perhaps, sent word by him where she could write to; for the impossibility of sending him a letter was almost as hard to bear as his silence.

Mrs. Bright saw the sparkle in Nuna's eyes, and her conscience smote her.

"Perhaps it's hardly right, throwing her in Will's way, poor thing! It may make her more unhappy with the other, though he don't deserve to be happy. I've no patience with him, coming down into a quiet village like a great prowling wolf and upsetting the arrangements of generations."

Mrs. Bright kept an observant eye on the pair, when Will came forward as the carriage drove up; but it seemed to her that Nuna was far more at ease than the master of Gray's Farm was.

Nuna was glad to find Stephen alone in the drawing-room when she came downstairs.

He came up to her at once. He was curious to see how she bore her husband's desertion. Mr. Pritchard had a way of studying his fellow-creatures as if they were insects in a microscope; he liked to see men and women under what he called new prismatic influences. Nuna had lost much of her beauty. He thought that she had more physiognomy than he had ever remarked in her before.

"Whitmore is not the fellow to make a girl like that happy," thought Stephen. "Why did he take her? It's like the dog in the manger."

He told her he had seen Paul in Paris; but she turned so deathly pale when he confessed his ignorance of her husband's route that he was startled.

"Paul had only a moment, you see; we met at the railway station, and he was just leaving Paris. It was quite by chance I saw him. He had a lady with him, and two other men, I think."

"Yes," said Nuna, faintly; "he has only gone for a month." She tried to smile and look indifferent; she wanted Pritchard to think she was quite in her husband's confidence about this journey: and, if Pritchard had helped her, she would have succeeded in convincing him that she was happy; but Stephen was inquisitive, and curiosity makes people unfeeling.

He looked at her quietly, and then his whole face broke into a broad, incredulous smile.

"I wouldn't count on seeing him home at the month's end, Mrs. Whitmore; when folks get abroad time goes quickly." Nuna flushed, she was too angry to speak.

"Don't be vexed," he said. "I've known Paul far longer than you have, and no doubt I know him far better."

"I can't agree with you; husbands and wives must understand each other better than any one else: what I mean is," she said proudly, "I am quite satisfied with the knowledge I have."

For an instant Pritchard thought he had never seen any woman look as lovely as Nuna looked now: her eyes sparkled with indignation, her face was in a glow; but a sudden consciousness of her own untruth quelled this mood. How could she say she was satisfied with the knowledge she had of her husband? Her eyes drooped, her whole figure relaxed from its attitude of indignant assertion; she felt crushed with shame and sorrow.

Pritchard kept his eye fixed on Nuna; he was not hard-hearted, he had no adequate conception of the agony he was inflicting on the girl's proud sensitive heart, and yet a pity for the misery to which he thought she seemed doomed, stirred strongly in him, and moved him out of his usual philosophic indifference.

"Don't you think life is full of mistakes?" he said gently—he wanted to get at her real thoughts.

"Yes, perhaps;"—she spoke in a dreamy, home-sick voice.

"And has not your experience of life taught you that, as a rule, marriage is the saddest of all mistakes?"

Nuna looked up at him. She had been living so much for others in these last weeks that she had gained the power of thinking for them too; literally she had been taken out of herself, out of the dreamy self-contemplation she had grown used to in St. John Street; she was able to look at this question without immediately fitting it to herself.

"No, I don't think so; and even if marriage does bring sadness in some cases, I should not have agreed with you. It seems to me every one may be happy who tries to be so; marriage may be like heaven on earth if people only try to make it so."

"But then it is not heaven on earth, and people don't try to make it so," said Pritchard with a sneer, "or if they do, women that is to say—men have none of these sentimental fancies, Mrs. Whitmore, they are not so sure about a heaven as you are—a woman who believes this, only breaks her heart at the work, bruising it, poor tender thing, against the stony nature of some good fellow who has given all he's got to give in the way of kindness, and so on, and can't understand what more she wants. I grant you that here and there you find a couple specially fitted for each other, but these are the exceptions."

Nuna smiled; she had often argued this with herself, and she agreed in some ways with Pritchard, but the tendency of such a belief had not before shown itself so clearly.

"But then, what is to become of all the married people who are not among these favoured exceptions?" She did not know enough of Pritchard to comprehend his laxity of ideas, she only thought him exaggerated, and there was some mockery in her smile.

Pritchard saw it, and it irritated him out of all reticence; he hated a woman to put herself on an equal footing in conversation. In theory he was full of woman's rights and the restrictions laid on her freedom; but then, that had reference to other men.

"I see no difficulty at all in the matter; let them do as I advise you to do." She looked at him in surprise. "Suppose you and Paul don't make each other happy: you give your husband his liberty again; he will be as thankful for release as you will be. You have gone back to your own home: we'll suppose that you stay there. You are angry now, Mrs. Whitmore; you look at me as if you thought I ought to be horsewhipped; in a year's time you will thank me for having had the courage to speak out. I have seen double the life you have, and I know you and Paul may go on and on together, hoping things will mend till you break your heart. Perhaps, I've gone beyond bounds, but I've done it with a good motive."

He stopped—there was something in her face which he could not read; the sudden flush of indignation and shame had faded. Nuna's eyes met his fearlessly.

"Then all your wisdom can teach you comes to this,"—there was a solemnity in her voice which startled him,—"that we are only to seek happiness for ourselves; and if we don't find it in the state in which we are placed, then we are to change that state to suit our own will and pleasure. God forgive me! I used to think something of the kind too; I am only just beginning to learn better." Her eyes swam as she went on, full of penitence for herself, and of pity for the blindness of the philosopher. "No, Mr. Pritchard; God is far better and kinder than man is, and I won't believe, if we do our duty in the state in which He places us, and accept all as from Him, that He will fail us at the end."

Pritchard sneered, "You are getting altogether beyond me; you will"—— But Nuna felt her agitation was growing beyond her; she hurried past him, and was gone before he could stop her.

"Confound all women! Now, she's turning saint; I am not sure that's not worse than a vixen, because she'll always manage to be in the right now. I wish I had let her alone. Poor Paul, poor fellow, why it was more for his sake than hers I spoke at all!"

He pushed both hands into his hair and walked up and down the room: "Catch me marrying! Paul has never been half the fellow he was before he married; he's not happy, and she could not say she was, either. He talked a lot of bosh at Harwich. I knew what would come of it; I expect they quarrelled when he went home, and now he has gone off and left her ready to hang herself. If she weren't selfish, she must see he would be gladly rid of her, but then that is just where a woman is selfish."

Mr. Pritchard was singularly disturbed; even the smoking of two pipes one after another failed to restore him to his usual easy way of looking at life.

Nuna meantime was kneeling in her room, her face hidden by her hands; there were no tears streaming between the slender fingers; scarcely a sob stirred the calm stillness that had followed the first impetuous outburst of her sorrow and mortification.

Pritchard's words had cut through all the delicate reserve in which she fancied she had hidden her unhappiness; her secret was known then, as bare to the eyes of others as to herself. Nuna's agony was almost beyond endurance.

She had flung herself on her knees beside her table, more from a sort of despair than from any settled purpose; but as she knelt, her sobs grew less vehement, her tears less heavy and scalding, and, almost involuntarily, a cry went out of her heart for help. She was worse than helpless now; she was a subject of pitying talk for others. Every one knew her husband did not love her. A heavy sob burst from her, and again came tears.

But as she knelt, it seemed to Nuna that though the whole world might despise her sorrow, there was a love higher and deeper than any she had known, a love which hushed her poor fluttering heart, and soothed her by its presence. The hush deepened; it was as if her heart were freed from its heavy load of anguish, and was at last at rest.

She could never tell how long she knelt there, unconscious of outer sights and sounds. Quietly, slowly, as if she were gazing at it, her life spread itself out before her, and she saw herself as if with the eyes of a stranger.

It was one of those strange awakenings which come to us all; it may be once, often more than once, in our lives. We may pass it by, we may turn from its painful warning, for it seldom comes without probing the heart to its very centre; we may choke its remembrance by a succession of vain, frivolous thoughts and occupations, but it has been sent to us. It has left its mark; whether for good or evil is in our own power to determine.

To be continued.

UNFULFILLED.

I AM dying, O Lord! I am dying,
  Brain fire, with my feet in the snow;
My limbs all a-tremble are lying
  Awaiting their pitiless foe—
He comes, rushes Fever to blind me,
  A bloodhound with poisonous breath:
I hear him, his steps are behind me;
  I feel them, those fangs that are death.

The words that I utter are madness,
  The silence I keep is despair,
All whispers of hope and of gladness
  Have died as they fell through the air;
No friendship, no love can avail me,
  No hand but it burns on my brain,
My pulses like demons assail me,
  My strength is the slave to my pain.

All spells of religion and duty,
  All manhood and manhood's desire,
All pureness and wisdom and beauty,
  Are scorched and burned up in the fire;
And the ladder of Jacob, the dreamer,
  No longer is stretched from above,
Yet still, O my Lord! my Redeemer!
  I cling, I have root in your love!

I must die, like a deed unrecorded,
  Like a bud to be never a flower;
The knowledge, the truths I have hoarded,
  Must fade like a spark in the shower;
A fragment, a blot, a negation
  For ever my life must remain;
But the spark you have quenched at creation,
  O Lord! you can fire it again.

What matter whose lips shall proclaim it,
  If only the Truth shall go free?
What recks it whose fervour shall frame it,
  The pæan forbidden to me?
I care not, the Present may scoff me,
  The Future forget my renown;
Take, take the white garment from off me,
  And give to another my crown!

PAN.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF OXFORD.

BY J. R. GREEN.

I.—THE TOWN.

To most Oxford men, indeed to the common visitor of Oxford, the town seems a mere offshoot of the University. Its appearance is altogether modern; it presents hardly any monument that can vie in antiquity with the venerable fronts of colleges and halls. An isolated church here and there tells a different tale; but the largest of its parish churches is the church of the University, and that of St. Frideswide, which might suggest, even to a careless observer, some idea of its greatness before University life began, is known to most visitors simply as Christchurch Chapel. In all outer seeming, Oxford appears a mere assemblage of indifferent streets that have grown out of the needs of the University, and this impression is heightened by its commercial unimportance. It has no manufacture or trade. It is not even, like Cambridge, a great agricultural centre. Whatever importance it derived from its position on the Thames has been done away with by the almost total cessation of river navigation. The very soil of the town is, in large measure, in academical hands. As a municipality, it seems to exist only by grace or usurpation of prior University privileges. It is not long since Oxford gained control over its own markets or its own police. The peace of the town is still but partially in the hands of its magistrates, and the riotous student is amenable only to his own special jurisdiction. Within the memory of living men, the chief magistrate of the city, on his entrance into office, was bound to swear in a humiliating ceremony not to violate the privileges of the great academical body, which seemed supreme within its walls.

Historically, the very reverse of all this is really the case. So far is the University from being older than the city, that Oxford had already seen five centuries of borough life before a student appeared within its streets. Instead of its prosperity being derived from its connection with the University, that connection has probably been its commercial ruin. The gradual subjection both of markets and trade to the arbitrary control of an ecclesiastical corporation was inevitably followed by their extinction. The University found Oxford a busy, prosperous borough, and reduced it to a cluster of lodging-houses. It found it among the first of English municipalities, and it so utterly crushed its freedom that the recovery of some of the commonest rights of self-government has only been brought about by recent legislation. Instead of the Mayor being a dependent on Chancellor or Vice-Chancellor, Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor have simply usurped the far older authority of the Mayor. The miserable broils which disgrace University discipline every fifth of November at any rate preserve the memory of the fierce struggle of Town and Gown, which ended in the ruthless triumph of the academic body. The story of the struggle and the usurpation is one of the most interesting in our municipal annals, and it is one which has left its mark, not on the town only, but on the very constitution and character of the conquering University. But to understand the struggle, we must first know something of the town itself.

At the earliest moment, then, when its academic history can be said to open, at the arrival of the legist Vacarius in

the reign of Stephen, Oxford stood in the first rank of English towns. The town church of St. Martin rose from the midst of a huddled group of houses, girt in with massive walls, that lay along the dry, upper ground of a low peninsula between the streams of Cherwell and the upper Thames. The ground fell gently on either side, eastward and westward, to these rivers, while on the south a sharper descent led down across swampy meadows to the city bridge. Around lay a wild forest country, the moors of Cowley and Bullingdon fringing the course of Thames, the great woods of Shotover and Bagley closing the horizon to the south and east. Though the two huge towers of its Norman castle marked the strategic importance of Oxford as commanding the great river valley along which the commerce of Southern England mainly flowed, its walls formed, perhaps, the least element in its military strength, for on every side but the north the town was guarded by the swampy meadows along Cherwell, or by the intricate network of streams into which Isis breaks among the meadows of Osney. From the midst of these meadows rose a mitred abbey of Benedictines, that with the older priory of St. Frideswide gave the town some ecclesiastical dignity. The residence of the Earl within its castle, the frequent visits of English kings to a palace without its walls, the presence again and again of important Parliaments, marked its political weight within the realm. The settlement of one of the wealthiest among the English Jewries in the very heart of the town indicated, while it promoted, the activity of its trade. Its burghers were proud of a liberty equal to that of London, while the close and peculiar alliance of the capital promised the city a part almost equal to its own in the history of England.

In spite of antiquarian fancies, it is certain that no town had arisen on the site of Oxford for centuries after the departure of the Roman legions from the isle of Britain. The little monastery of St. Frideswide rises in the turmoil of the eighth century only to fade out of sight again, without giving us a glimpse of the borough which gathered probably beneath its walls. The first definite evidence for its existence lies in a brief entry of the English Chronicle, which records its seizure by the successor of Ælfred. But though the form of this entry shows the town to have been already considerable, we hear nothing more of it till the last terrible wrestle of England with the Dane. Its position on the borders of the Mercian and West-Saxon realms seems for the moment to have given it a political importance under Æthelred and Cnut strikingly analogous to that which it acquired in the Great Rebellion: it was the meeting-place of national councils which more than any other decided the fate of the realm. Of the life of its burgesses in this earlier period of Oxford life we know little or nothing. The names of its parishes, St. Aldate, St. Ebbe, St. Mildred, and St. Edmund, show how early church after church had gathered round the church of St. Martin. The minster of St. Frideswide, in becoming the later cathedral, has brought down to our own times the memory of the ecclesiastical origins to which the little borough owed its existence. But the men themselves are dim to us. Their town-meeting, their Portmannimote, still lives in shadowy fashion as the Freeman's Common Hall: their town-mead is still Port-meadow. But it is only by later charters, or the record of Domesday, that we see them going on pilgrimage to the shrines of Winchester, or chaffering in their market-place, or judging and law-making in their Husting, their merchant guild regulating trade, their reeve gathering his king's dues of tax or honey, or marshalling his troop of burghers for the king's wars, their boats floating down the Thames towards London, and paying the toll of a hundred herrings in Lent-tide to the Abbot of Abingdon by the way.

The architectural glory of the town dates from the settlement of the Norman within its walls.

Of its conquest by William we

know nothing, though the number of its houses marked 'waste' in the Survey seems to point to a desperate resistance. But the ruin was soon repaired. No city better illustrates the transformation of the land in the hands of its new masters, the sudden outburst of industrial effort, the sudden expansion of commerce and accumulation of wealth which followed the Conquest. To the west of the town rose one of the stateliest of English castles, and in the meadows beneath the hardly less stately Abbey of Osney. In the fields to the north the last of the Norman kings raised his palace of Beaumont. The canons of St. Frideswide reared the church which still exists as the diocesan Cathedral: the piety of the D'Oillys rebuilt almost all the parish churches of the city, and founded within their new castle walls the church of the Canons of St. George. But Oxford does more than illustrate this outburst of industrial effort; it does something towards explaining its cause. The most characteristic result of the Conquest was planted in the very heart of the town, in the settlement of the Jew. Here as elsewhere the Jewry was a town within a town, with its own language, its own religion and law, its peculiar commerce, its peculiar dress. The policy of our foreign kings secured each Hebrew settlement from the common taxation, the common justice, the common obligations of Englishmen. No city bailiff could penetrate into the square of little streets behind the present Town-hall; the Church itself was powerless against the synagogue that rose in haughty rivalry beside the cloister of St. Frideswide. The picture which Scott has given us in "Ivanhoe" of Aaron of York, timid, silent, crouching under oppression, accurately as it represents our modern notions of the position of his race during the Middle Ages, is far from being borne out by historical fact. In England at least the attitude of the Jew is almost to the end an attitude of proud and even insolent defiance. His extortion was sheltered from the common law. His bonds were kept under the royal seal. A royal commission visited with heavy penalties any outbreak of violence against these 'chattels' of the king. The thunders of the Church broke vainly on the yellow gaberdine of the Jew. In a well-known story of Eadmer's, the Red King actually forbids the conversion of a Jew to the Christian faith: it was a poor exchange which would have robbed him of a valuable property, and given him only a subject. At Oxford the attitude of the Jewry towards the national religion showed a marked consciousness of this royal protection. Prior Philip of St. Frideswide complains bitterly of a certain "Deus-cum-crescat," who stood at his door as the procession of the Saint passed by, mocking at the miracles wrought at her shrine. Halting and then walking firmly on his feet, showing his hands clenched as if with palsy and then flinging open his fingers, the mocking Jew claimed gifts and oblations from the crowd who flocked to St. Frideswide's, on the ground that such recoveries of limb and strength were quite as real as any Frideswide had wrought. But though sickness and death, in the Prior's story, avenge the insult to his shrine, no earthly power, ecclesiastical or civil, seems to have ventured to meddle with "Deus-cum-crescat." The feud between the Priory and the Jewry went on unchecked for a century more, to culminate in a daring act of fanaticism on the Ascension-day of 1268. As the usual procession of scholars and citizens returned from St. Frideswide's, a Jew suddenly burst from the group of his comrades in front of the synagogue, and snatching the crucifix from its bearer trod it under foot. But even in presence of such an outrage as this the terror of the Crown shielded the Jewry from any burst of popular indignation. The sentence of the king condemned the Jews of Oxford to erect a cross of marble on the spot where the crime was committed; but even this was remitted in part, and a less offensive place was allotted for the cross in an open plot by Merton College.

With the Jewish settlement began

the cultivation of physical science in Oxford. The Hebrew instruction, the Hebrew books which he found among its Rabbis, were the means by which Roger Bacon penetrated to the older world of material research. The medical school which we find established there, and in high repute, during the twelfth century, can hardly have been other than Jewish: in the operation for the stone, which one of the stories in the "Miracles of St. Frideswide" preserves for us, we trace the traditional surgery which is still common in the East. But it is, perhaps, in a more purely material way that the Jewry at Oxford most directly influenced our academical history. There as elsewhere the Jew brought with him something more than the art or science which he had gathered at Cordova or Bagdad; he brought with him the new power of wealth. The erection of stately castles, of yet statelier abbeys, which followed the Conquest, the rebuilding of almost every cathedral or conventual church, marks the advent of the Jewish capitalist. No one can study the earlier history of our great monastic houses without finding the secret of that sudden outburst of industrial activity to which we owe the noblest of our minsters, in the loans of the Jew. The bonds of many a great baron, the relics of many an abbey, lay pledged for security in the "Star-chamber" of the Jew. His arrival at Oxford is marked by the military and ecclesiastical erections of the D'Oillys. But a result of his presence, which bore more directly on the future of the town, was seen in the remarkable development of its domestic architecture. To the wealth of the Jew, to his need of protection against sudden outbursts of popular passion, very probably to the greater refinement of his social life, England owes the introduction of stone houses. Tradition attributes almost every instance of the earliest stone buildings of a domestic character to the Jew; and where the tradition can be tested, as at St. Edmondsbury or Lincoln, it has proved to be in accordance with the facts. In Oxford nearly all the larger dwelling-houses which were subsequently converted into halls bore traces of their Jewish origin in their names, such as Moysey's Hall, Lombards', Jacob's Hall. It is a striking proof of the superiority of the Hebrew dwellings to the Christian houses around them, that each of the successive Town-halls of the borough had, before their expulsion, been Jewish houses. Such houses were abundant in the town, not merely in the purely Jewish quarter on Carfax, but in the lesser Jewry which was scattered over the parish of St. Aldate; and we can hardly doubt that the abundance of substantial buildings in the town was at least one of the causes which drew teachers and students within its walls.

The same great event which flung down the Jewish settlement in the very heart of the English town bounded it to the west by the castle and the abbey of the conquerors. Oxford stood first on the line of great fortresses which, passing by Wallingford and Windsor to the Tower of London, guarded the course of the Thames. Its castellan, Robert D'Oilly, had followed William from Normandy, and had fought by his side at Senlac. Oxfordshire was committed by the Conqueror to his charge; and he seems to have ruled it in rude, soldierly fashion, enforcing order, heaping up riches, tripling the taxation of the town, pillaging without scruple the older religious houses of the neighbourhood. It was only by ruthless exaction such as this that the work which William had set him to do could be done. The castle rose on the eastern bank of the Thames, broken here into a number of small streamlets, one of which served as the deep moat which encircled its walls. A well marked the centre of the wide castle-court; to the north of it on a lofty mound rose the great keep; to the west the one tower which remains, the tower of St. George, frowned over the river and the mill. Without the walls of the fortress lay a space cleared by the merciless policy of the castellan, the Bailly, with the church of St. Peter

which still marks its extent. The hand of Robert D'Oilly fell as heavily on the Church as on the townsmen. Outside the town lay a meadow belonging to the Abbey of Abingdon, which seemed suitable for the exercise of the soldiers of his garrison. The Earl was an old plunderer of the abbey; he had wiled away one of its finest manors from Abbot Athelm; but his seizure of the meadow beside Oxford drove the monks to despair. Night and day they threw themselves weeping before the altar of the two English saints whose names were linked to the older glories of their house: they invoked the vengeance of Dunstan and Ethelwold on their plunderer, while the Earl, fallen sick, tossed fever-smitten on his bed. At last, Robert dreamt that he stood in a vast court, one of a crowd of nobles gathered round a throne, whereon sate a lady passing fair. Before her knelt two brethren of the abbey, weeping for the loss of their mead, and pointing out the castellan as the robber. The lady bade him be seized, and two youths hurried him away to the field itself, seated him on the ground, piled burning hay around him, smoked him, tossed haybands in his face, and set fire to his beard. The Earl woke trembling at the divine discipline, and at once took boat for Abingdon. His terror was not satisfied by the restitution of his plunder; he returned to set about the restoration of ruined churches within and without the walls of Oxford. The tower of St. Michael, the doorway of St. Ebbe, the chancel arch of Holywell, the crypt and chancel of St. Peter's in the East, are fragments of the work done by Robert and his house. But the great monument of the devotion of the D'Oillys rose beneath the walls of their castle. Robert, a nephew of the first castellan, had wedded Edith, a concubine of Henry the Third: the rest of the story we may tell in the English of Leland. "Edith used to walke out of Oxford Castelle with her gentlewomen to solace, and that oftentymes where yn a certen place in a tree, as often as she cam, a certain pyes used to gather to it, and ther to chattre, and as it were to spek on to her, Edyth much mervelyng at this matter, and was sumtyme sore ferid by it as by a wonder." Radulf, a canon of St. Frideswide's, was consulted on the marvel, and his counsel ended in the erection of the priory of Osney beneath the walls of the castle. The foundation of the D'Oillys became one of the wealthiest and largest of the English abbeys; but of the vast church and lordly abbot's house, the great quadrangle of its cloisters, the almshouses without the gate, the pleasant walks shaded with stately elms beside the river, not a trace remains. Its bells alone were saved at the Dissolution by their transfer to Christchurch.

The military strength of the castle of the D'Oillys was tested in the struggle between Stephen and the Empress. Driven from London by a rising of its burghers at the very moment when the crown seemed within her grasp, Maud took refuge at Oxford. In the succeeding year Stephen found himself strong enough to attack his rival in her stronghold; his knights swam the river, fell hotly on the garrison which had sallied without the walls to meet them, chased them through the gates, and rushed pell-mell with the fugitives into the city. Houses were burnt and the Jewry sacked; the Jews, if tradition is to be trusted, were forced to raise against the castle the work that still bears the name of "Jews' Mount;" but the strength of its walls foiled the efforts of the besiegers, and the attack died into a close blockade. Maud was, however, in Stephen's grasp, and neither the loss of other fortresses nor the rigour of the winter could tear Stephen from his prey. Despairing of relief the Empress resolved to break through the enemy's lines. Every stream was frozen and the earth covered with snow, when clad in white, and with three knights in white garments as her attendants, Maud passed unobserved through the outposts, crossed Thames upon the ice, and made her way to Abingdon and the fortress of Wallingford. With the surrender which followed the military history of Oxford

ceases till the Great Rebellion. Its political history had still to attain its highest reach in the Parliament of De Montfort. The earlier constitutional history of the realm is summed up in the great assemblies held at Oxford under Cnut, Stephen, and Henry III. With the first closed the struggle between Englishman and Dane, with the second closed the conquest of the Norman, with the third began the regular progress of constitutional liberty. Its position, on the border between the England that remained to the West-Saxon kings and the England that had become the "Danelagh" of their Northern assailants, had from the first pointed it out as the place where a union between the two peoples could best be brought about. The first attempt was foiled by the savage treachery of Æthelred the Unready. The death of Swegen and the return of Cnut to Denmark had left an opening for a reconciliation between Dane and Englishman, and both gathered at Oxford round the King. But all hope was foiled by the assassination of the Lawmen of the Seven Danish Boroughs, Sigeferth and Morcar. The chiefs fell at a banquet by the hand of the minister Eadric; their followers threw themselves into the tower of St. Frideswide and perished in the flames that consumed it. The overthrow of the English monarchy avenged the treason. But Cnut was of nobler stuff than Æthelred, and his conquest of the realm was followed by the gathering of a new gemote at Oxford to resume the work of reconciliation which Eadric had interrupted. Englishman and Dane agreed to live together as one people under Eadgar's Law, and the wise government of the King completed in the long years of his reign the task of national fusion. The conquest of William set two peoples a second time face to face upon the same soil, and it was again at Oxford that by his solemn acceptance and promulgation of the Charter of Henry I. in solemn parliament Stephen closed the period of military tyranny, and began the union of Norman and Englishman into a single people. The two great acts of national reconciliation were fit preludes for the work of the famous assembly which has received from its enemies the name of "the Mad Parliament." In the June of 1257 the barons met at Oxford under Earl Simon de Montfort to commence the revolution to which we owe our national liberties. Followed by long trains of men in arms, and sworn together by pledges of mutual fidelity, they wrested from Henry III. the great reforms which, frustrated for the moment, have become the basis of our constitutional system. To the "Articles of Oxford" we owe the regular establishment of parliamentary representation and power, of a popular and responsible ministry, of the principle of local self-government. Condemned by St. Louis, annulled by the Pope, set aside in part by the later legislation of Edward, these great changes have been slowly realized through century after century; and the historian who seeks the real origin of modern reforms still finds it in the genius of De Montfort and "the Mad Parliament" of Oxford.

From parliaments and sieges, from Jew and castellan, it is time to turn back to the humbler annals of the town itself. The first event that lifts it into historic prominence is its league with London. The "bargemen" of the borough seem to have already existed before the Conquest, and to have been closely united from the first with the more powerful guild, the "boatmen" or "merchants" of the capital. In both cases it is probable that the bodies bearing this name represented what in later language was known as the merchant guild of the town; the original association, that is, of its principal traders for purposes of mutual protection, of commerce, and of self-government. Royal recognition enables us to trace the merchant guild of Oxford from the time of Henry I.; lands, islands, pastures already belonged to it, and amongst them the same "Port-meadow" or "Town-mead" so familiar to Oxford men pulling lazily on a summer's noon to Godstow, which still belongs to the freemen of the town. The connection between the two cities

and their guilds was primarily one of traffic. Prior even to the Conquest, "in the time of King Eadward and Abbot Ordric," the channel of the river running beneath the walls of the Abbey of Abingdon became so blocked up "that boats could scarce pass as far as Oxford." It was at the joint prayer of the burgesses of London and Oxford that the Abbot dug a new channel through the meadow to the south of his church, the two cities engaging that each barge should pay a toll of a hundred herrings on its passage during Lent. But the union soon took a constitutional form. The earliest charter of the capital which remains in detail is that of Henry I., and from the charter of his grandson we find a similar date assigned to the liberties of Oxford. The customs and exemptions of its burghers are granted "as ever they enjoyed them in the time of King Henry, my grandfather, and in like manner as my citizens of London hold them." This identity of municipal privileges is of course common to many other boroughs, for the charter of London became the model for half the charters of the kingdom; what is peculiar to Oxford is the federal bond which in Henry II.'s time already linked the two cities together. In case of any doubt or contest about judgment in their own court the burgesses of Oxford were empowered to refer the matter to the decision of London, "and whatever the citizens of London shall adjudge in such cases shall be deemed right." The judicial usages, the municipal rights of each city were assimilated by Henry's charter. "Of whatever matter they shall be put in plea, they shall deraign themselves according to the law and customs of the city of London, and not otherwise, because they and the citizens of London are of one and the same custom, law, and liberty."

In no two cities has municipal freedom experienced a more different fate than in the two that were so closely bound together. The liberties of London waxed greater and greater till they were lost in the general freedom of the realm: those of Oxford were trodden under foot till the city stood almost alone in its bondage among the cities of England. But it would have been hard for a burgher of the twelfth century, flushed with the pride of his new charter, or fresh from the scene of a coronation, where he had stood side by side with the citizens of London and Winchester as representing one of the chief cities of the realm, to have dreaded any danger to the liberties of his borough from the mob of half-starved boys who were beginning to pour year after year into the town. The wealthy merchant who passed the group of shivering students huddled round a teacher as poor as themselves in porch and doorway, or dropped his alms into the cap of the mendicant scholar, could hardly remember that beneath rags and poverty lay a power greater than the power of kings, the power for which Becket had died and which was to bow Henry to penance and humiliation. On all but its eastern side, the town, as we have seen, was narrowly hemmed in by jurisdictions independent of its own. The precincts of the Abbey of Osney, the wide bailly of the castle, bounded it narrowly on the west. To the north, stretching away to the little church of St. Giles, lay the fields of the royal manor of Beaumont. The Abbot of Abingdon, whose woods of Cumnor and Bagley closed the southern horizon, held his leet court in the small hamlet of Grampound beyond the bridge. Nor was the whole space within its walls altogether subject to the self-government of the citizens. The Jewry, a town within a town, lay isolated and exempt from the common justice or law in the very heart of the borough. Scores of householders, dotted over the various streets, were tenants of abbey or castle, and paid neither suit nor service to the city court. But within these narrow bounds and amidst these various obstacles the spirit of municipal liberty lived a life the more intense that it was so closely cabined and confined.

It was at the moment when the first Oxford students appeared within its walls that the city had attained complete independence. The twelfth cen-

tury, the age of the Crusades, of the rise of the scholastic philosophy, of the renewal of classical learning, was also the age of a great communal movement, that stretched from Italy along the Rhone and the Rhine, the Seine and the Somme, to England. The same great revival of individual, human life in the industrial masses of the feudal world that hurried half Christendom to the Holy Land, or gathered hundreds of eager faces round the lecture-stall of Abelard, beat back Barbarossa from the walls of Alessandria, and nerved the burghers of Northern France to struggle as at Amiens for liberty. In England the same spirit took a milder and perhaps more practical form, from the different social and political conditions with which it had to deal. The quiet townships of Teutonic England had no traditions of a Roman past to lure them on, like the cities of Italy, into dreams of sovereignty. Their ruler was no foreign Cæsar, distant enough to give a chance for resistance, but a king near at hand and able to enforce obedience and law. The king's peace shielded them from that terrible oppression of the mediæval baronage which made liberty with the cities of Germany a matter of life or death. Indeed the peculiarity of municipal life in England is that, instead of standing apart from and in contrast with the general life around it, the progress of the English town moved in perfect harmony with that of the nation at large. The earlier burgher was the freeman within the walls, as the peasant-ceorl was the freeman without. Freedom was based on the possession of land in town as in country. The citizen held his burgher's rights by his tenure of the bit of ground on which his tenement stood. He was the king's free tenant, and like the rural tenants he owed his lord dues of money or kind. In township or manor alike the king's reeve gathered this rental, administered justice, commanded the little troop of soldiers that the spot was bound to furnish in time of war. The progress of municipal freedom, like that of national freedom, was wrought rather by the slow growth of wealth and of popular spirit, by the necessities of kings, by the policy of a few great statesmen, than by the sturdy revolts that wrested liberty from the French seigneur or the century of warfare that broke the power of the Cæsars in the plain of the Po.

Much indeed that Italy or France had to win by the sword was already the heritage of every English freeman within walls or without. The common assembly in which their own public affairs were discussed and decided, the Borough-mote to which every burgher was summoned by the town-bell swinging out of the town-tower, had descended by traditional usage from the customs of the first English settlers in Britain. The close association of the burghers in the sworn brotherhood of the guild was a Teutonic custom of immemorial antiquity. Gathered at the guild supper round the common fire, sharing the common meal, and draining the guild cup, the burghers added to the tie of mere neighbourhood that of loyal association, of mutual counsel, of mutual aid. The regulation of internal trade, all lesser forms of civil jurisdiction, fell quietly and without a struggle into the hands of the merchant guild. The rest of their freedom was bought with honest cash. The sale of charters brought money to the royal treasury, exhausted by Norman wars, by the herd of mercenaries, by Crusades, by the struggle with France. The towns bought first the commutation of the uncertain charges to which they were subject at the royal will for a fixed annual rent. The purchase of the right of internal justice followed. Last came the privilege of electing their own magistrates, of enjoying complete self-government. Oxford had already passed through the earlier steps of this emancipation before the conquest of the Norman. Her citizens assembled in their Portmannimote, their free legislative assembly. Their merchant-guild leagued with that of London. Their dues to the Crown are assessed in Domesday at a fixed sum of honey and coin. The charter of Henry II.

marks the acquisition by Oxford, probably at a far earlier date, of judicial and commercial freedom. Liberty of external commerce was given by the exemption of its citizens from toll on the king's lands; the decision of either political or judicial affairs was left to their Borough-mote. The highest point of municipal independence was reached when the Charter of John substituted a mayor of their own choosing for the mere bailiff of the Crown.

It is hard in dry constitutional details such as these to realize the quick pulse of popular life that stirred such a community as Oxford. Only a few names, of street and lane, a few hints gathered from obscure records, enable one to see the town of the twelfth or thirteenth century. The church of St. Martin in the very heart of it, at the "Quatrevoix" or Carfax where its four roads meet, was the centre of the city's life. The Town-mote was held within its aisles. Justice was administered by mayor and bailiff sitting beneath the low shed, the "pennyless bench" of later times, without its eastern wall. Its bell summoned the burghers to counsel or to arms. Around the church lay the trade-guilds, ranged as in some vast encampment; Spicery and Vintnery to the south, Fish-street falling noisily down to the Bridge, the corn market occupying then as now the street which led to North-gate, the stalls of the butchers ranged in their "Butcher-row" along the road to the castle. Close beneath the church to the south-east lay a nest of huddled lanes broken by a stately synagogue and traversed from time to time by the yellow gaberdine of the Jew. His burying-place lay far away to the eastward, on the site of the present Botanic Garden. Soldiers from the castle rode clashing through the narrow streets; the bells of Osney clanged from the swampy meadows; long processions of pilgrims wound past the Jewry to the shrine of Saint Frideswide. It was a rough time, and frays were common enough,—now the sack of a Jew's house, now burgher drawing knife on burgher, now an outbreak of the young student lads, who grew every day in numbers and audacity. But as yet the town seemed well in hand. The clang of the city bell called every citizen to his door, the summons of the mayor brought trade after trade with bow in hand and banners flying to enforce the king's peace. Order and freedom seemed absolutely secure. It will be the task of a second paper to show how a century of disorder humbled the freedom of Oxford to the dust.

THE JADE QUARRIES OF THE KUEN-LUN.

BY H. CAYLEY.

"JADE Stone comes from the Kúen-lún mountains, in the province of Khotan." Such is an old saying of the Chinese, the truth of which we ascertained during the course of our travels last summer, when we somewhat unexpectedly came upon the Jade quarries situated in the valley of the Karakash river; they used to be, up to within a very few years, the principal source whence the Chinese obtained their supply of this beautiful and much-valued stone.

In the following paper we propose to give a brief description of the present condition of these mines, and also a slight sketch of the most striking physical characteristics of the wild and desolate, but highly interesting, region in which they are found.

Situated to the north of the main range of the Western Himalayas, and between the Cashmir province of Ladák and the dominions of the Atálik Gházi of Yarkand, there is a wide belt of uninhabited country, bounded on the north by the Kúen-lún mountains, and on the south by the Karakoram, and its eastern extension the Changchimmo range. It is shut in on the west by the high mountains at the source of the Yarkand and Shyok rivers, and extends for an unknown distance to the east, where it is continuous with the table-lands of Lhassa. The whole tract forms a sort of undefined debateable boundary between Ladák and Yarkand; and in the greater part of its extent is so little known and so utterly valueless, that it has never been thought worth claiming, at least the *central* part of it, until recently, when some survey maps have included it in a broad red line as belonging to our tributary, the ruler of Cashmir. This region, one of the most elevated on the face of the globe, is called generally the *Table Land of Tibet*,—the "Chan-thang," or northern plain of the Tibetans, and the "Aksai Chin" or white mountain of the Yarkandis. It presents the general character of an immense elevated plain, of an altitude of 16,000 or 17,000 feet, broken up by rugged ridges of rocky snow-crested mountains, rising to a height of over 22,000 feet, and intersected by broad stony valleys, which sink as low as 12,000 feet. The whole land is utterly barren and desolate. On the plains are found numerous salt lakes, of intensely salt, bitter water. The ground is often covered for miles and miles with a thick layer of salt, chiefly common salt, with sulphate,—carbonate of soda, sometimes many feet in thickness. In some places are large beds or lakes of snow lying unmelted on the open plain. The climate is intensely dry, almost Arctic in severity, and even in Midsummer the thermometer will fall at night almost to zero; when at mid-day, in the direct rays of the sun, it will, in that dry and attenuated atmosphere, rise to above 200° F. Vegetation hardly exists, except a few dried-up scrubby-looking plants, which struggle to survive in spite of extreme cold and perpetual drought; though in the more sheltered valleys may be found patches of green herbage with stunted tamarisk bushes and similar shrubs, and the sides of the smaller streams are often fringed with emerald-green turf bedecked with flowers of many hues.

A few wild animals are met with, such as the Tibetan antelope, with its long graceful horns; the "Yák," one of the most magnificent of the ox

species, with its long, black-brown hair sweeping the ground; and the "Kyang," a wild horse of Tartary. In the outskirts of this region are found the *Ovis Ammon*, the *Naboo* and *Shapoo*, three deer-like species of wild sheep, the first standing thirteen hands high, and with horns nineteen inches in circumference, and forty-five in length. Occasionally, too, a black or grey wolf, a fox, a wild dog, a blue Tibet hare, a marmot or a tailless rat (*lagonys*), may be met with. Eagles, vultures, and ravens are sometimes seen, and Tibet grouse, plovers, and a few other birds. In summer, too, wild fowl migrate from India to breed in the mountain tarns, which are often found near the heads of the glacier-fed streams; but the birds and animals are so few in number, that one may go for days together without seeing a living creature.

Across this region, in spite of its extreme desolation and untempting nature, mercantile caravans pass every year between Yarkand and Ladák, carrying the products of India and Central Asia, and the manufactures of Europe; and of late years this traffic has been steadily increasing.

Along the southern face of the Kúen-lún mountains, between the latitudes of 36° and 36°30′ lies the main valley of the upper part of the Karakash river, with which we are now concerned. This stream rises from two sources; one, the more easterly and smaller of the two, takes its origin in a mighty mass of granite peaks, which forms a projecting buttress on the southern face of the Kúen-lún mountains. The other branch rises far to the south in the mountains bounding the Shyok river on the east. After the two branches have united, the river runs in a direction east by north to Shadúla, the frontier fort of Yarkand, and the first sign of habitation to be met with on that side; even Shadúla is only occupied during the summer. Here the river makes a bend to the north, cuts through the entire Kúen-lún range of mountains, then turns its course eastward, and, after passing Karakash and Khotan, is lost in the great deserts of Eastern Turkestan. For a distance of four or five days' march above Shadúla, the valley varies in breadth from half a mile to two miles, and is tolerably level; and the river, which has a strong, rapid current, and is often from one to two hundred yards wide, winds in several channels among meadows of coarse grass and thickets of willow, tamarisk, buckthorn, and other bushes. Here, in summer, may be seen the picturesque tents of the Kirghiz, who come to graze their flocks and herds on the abundant pastures. The valley runs between lofty ranges of barren rugged mountains, whose crests and summits are generally snow-covered, though the line of perpetual snow is not lower than 19,000 feet, and the hollows filled with extensive glaciers. The mountains are chiefly composed of granite, with gneiss, mica, and clayslates, and other metamorphic rocks, the strata of which are often nearly vertical, and present vast faces of smooth shining rock, frequently of an almost black colour, and glittering with mica flakes. Isolated masses of granite may be seen cropping up in the sides of the valley. Towards the head of the southern branch of the river, the chief mountain formation is limestone.

About twenty miles above Shadúla is a pasture ground, called by the Kirghiz "Galbásha." Here, at the point of junction of two lateral valleys from the south, there rises up a rugged, isolated ridge of granite, about 400 feet in height, at the summit of which, and overhung by two upright pinnacles of rock, we found an old tomb, a shrine dedicated to some ancient Mahomedan Pir, or saint, and called the *Zearut of Gulbásha Khoja*. It is of very rude construction, being only a rough pile of stone supporting a number of sticks and poles, ornamented in the usual way with Yaks' tails, strips of rag and coloured wool, and odds and ends of all kinds. Alongside the pile is a small circular patch of smooth ground, surrounded by a border of stones. This is one of the simple mosques or praying grounds of the Kirghiz shepherds, such

praying places being common enough in these regions.

On the opposite or north side of the valley, the mountains, which are mostly gneiss and dark purple granite, recede somewhat from the river, and send down long spurs which, projecting laterally into the valley, sink into broad sloping beds of gravel and shingle, and end in bluff cliffs overhanging the channel of the river.

About a mile from Gulbásha we found numerous remains of the old Jade works, such as marks of encampments, piles of rough broken lumps of Jade which had been thrown aside; also small caves and borings in the alluvial bank, where they had dug out the *water-deposited* pebbles of Jade, the "Yesham-i-ab," which, from its purity and compactness, is considered the most valuable. On the north side of the valley about this point, the spurs and slopes of the mountain are generally covered with fine sand and clay, often yellow, pink, and greenish in colour; and at one part our attention was attracted by the very peculiar appearance they presented, the whole surface for a considerable distance being riddled with black-looking holes, from which long shoots of broken *débris* channelled the mountain side into the ravines below, and among these holes or cave-mouths stood rough piles and pyramids of stone, of the most variegated colours. From the bank of the river we followed a rough path, marked at intervals by tall narrow stones set upright, and after about two miles' walk up some 500 or 600 feet we reached the spot, and found ourselves in the middle of the old Jade mines of the Chinese. Some of the mouths or holes which we had seen from a distance were high enough to admit a man upright, but most of them could only be entered stooping. From these entrances, passages and galleries pierced the mountain in various directions: some of them followed a winding course for a considerable distance, and were often carried upwards or downwards to avoid some obstacle, so that it was no easy matter to follow them; others branched and divided, while others again pierced through the thickness of the spur and emerged on the opposite side. In many places the passages were enlarged into chambers which had been used as dwellings by the miners, and places of shelter for their animals. In some of these we found remains of food, rough fire-places, bundles of fuel, and in one was a large stone, hollowed out as a cistern or water vessel. There were also lying about on the ledges of the rock, in places where the most recent works had been carried on, numbers of little wooden wedges, some new, others blunted by wear, which had been used to drive in between the fissures of the Jade. We found also horns of cattle and goats, apparently for holding and pouring water, and in one place a stone with a round cup hollowed in its surface, and looking like a mortar; it may possibly have been used for grinding some kind of stone for the purpose of polishing or testing.

The Jade stone itself, a silicate of magnesia, occurs in large, broken, irregular lumps, and is associated with steatite and serpentine, with which it often seems to blend. The fissures between the masses were often filled up by a white powdery clay. These layers and blocks of Jade did not form distinct strata, but with a general look of stratification they seemed to be broken up, as it were, between the more defined strata of mica and clay slates, which, with gneiss, here formed the bulk of the rocks. The Jade rocks were often many feet in thickness, but were so seamed by cracks and fissures, or at least marks of cleavage, that it was not easy to find a piece of even a few inches thick that did not show lines or flaws. The colour of the cut surface varies from a light straw-green through different shades of green up to nearly black, the latter resembling the Nephrite of Siberia. The pale transparent Jade is the most valued, and is what the Chinese generally use for carving into elaborate vases and other ornaments. Some of the Jade ornaments seen in China are of the most intricate and exquisite beauty of workmanship. There were vases looted

from the Summer Palace of Pekin which are said to have taken a man a lifetime to carve. The polished surface of the stone is intensely hard, and cannot be scratched by hard steel. It is chiefly in China and among the Tibetans that Jade ornaments and charms are much valued, and they are but little regarded by the Mahomedans of Turkestan. The quarries, as now seen, extend over an irregular belt of a mile or so in length, and 200 or 300 feet in breadth along the mountain side, and in this space there are the entrances of at least a hundred mines. Besides these there are several smaller and less ancient diggings at greater distances up the mountain side. Some of the quarries had evidently been abandoned for a long period. The piles and heaps of fragments of Jade at the entrances of the mines were probably of an inferior quality, and not worth cutting and carrying away.

The region where these Jade quarries are situated is now within the territories of the ruler of Yarkand, but up to the years 1852 or 1853 the whole of Eastern Turkestan, including Yarkand and Khotan, was under the rule of the Chinese, and had been so for more than a century, and it was then that these quarries were worked. The population of Turkestan had all along been Mahomedan, and about the year 1852 the people finally rose against their masters, and the whole of the Chinese, civil and military, were massacred. At this time the Jade workers must have fled from the diggings, and probably shared the fate of their fellow-countrymen: since then the mines have been entirely deserted, and probably, until our visit, were untrodden by human foot. The Kirghiz, who in summer pasture their herds in the valley, know of the mines, but never visit them; and none of the Mahomedans of Turkestan attempt the art of Jade cutting, or indeed value stone ornaments.

Whether the Chinese will ever regain their power in Turkestan is very doubtful, certainly at present they are making no advance, and all communication with China, the land of "Khatai," or Cathay, as it is called, is entirely cut off. The *Atálik Ghází*, the ruler of Yarkand, is at present supreme lord of all these countries, but he lately has had his hands full in putting down his enemies. It is not unlikely that the Russians may soon step in; but whoever may ultimately be in power, the old Chinese Jade quarries will probably, for many years to come, remain in their present deserted state, serving only for shelter and retreat to the wolf and fox.

BLANK COURT; OR, LANDLORDS AND TENANTS.

BY OCTAVIA HILL.

THREE ladies were standing, not long ago, in a poor and dingy court in London, when a group of dirty-faced urchins exclaimed in a tone, partly of impudence and partly of fun: "What a lot o' landladies, this morning!"

The words set me thinking, for I felt that the boys' mirth was excited, not only by the number of landladies (or of ladies acting as such), but also, probably, by the contrast between these ladies and the landladies they usually saw. For the landlady to the London poor is too often a struggling, cheated, much-worried, long-suffering woman; soured by constant dealing with untrustworthy people; embittered by loss; a prey to the worst lodgers, whom she allows to fall into debt, and is afraid to turn out, lest she should lose the amount they owe her; without spirit or education to enable her to devise improvements, or capital to execute them—never able, in short, to use the power given her by her position to bring order into the lives of her tenants: being, indeed, too frequently entirely under their control. There is a numerous class of landladies worse even than this—bullying, violent, passionate, revengeful, and cowardly. They alternately cajole and threaten, but rarely intend to carry out either their promises or their threats. Severe without principle, weakly indulgent towards evil, given to lying and swearing, too covetous to be drunken, yet indulgent to any lodger who will "treat" them; their influence is incalculably mischievous.

Ought this to be the idea suggested by the word "landlady" to the poor of our cities? The old word "landlord" is a proud one to many an English gentleman, who holds dominion over the neat cottage, with its well-stocked garden; over the comfortable farm-house; over broad, sloping parks, and rich farm-lands. It is a delight to him to keep thus fair the part of the earth over which it has been given him to rule. And, as to his people, he would think it shameful to receive the rents from his well-managed estates in the country, year by year, without some slight recognition of his tenantry—at least on birthdays or at Christmas.

But where are the owners, or lords, or ladies, of most courts like that in which I stood with my two fellow-workers? Who holds dominion there? Who heads the tenants there? If any among the nobly born, or better educated, own them, do they bear the mark of their hands? And if they do *not* own them, might they not do so? There are in those courts as loyal English hearts as ever loved or reverenced the squire in the village, only they have been so forgotten. Dark under the level ground, in kitchens damp with foulest moisture, there they huddle in multitudes, and no one loves or raises them. It must not be thought that the over-worked clergymen and missionaries, heroic as they often are, can do all that might be done for them. They count their flock by thousands, and these people want watching one by one. The clergy have no control over these places, nor have they half the power of directing labour to useful ends, which those might have who owned the houses, and were constantly brought into direct contact with the people.

How this relation of landlord and tenant might be established in some of the lowest districts of London, and with

what results, I am about to describe by relating what has been done in the last two years in Blank Court. I have already, in these pages,[1] given an account of my former efforts to establish this relation on a healthy footing in another London court; of the details of my plan of action; and of its success. I am not, therefore, in what follows, putting forth anything new in its main idea, but am simply insisting on principles of the truth of which every day's experience only makes me the more deeply assured, and recounting the history of an attempt to spread those principles to a class still lower than that alluded to in my former paper.

It was near the end of 1869 that I first heard that a good many houses in Blank Court were to be disposed of. Eventually, in the course of that year, six ten-roomed houses were bought by the Countess of Ducie, and five more by another lady, and placed partially under my care. I was especially glad to obtain some influence here, as I knew this place to be one of the worst in Marylebone; its inhabitants were mainly costermongers and small hawkers, and were almost the poorest class of those amongst our population who have any settled home, the next grade below them being vagrants who sleep in common lodging-houses; and I knew that its moral standing was equally low. Its reputation had long been familiar to me; for when unruly and hopeless tenants were sent away from other houses in the district, I had often heard that they had gone to Blank Court, the tone in which it was said implying that they had now sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. A lawyer friend had also said to me, on hearing that it was proposed to buy houses there, "Blank Court! why, that is the place one is always noticing in the police reports for its rows."

Yet its outward appearance would not have led a casual observer to guess its real character. Blank Court is not far from Cavendish Square, and daily, in the season, scores of carriages, with their gaily dressed occupants, pass the end of it. Should such look down it, they would little divine its inner life. Seen from the outside, and in the daytime, it is a quiet-looking place, the houses a moderate size, and the space between them tolerably wide. It has no roadway, but is nicely enough paved, and old furniture stands out for sale on the pavement, in front of the few shops.

But if any one had entered those houses with me two years ago, he would have seen enough to surprise and horrify him. In many of the houses the dustbins were utterly unapproachable, and cabbage leaves, stale fish, and every sort of dirt were lying in the passages and on the stairs; in some the back kitchen had been used as a dustbin, but had not been emptied for years, and the dust filtered through into the front kitchens, which were the sole living and sleeping rooms of some families; in some, the kitchen stairs were many inches thick with dirt, which was so hardened that a shovel had to be used to get it off; in some there was hardly any water to be had; the wood was eaten away, and broken away; windows were smashed; and the rain was coming through the roofs. At night it was still worse; and during the first winter I had to collect the rents chiefly then, as the inhabitants, being principally costermongers, were out nearly all day, and they were afraid to entrust their rent to their neighbours. It was then that I saw the houses in their most dreadful aspect. I well remember wet, foggy, Monday nights, when I turned down the dingy court, past the brilliantly lighted public-house at the corner, past the old furniture outside the shops, and dived into the dark, yawning, passage ways. The front doors stood open day and night, and as I felt my way down the kitchen stairs, broken, and rounded by the hardened mud upon them, the foul smells which the heavy, foggy air would not allow to rise, met me as I descended, and the plaster rattled down

[1] *Macmillan's Magazine* for July 1869.

with a hollow sound as I groped along. It was truly appalling to think that there were human beings who lived habitually in such an atmosphere, with such surroundings. Sometimes I had to open the kitchen door myself, after knocking several times in vain, when a woman, quite drunk, would be lying on the floor on some black mass which served as a bed; sometimes, in answer to my knocks, a half-drunken man would swear, and thrust the rent-money out to me through a chink of the door, placing his foot against it, so as to prevent it from opening wide enough to admit me. Always it would be shut again without a light being offered to guide me up the pitch-dark stairs. Such was Blank Court in the winter of 1869. Truly, a wild, lawless, desolate little kingdom to come to rule over.

On what principles was I to rule these people? On the same that I had already tried, and tried with success, in other places, and which I may sum up as the two following: firstly, to demand a strict fulfilment of their duties to me,—one of the chief of which would be the punctual payment of rent; and secondly, to endeavour to be so unfailingly just and patient, that they should learn to trust the rule that was over them.

With regard to details, I would make a few improvements at once—such, for example, as the laying on of water and repairing of dustbins, but, for the most part, improvements should be made only by degrees, as the people became more capable of valuing and not abusing them. I would have the rooms distempered, and thoroughly cleansed, as they became vacant, and then they should be offered to the more cleanly of the tenants. I would have such repairs as were not immediately needed, used as a means of giving work to the men in times of distress. I would draught the occupants of the underground kitchens into the upstair rooms, and would ultimately convert the kitchens into bath-rooms and wash-houses. I would have the landlady's portion of the house—*i.e.* the stairs and passages—at once repaired and distempered, and they should be regularly scrubbed, and, as far as possible, made models of cleanliness, for I knew, from former experience, that the example of this would, in time, silently spread itself to the rooms themselves, and that payment for this work would give me some hold over the elder girls. I would collect savings personally, not trust to their being taken to distant banks or saving clubs. And finally, I knew that I should learn to feel these people as my friends, and so should instinctively feel the same respect for their privacy and their independence, and should treat them with the same courtesy that I should show towards any other personal friends. There would be no interference, no entering their rooms uninvited, no offer of money or the necessaries of life. But when occasion presented itself, I should give them any help I could, such as I might offer without insult to other friends—sympathy in their distresses; advice, help, and counsel in their difficulties; introductions that might be of use to them; means of education; visits to the country; a lent book when not able to work; a bunch of flowers brought on purpose; an invitation to any entertainment, in a room built at the back of my own house, which would be likely to give them pleasure. I am convinced that one of the evils of much that is done for the poor, springs from the want of delicacy felt, and courtesy shown, towards them, and that we cannot beneficially help them in any spirit different to that in which we help those who are better off. The help may differ in amount, because their needs are greater. It should not differ in kind.

To sum up: my endeavours in ruling these people should be to maintain perfect strictness in our business relations, perfect respectfulness in our personal relations.

These principles of government and plans of action were not theoretical: they had not been *thought out* in the study, but had been *worked out* in the course of practical dealings with indi-

vidual cases. And though I am able thus to formulate them, I want it understood that they are essentially living, that they are not mere dead rules, but principles the application of which is varying from day to day. I can say, for example, "It is our plan to keep some repairs as employment for men out of work;" but it needs the true instinct to apply this plan beneficially —the time to give the work, its kind, its amount, above all the mode of offering it, have to be felt out fresh on each fresh occasion, and the circumstances and characters vary so that each case is new.

The practical carrying out in Blank Court of these various plans of action, involved, as may readily be imagined, a great deal of personal supervision. Hence the "lot o' landladies" which excited the attention of the street boys. Several ladies, whether owners of houses or not, have worked there energetically with me since the property was bought; and when I use the word "we," I would have it understood to apply to these ladies and myself: it is often upon them that much of the detail of the work devolves.

But to proceed with the history of Blank Court. Our first step on obtaining possession was to call on all the inhabitants to establish our claim to receive rents. We accepted or refused the people as tenants, made their acquaintance, and learnt all they might be disposed to tell us about themselves and their families. We came upon strange scenes sometimes. In one room a handsome, black, tangle-haired, ragged boy and girl, of about nine and ten, with wild dark eyes, were always to be found, sometimes squatting near the fire, watching a great black pot, sometimes amusing themselves with cutting paper into strips with scissors. It was difficult to extract a word: the money and dirty rent-book were generally pushed to us in silence. No grown person was ever to be seen. For months I never saw these children in the open air. Often they would lie in bed all day long; and I believe they were too ignorant and indolent to care to leave the house except at night, when the boy, as we afterwards found, would creep like a cat along the roofs of the outbuildings to steal lumps of coal from a neighbouring shed.

At one room we had to call again and again, always finding the door locked. At last, after weeks of vain effort, I found the woman who owned the room at home. She was sitting on the floor at tea with another woman, the tea being served on an inverted hamper. I sat down on an opposite hamper, which was the only other piece of furniture in the room, and told her I was sorry that I had never been able to make her acquaintance before. To which she replied, with rather a grand air and a merry twinkle in her eye, that she had been "unavoidably absent:" in other words, some weeks in prison,—not a rare occurrence with her.

When we set about our repairs and alterations, there was much that was discouraging. The better class of people in the court were hopeless of any permanent improvement. When one of the tenants of the shops saw that we were sending workmen into the empty rooms, he said considerately, "I'll tell you what it is, Miss, it'll cost you a lot o' money to repair them places, and it's no good. The women's 'eads 'll be druv through the door panels again in no time, and the place is good enough for such cattle as them there." But we were not to be deterred.

On the other hand, we were not to be hurried in our action by threats. These were not wanting. For no sooner did the tenants see the workmen about than they seemed to think that if they only clamoured enough they would get their own rooms put to rights. Nothing had been done for years. Now, they thought, was their opportunity. More than one woman locked me in her room with her, the better to rave and storm. She would shake the rent in her pocket to tempt me with the sound of the money, and roar out "that never a farthing of it would she pay till her grate was set," or her floor was mended, as the case might be. Perfect silence

would make her voice drop lower and lower, until at last she would stop, wondering that no violent answers were hurled back at her, and a pause would ensue. I felt that promises would be little believed in, and, besides, I wished to feel free to do as much, and only as much, as seemed best to me; so that my plan was to trust to my deeds to speak for themselves, and inspire confidence as time went on. In such a pause, therefore, I once said to a handsome, gipsy-like Irishwoman, "How long have you lived here?" "More than four years," she replied, her voice swelling again at the remembrance of her wrongs; "and always was a good tenant, and paid my way, and never a thing done! And my grate, &c., &c., &c." "And how long have I had the houses?" "Well, I suppose since Monday week," in a gruff but somewhat mollified tone. "Very well, Mrs. L——, just think over quietly what has been done in the houses since then; and if you like to leave and think you can suit yourself better, I am glad you should make yourself comfortable. Meantime, of course, while you stay, you pay rent. I will call for it this evening if it doesn't suit you to pay now. Good morning."

Almost immediately after the purchase of the houses, we had the accumulated refuse of years carted away, the pavement in the yards and front areas were repaired, dustbins cleared, the drains put in order, and water supplied. Such improvements as these are tolerably unspoilable, but for any of a more destructible nature it was better to wait. The importance of advancing slowly, and of gaining some hold over the people as a necessary accompaniment to any real improvement in their dwellings, was perpetually apparent. Their habits were so degraded that we had to work a change in these before they would make any proper use of the improved surroundings we were prepared to give them. We had locks torn off, windows broken, drains stopped, dustbins misused in every possible manner, even pipes broken, and water-taps wrenched away. This was sometimes the result of carelessness, and deeply-rooted habit of dirt and untidiness; sometimes the damage was wilful. Our remedy was to watch the right moment for furnishing these appliances, to persevere in supplying them, and to get the people by degrees to work with us for their preservation. I have learnt to know that people are ashamed to abuse a place they find cared for. They will add dirt to dirt till a place is pestilential, but the more they find done for it, the more they will respect it, till at last order and cleanliness prevail. It is this feeling of theirs, coupled with the fact that they do not like those whom they have learned to love and whose standard is higher than their own, to see things which would grieve them, which has enabled us to accomplish nearly every reform of outward things that we have achieved; so that the surest way to have any place kept clean is to go through it often yourself. First I go at regular times, and then they clean to receive me, and have the pleasure of preparing for me, and seeing my satisfaction; then I go at unexpected times to raise them to the power of having it always clean.

Our plan of removing the inhabitants of the miserable underground kitchens to rooms in the upper parts of the houses, did not, strange as it may seem, meet with any approbation at first. They had been so long in the semi-darkness that they felt it an effort to move. One woman, in particular, I remember, pleaded hard with me to let her stop, saying, "My bits of things won't look *anything* if you bring them to the light." By degrees, however, we effected the change.

I mentioned in my summary of our plan of operations, our custom of using some of the necessary, yet not immediately wanted repairs, as a means of affording work to the tenants in slack times. I lay great stress upon this. Though the men are not mechanics, there are many rough jobs of plastering, distempering, glazing, or sweeping away and removing rubbish which they

can do. When, therefore, a tenant is out of work, instead of reducing his energy by any gifts of money, we simply, whenever the funds at our disposal allow it, employ him in restoring and purifying the houses. And what a difference five shillings worth of work in a bad week will make to a family! The father, instead of idling listlessly at the corner of the street, sets busily and happily to work, prepares the whitewash, mends the plaster, distempers the room; the wife bethinks herself of having a turn out of musty corners or drawers, untouched, may be, for months, of cleaning her windows, perhaps even of putting up a clean blind; and thus a sense of decency, the hope of beginning afresh and doing better, comes like new life into the home.

The same cheering and encouraging sort of influence, though in a less degree, is exercised by our plan of having a little band of scrubbers. We have each passage scrubbed twice a week by one of the elder girls. The sixpence thus earned is a stimulus, and they often take an extreme interest in the work itself. One little girl was so proud of her first cleaning that she stood two hours watching her passage lest the boys, whom she considered as the natural enemies of order and cleanliness, should spoil it before I came to see it. And one woman remarked to her neighbour how nice the stairs looked. "They haven't been cleaned," she added, "since ever I came into this house." She had been there six years! The effect of these clean passages frequently spreads to the rooms, as the dark line of demarcation between the cleaned passage and the still dirty room arouses the attention, and begins to trouble the minds, of its inmates.

Gradually, then, these various modes of dealing with our little realm began to tell. Gradually the people began to trust us; and gradually the houses were improved. The sense of quiet power and sympathy soon made itself felt, and less and less was there any sign of rudeness or violence towards ourselves. Even before the first winter was over many a one would hurry to light us up the stairs, and instead of my having the rent-book and money thrust to me through the half-open door, and being kept from possible entrance by a firmly planted foot, my reception would be, "Oh, can't you come in, Miss, and sit down for a bit?" Little by little the houses were renovated, the grates reset, the holes in the floors repaired, the cracking, dirty plaster replaced by a clean smooth surface, the heaps of rubbish removed, and we progressed towards order.

Amongst the many benefits which the possession of the houses enables us to confer on the people, perhaps one of the most important is our power of saving them from neighbours who would render their lives miserable. It is a most merciful thing to protect the poor from the pain of living in the next room to drunken, disorderly people. "I am dying," said an old woman to me the other day: "I wish you would put me where I can't hear S——beating his wife. Her screams are awful. And B——, too, he do come in so drunk. Let me go over the way to No. 30." Our success depends on duly arranging the inmates: not too many children in any one house so as to overcrowd it; not too few, so as to overcrowd another; not two bad people side by side, or they drink together; not a terribly bad person beside a very respectable one.

Occasionally we come upon people whose lives are so good and sincere, it is only by such services and the sense of our friendship, that we can help them at all; in all-important things they do not need our teaching, while we may learn much from them. In one of the underground kitchens, I found an old woman who had been living there for twelve years. In spite of every obstacle, and in the midst of such surroundings as I have described, she was spotlessly clean and had done the very best for the wretched place: the broken bars of the grate she had bound in their places with little bits of wire; the

great rents in the wall, one of which went right through to the open air, she had stuffed with rags, the jagged ends of which she had actually taken the trouble to trim neatly with scissors; she had papered the walls, and as they were so damp that the paste was perpetually losing its hold, she patiently fastened up the long strips of paper fresh every week. With all this work for it she had naturally become so fond of her little home that it nearly broke her heart to think of leaving it. So we determined not to tear her away from it. After a time, however, the force of our former arguments told upon her, and suddenly, one day, she volunteered to move. She has kept her new room as one would expect, in a state of neatness and order that is quite perfect. She has since been growing less and less able to work, but she has always paid her rent, she has never asked for help, nor would she even accept the small boon of my lending her some money until she could give the due notice which would enable her to draw out her own savings from the bank where she had placed them. She has lived thirty-five years in London, a single woman depending entirely on herself, without parish allowance or other aid, and has had strength to keep up her standard of cleanliness and independence, and a spirit of patient trustfulness that is unfailing. Her life on earth is nearly over; she is now confined to her bed, for the most part quite alone, without even a bell to summon aid: yet there she lies in her snow white bed as quietly as a little child settling itself to sleep, talking sometimes with a little pride of her long life's work, sometimes with tenderness of her old days in Ireland long ago, and saying gently that she does not wish to be better; she wants to go "home." Even in the extremity of her loneliness only a small mind could pity her. It is a life to watch with reverence and admiration.

We can rarely speak of the depths of the hearts we learn to know or the lives we see in the course of our work. The people are our friends. But sometimes, when such as this old woman seem to have passed beyond us all and to have entered into a quiet we cannot break, we may just glance at a life which, in its simplicity and faithfulness, might make the best of us ashamed.

Since we began our work in the court there has been a marked improvement in many of the people. I may just say, as examples, that the passionate Irish tenant who locked me into her room did not leave us, but has settled down happily, and has shown me more than one act of confidence and kindly feeling; that the old woman whose "bits o' things" would look nothing if brought upstairs, after having been long in a light room, has now asked for a larger one, having freed herself from a debt which cramped her resources, and has begun to save; and that the two dark-eyed children were ultimately won over to trust in us. Their mother—a most degraded woman—when she at last appeared, proved to be living a very disreputable life, and the only hope for the children was to get them away from her influence. My first triumph was in getting the girl to exert herself enough to become one of our scrubbers, and finally, a year ago, we were able to persuade her to go to a little industrial school in the country, where she has since been joined by a sister of hers, who turned up subsequently to my first visits. Unfortunately the mother absconded, taking the boy with her, while we were still hoping to get him sent away to a training school also; but, even in the short time that he remained with us, I had got some hold over him. By dint of making an agreement with him that I would myself fetch him at eight one morning, and help him to prepare his toilet so as to be fit for the nearest ragged school, I got him to begin learning; and when once the ice was broken, he went frequently of his own accord.

Opportunities for helping people at some important crisis of their lives not unfrequently present themselves. For

instance, soon after we came into possession of Blank Court, I once or twice received rent from a young girl, whom I generally found, sitting sadly, in a nearly bare room, holding in her arms a little baby. She looked so young that I thought at first the baby must be her sister, but it turned out to be her own child. Her husband seemed a mere boy, and was, in fact, only nineteen. One day, when the rent was not forthcoming, I learnt their story. It appeared that an aunt had promised the lad a sovereign to set him up as a costermonger, if he married the girl; but he had not bargained for prepayment, and the promise was not fulfilled. This marriage-portion, which was to have procured them a stock of herrings, had never been forthcoming. This seemed an occasion upon which a small loan might be of the utmost use. I accordingly lent them the much-needed sovereign (which they have since punctually repaid), and thus saved the young couple from being driven to the workhouse, and gave them a small start in life.

To show further the various opportunities afforded us by our footing with the people, I will describe one of our weekly collections of savings.

On Saturday evenings, about eight o'clock, the tenants know that we are to be found in the "club room" (one of the former shops of the court, and now used by us for a men's club, and for boys' and girls' evening classes, as well as for this purpose of collecting savings), and that they may come to us there if they like, either for business or a friendly chat.

Picture a low, rather long room, one of my assistants and myself sitting in state, with pen and ink and bags for money, at a deal table under a flaring gas jet; the door, which leads straight into the court, standing wide open. A bright red blind, drawn down over the broad window, prevents the passers-by from gazing in there, but, round the open door, there are gathered a set of wild, dirty faces looking in upon us. Such a semicircle they make, as the strong gas-light falls upon them! They are mostly children with dishevelled hair, and ragged, uncared-for clothes; but, above them, now and then one sees the haggard face of a woman hurrying to make her Saturday evening purchases, or the vacant stare of some half-drunken man. The grown-up people who stop to look in are usually strangers, for those who know us generally come in to us. "Well! they've give it this time anyhow," one woman will exclaim, sitting down on a bench near us, so engrossed in the question of whether she obtains a parish allowance that she thinks "they" can mean no one but the Board of Guardians, and "it" nothing but the much-desired allowance. "Yes, I thought I'd come in and tell you," she will go on; "I went up Tuesday—" And then will follow the whole story.

"Well, and how do you find yourself, Miss?" a big Irish labourer in a flannel jacket will say, entering afterwards; "I just come in to say I shall be knocked off Monday; finished our job across the park: and if so be there's any little thing in whitewashing to do, why, I'll be glad to do it."

"Presently," we reply, nodding to a thin, slight woman at the door. She has not spoken, but we know the meaning of that beseeching look. She wants us to go up and get her husband's rent from him before he goes out to spend more of it in drink.

The eager, watchful eyes of one of our little scrubbers next attract attention; there she stands, with her savings' card in her hand, waiting till we enter the sixpence she has earned from us during the week. "How much have I got?" she says, eyeing the written sixpences with delight, "because Mother says, please, I'm to draw out next Saturday; she's going to buy me a pair of boots."

"Take two shillings on the card and four shillings rent," a proudly happy woman will say, as she lays down a piece of bright gold, a rare sight this in the court, but her husband has been in regular work for some little time.

"Please, Miss," says another woman,

"will you see and do something for Jane? She's that masterful since her father died, I can't do nothing with her, and she'll do no good in this court. Do see and get her a place somewheres away."

A man will enter now: "I'll leave you my rent to-night, Miss, instead o' Monday, please; it'll be safer with you than with me."

A pale woman comes next, in great sorrow. Her husband, she tells us, has been arrested without cause. We believe this to be true; the man has always paid his way honestly, worked industriously, and lived decently. So my assistant goes round to the police-station at once to bail him, while I remain to collect the savings. "Did he seem grateful?" I say to her on her return. "He took it very quietly," is her answer; "he seemed to feel it quite natural that we should help him."

Such are some of the scenes on our Savings' evenings; such some of the services we are called upon to render; such the kind of footing we are on with our tenants. An evening such as this assuredly shows that our footing has somewhat changed since those spent in Blank Court during the first winter.

My readers will not imagine that I mean to imply that there are not still depths of evil remaining in Blank Court. It would be impossible for such a place as I described it as being originally, to be raised in two years to a satisfactory condition. But, what I do contend, is, that we have worked some very real reforms, and seen some very real results. I feel that it is in a very great degree a question of time, and that, now that we have got hold of the hearts of the people, the court is sure to improve steadily. It will pay as good a percentage to its owners and will benefit its tenants as much as any of the other properties under my management have done. This court contains two out of eight properties on which the same plans have been tried, and all of them are increasingly prosperous. The first two were purchased by Mr. Ruskin.

It appears to me then to be proved by practical experience, that when we can induce the rich to undertake the duties of landlord in poor neighbourhoods, and ensure a sufficient amount of the wise, personal supervision of educated and sympathetic people acting as their representatives, we achieve results which are not attainable in any other way. It is true that there are Dwellings' Improvement Societies, and the good these societies do is incalculable; I should be the last to underrate it. But it is almost impossible that any society could do much for such places as Blank Court, because it is there not so much a question of dealing with houses alone, as of dealing with houses in connection with their influence on the character and habits of the people who inhabit them. If any society had come there and put those houses into a state of perfect repair at once, it would have been of little use, because its work would have been undone again by the bad habits and carelessness of the people. If improvements were made on a large scale, and the people remained untouched, all would soon return to its former condition. You cannot deal with the people and their houses separately. The principle on which the whole work rests, is that the inhabitants and their surroundings must be improved together. It has never yet failed to succeed.

Finally, I would call upon those who may possess cottage property in large towns, to consider the immense power they thus hold in their hands, and the large influence for good they may exercise by the wise use of that power. When they have to delegate it to others, let them take care to whom they commit it; and let them beware lest, through the widely prevailing system of sub-letting, this power ultimately abide with those who have neither the will nor the knowledge which would enable them to use it beneficially;—with such as the London landladies described at the beginning of this paper. The manage-

ment of details will seldom remain with the large owners, but they may choose trustworthy representatives, and retain at least as much control over their tenants, and as much interest in them, as is done by good landlords in the country.

And I would ask those who do *not* hold such property, to consider whether they might not, by possessing themselves of some, confer lasting benefits on their poorer neighbours.

In these pages I have dwelt mainly on the way our management affects the people, as I have given elsewhere[1] my experiences as to financial matters, and details of practical management. But I may here urge one thing on those about to undertake to deal with such property—the extreme importance of enforcing the punctual payment of rents. This principle is a vital one. Firstly, because it strikes one blow at the credit system, that curse of the poor; secondly, because it prevents large losses from bad debts, and prevents the tenant from believing that he will be suffered to remain, whatever his conduct may be, resting that belief on his knowledge of the large sum that would be lost were he turned out; and, thirdly, because the mere fact that the man is kept up to his duty is a help to him, and increases his self-respect and hope of doing better.

I would also say to those who, in the carrying out of such an undertaking, are brought into immediate contact with the tenants, that its success will depend most of all on their giving sympathy to the tenants, and awakening confidence in them; but it will depend also in a great degree on their power of bestowing concentrated attention on small details.

[1] Cottage Property in London.—*Fortnightly Review*, Nov. 1, 1866.

Organized Work amongst the Poor.—*Macmillan's Magazine*, July 1869.

For the work is one of detail. Looking back over the years as they pass, one sees a progress that is *not* small; but day after day the work is one of such small things, that if one did not look beyond and through them they would be trying. Locks to be mended, notices to be served, the missing shilling of the week's rent to be called for three or four times, petty quarrels to be settled, small rebukes to be spoken, the same remonstrances to be made again and again.

But it is on these things and their faithful execution that the life of the whole matter depends, and by which steady progress is ensured. It is the small things of the world that colour the lives of those around us, and it is on persistent efforts to reform these that progress depends; and we may rest assured that they who see with greater eyes than ours have a due estimate of the service, and that if we did but perceive the mighty principles underlying these tiny things, we should rather feel awed that we are entrusted with them at all, than scornful and impatient that they are no larger. What are we that we should ask for more than that God should let us work for Him among the tangible things which He created to be fair, and the human spirits which He redeemed to be pure? From time to time He lifts a veil, and shows us, even while we struggle with imperfections here below, that towards which we are working,—shows us how by governing and ordering the tangible things one by one we may make of this earth a fair dwelling-place. And far better still, how by cherishing human beings He will let us help Him in His work of building up temples meet for Him to dwell in—faint images of that best temple of all, which He promised that He would raise up on the third day, though men might destroy it.

CENTENARIANISM.

BY E. RAY LANKESTER.

THE somewhat unwieldy word standing at the head of this page is coined in order to take the place of that much-abused term "longevity," which is often made to do duty in a restricted sense, to its detriment. Longevity simply means "length of life;" and it can serve no good purpose to limit its application to those cases of length of life which are beyond the normal period among men: it is required for more general use; and hence we may, with advantage, speak of old people who reach or exceed one hundred years of age as examples of centenarianism, instead of calling them examples of longevity. Every now and then, with more frequency and regularity than is presented by perhaps any other periodic topic, centenarianism excites the public interest. Another case is announced of an individual having exceeded one hundred years of age: paragraphs go the round of the newspapers, the medical journals report on the case, Sir George Cornewall Lewis is declared to be refuted, and the subject drops. It is a little strange at first sight, this interest which is manifested in monstrosities of life-duration. The men and women who have so far distinguished themselves among their fellow-creatures as to exceed greatly the average height, have never attracted so much attention as have the long-livers; and yet it is probably as rare for a man to exceed eight feet in height as to live beyond the hundredth year,—indeed, we believe much rarer. No one asks the details of the life of an eight-foot giant—how much pudding he took as a boy in order to attain his astounding dimensions—apparently because nobody believes that any administration of pudding or its correlatives would make a boy, who was *going to be* five foot four, into a man of larger size. Possibly, moreover, not very many persons are greatly anxious to attain large dimensions. It is not so, however, with long-livers: even to-day all classes of society take an interest, which is sometimes profound, in the details of life of a long-liver; they would fain imitate the centenarian, and by copying his mode of living inherit his years. Even where there is no intention of pursuing a system of diet and manner of life, people seem to like to know how they could, if they chose, lengthen their years. There is a relic of the old times, of the search for the *elixir vitæ*, in this kind of thing: that great enthusiasm of past days, which served an important part in opening for us the door of science, is still alive. Clearly the people who take more interest in the lesson to be learned from the diary of a centenarian than from the report of a Registrar-General or a medical officer of health, are yet mediæval in their views of life and death. The real fact seems to be that the man who exceeds one hundred years of life has no more to teach us than the man who exceeds eight feet in height: both are monstrosities, and attain their special distinction by no particular behaviour on their part. A certain amount of care will produce its due effect on the longevity of any individual; but there is a set limit beyond which it cannot be extended. In some individuals this limit is at a greater distance than it is in the most of mankind, and if they escape the accidents of disease and violence they live longer than other men: the cases of these men must be looked upon as distinctly abnormal; they are to be held as freaks of nature, monsters—giants of age; just as we have converse cases recorded of dwarfs of age—human beings who became old after twelve years of life, and began to

exhibit senile decay at a time when ordinary men are still growing children.

Longevity, as we have elsewhere pointed out,[1] is of several kinds, which need to be distinguished. There is the longevity characteristic of species of plants and animals, men included,—that is to say, the age which each individual of the species born may be expected to reach; this is *average specific longevity*, and is a very low figure indeed as compared with other kinds of longevity. For Europeans it does not appear to be above forty years. This average longevity is brought to so low a figure by the great amount of death in the first years of life. By an excess of deaths in early life the average longevity of a species or of any given group of individuals might be brought down to a year or two, though the individuals which *did* survive might, some of them, enjoy a century of life. This brings us to a second kind of longevity also characterizing species—that which agrees with what has been called "the lease of life," and which we call *potential specific longevity*. The age to which a creature would attain, supposing it to escape all the dangers of youth, the diseases and accidents which are lurking about the life-way, and to die simply of old age, would represent the "potential longevity" of that kind of plant or animal. Very few beings ever manage to exhibit this—certainly very few men; but men are sufficiently anxious about the matter, and many have taken so much pains to live long, by avoiding all dangers, that we have good ground to suppose that the lease of life of the present race of men is normally something between seventy and one hundred years. Care may enable a man to expend very nearly his full lease; but nothing which he can do, no power under heaven, can enable him to add a day to that term, any more than by taking thought a cubit may be added to his stature. And now we see the relations which centenarians hold to other men in this matter. They are not persons who have taken more care than the less rare but equally admirable octogenarians; they have simply been *born with a greater potential longevity*—a longer lease of life—and they have had the good or bad luck to remain tenants for very nearly as long as the lease was good. It is impossible to guess how many, but doubtless thousands of possible centenarians die before they are a year old, and thousands more at all ages: had they got by the one fatal corner where they fell, the whole road would have been clear for a hundred years.

Regarding then, as we do, centenarians as instances of extreme or "abnormal longevity," of which it is worth remarking we have two forms, the abnormally small[1] and the abnormally great, we can see no reason for fixing the limit of the abnormally great at one hundred years, as Sir George Cornewall Lewis was at one time inclined to do, nor even at one hundred and three or four, to which limit he was afterwards induced to advance. Our *à priori* impressions are distinctly in favour of a much wider limit, reaching perhaps, in the very rarest cases, to the one hundred and fifty years attributed to some celebrities, such as Old Parr, Henry Jenkins, and the Countesses of Desmond and Eccleston. Indeed, the great German, Haller, has uttered what is probably the truest dictum yet put forward in the matter: "The ultimate limit of human life does not exceed two centuries: to fix the exact number of years is exceedingly difficult."

When an unusually well-attested case of centenarianism turns up—as for instance the recent one of Mr. Luning, at Morden College, Blackheath,—the newspapers and journals always bring in the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis, attribute certain opinions to him, and demolish them by aid of the new case. This is one way of keeping up the interest in the specimens of abnormal longevity; but inas-

[1] "Comparative Longevity in Man and Animals." Macmillan, 1870.

[1] An instance was not long since recorded in one of the medical journals of a child which ceased to grow and commenced to exhibit signs of senile decay at the age of ten years.

much as several well-attested cases of persons exceeding a hundred years of age were adduced at the time when Sir George was interested in this matter, and were actually admitted by him not long before he died as sufficiently conclusive to make him modify the opinion he had held, viz. that there was no proof of the existence of centenarians, we are fully warranted in concluding that the importance attached to such cases from this point of view is as delusive as is the interest they gain from the supposition that we can learn by them how to live long ourselves. What Sir George Lewis at one time stated (it was during the last few months of his life that he brought his valuable sceptical criticism to bear on the matter) was, that he could find no sufficient proof of any man or woman having exceeded, or even completed a century of life; and having found so many cases advanced on the slenderest and most worthless evidence, he was inclined to regard all centenarianism as either delusion or imposture. In this he reminds us of a remark made by Professor Huxley: "No mistake is so commonly made by clever people as that of assuming a cause to be bad because the arguments of its supporters are to a great extent nonsensical." Sir George fell into this error, as he afterwards had to acknowledge; for upon the evidence which the publication of his incredulity brought down upon him in abundance, he was compelled to admit that persons do reach one hundred years of age, and that some have attained even one hundred and three or four, though this he considered exceedingly rare and as the ultimate term of life.

By far the larger number of cases of centenarianism which are reported are not backed up as they should be by evidence. The appetite for the marvellous is so keen, that people would rather take the centenarian on his own assertion than risk losing him by investigation. This is the case with a certain Thomas Geeran, now receiving parish relief at Brighton, who is declared to be one hundred and four years old, and states that he entered the British army at thirty years of age, and served for more than thirty years. A pamphlet has been published concerning this case, in which there is not a shred of evidence given in support of the man's statement. No inquiries appear to have been made at his reputed birthplace, viz. Scariff, county Clare, Ireland, and an application to the War Office, with a view to getting him pension, has entirely failed, in consequence of his name not being discoverable in the books. This is the kind of case which we must guard against, and others like it, testified only by epitaphs or village gossips. The next generation will not be troubled with this question as we are to-day, for the registration of births will, in the course of time, furnish all the required evidence on one point, whilst the only remaining difficulty, that of establishing identity, is daily decreasing with the growth of intelligence and the spread of education among our peasantry.

It is to be hoped, however, that we shall not have to wait so long for journalists and enthusiasts to cease their triumphant paragraphs, announcing cases in which the age of one hundred or one hundred and four years has been attained. Anything over one hundred and nine, in the way of age, would be perhaps worth mention if accompanied with documentary evidence; but of the mere passing the century limit there is enough proof already.[1]

We shall here briefly mention five cases of centenarianism, of the thorough trustworthiness of which we feel no doubt; and were it worth while, we fully believe that a great many others could be placed on an equally sure basis. The trouble and worry of doing this kind of thing is, however, not at all inviting; and where so little is to be gained either in the way of knowledge or amusement, we do not wonder that published well-attested cases are fewer than they might be.

1. William Shuldham was baptized

[1] A great number of cases of centenarianism—good and bad—are given by Mr. Tollemache in an excellent article in the *Fortnightly Review*, April 1869.

at Beccles, in Suffolk, in July 1743. He died in May 1845. His baptism is witnessed by the register in the parish church of Beccles. On July 22, 1843, he gave a dinner at Marlesford Hall, near Wickham Market, to his friends, to celebrate the completion of his hundredth year.

2. A Quaker gentleman, well known in the mercantile world at the beginning of this century, died not long since in his hundred and second year. Dr. Dickinson, of Mayfair, who has been kind enough to inform me of this case, has copies of the register both of his birth and death, establishing this fact. As Dr. Dickinson observes, the Quakers are very precise in these matters.

3. James Hastings, for upwards of sixty years rector and impropriator of the living of Martley in Worcestershire, father of Admiral Sir Thomas Hastings, Sir Charles Hastings, Admiral Hastings, and the Rev. Henry Hastings, died in his hundred-and-first year. His grandson, Mr. G. W. Hastings, of Barnard's Green, Malvern, has obliged me with the following details. He was born in London, in Soho-square, Jan. 2, 1756; and his birth register, of which Mr. Hastings has a copy, is at St. Martin's, Trafalgar-square. He was entered as a gentleman commoner of Wadham College, Oxford, in 1776. At the request of Sir Thomas and Mr. Hastings, the warden of Wadham last year looked up the entries in the college and university books, and sent a copy of an entry, giving the age of James Hastings as twenty at matriculation. He was admitted to holy orders by the Bishop of Oxford, at St. Mary's, in November 1779. As no one can be admitted to the orders of the Church of England till the age of twenty-three, this again carries him back to 1756 as his birth-year. Mr. Hastings has the letters of orders in his possession; they have never left the family, and prove incontestably that James Hastings was twenty-three in 1779. He was married at the parish church of Chipping Norton in February 1781, and his age is given in the register as twenty-five. He died in July 1856, and was buried in the family vault in Martley Church. The Rev. James Hastings stood six feet four inches in his stockings, was a strikingly handsome man, and had fifteen children. He had but one sister, and no brother, whilst his wife had one brother and no sister. His father did not much exceed sixty years in age; and Mr. Hastings informs me from his family records, which extend to the time of Henry II., that there are no remarkable cases of great age among his earlier progenitors.

4. Captain Lahrbush in March 1870 celebrated in New York city his hundred and fourth birthday anniversary. He was born in London, on the 9th of March, 1766. He entered the British army on the 17th of October, 1789, and documents connected with this entry prove his age at that time to have been twenty-three years.

5. Jacob William Luning died recently, at Morden College, Blackheath, in his hundred and fourth year. Documentary evidence sufficient to satisfy Dr. Farr, of the Registrar-General's Office, has been adduced, proving that he was born at Hamelvörden in 1767, and similar evidence of the date and the age he gave when he was naturalized as a British subject, also when he was married, and, what is still more important, when he insured his life—an occasion on which men are not likely to add anything to their age.

As to the means by which to live long, and to give ourselves the chance of enduring to our hundred and tenth year, if we have it in us, or to our eightieth only, if that be the limit of our "matter of life," we must consult the statistics which are available, and not try to draw any conclusions from these extreme cases. What will lengthen and what shorten life, however, becomes a question of general longevity, and this we did not propose to ourselves to discuss on the présent occasion. We may, nevertheless, notice that everything seems to show that the appliances of civilized life, and quiet and regular habits, are the chief conditions of long life. Europeans

are, it seems, longer lived than other men; and Englishmen than French, Germans, Swedes, or Belgians, as far as statistics tell us. In Lord Bacon's time there was a prejudice in favour of the wild Irishmen—"Hiberni sylvestres," as he calls them, who were in the habit of smelling the fresh earth and drinking infusions of saffron. Statistics and Saxon domination have deprived Ireland of this pre-eminence in longevity. We also find from statistics, comparing the expectation of life at the age of sixty, given by various authorities, that in England agricultural labourers of that age, belonging to friendly societies, and hence sober, well-to-do men, stand first, and may expect to live nearly eighteen years longer, whilst confirmed drunkards stand last, with only half that chance of life. The females of the aristocracy come next to the labourers, with sixteen years and a half; the male members of the aristocracy next, with only fourteen and a half; clerks follow, with twelve and a half; men in Liverpool, with twelve; miners, with eleven and three-quarters; whilst sovereigns of all countries at sixty years of age have an expectation of a little less than eleven years of life. Distinguished men live a shorter time than less distinguished, on account of their harder work; married live longer than unmarried persons, on account, perhaps, of the measured tranquillity of connubial life; women longer than men, because they lead an easier life; and the clergy longer than other professional men, for the same reason.

From these facts it is not difficult to draw the lesson of longevity. After all, the prolonging of their own lives is not a thing about which men should take much thought; as long as they are careful not directly to shorten life, and careful to preserve health, longevity and centenarianism may well be left to take their own way. The celebrated Italian, Louis Cornaro, carefully weighing his egg, and measuring his wine for his daily meals, refusing to allow matters of a disturbing nature to come under his attention, and taking a thousand precautions, all to enable his pitiful old frame to vegetate a few years the longer on the earth's face, is not a pleasing figure to contemplate. True it is, that he who would save his life shall lose it; for the existence of such a being as Cornaro is not comparable day for day with that of an active man. When the element of intensity is taken into consideration, there is perhaps very much less difference between the quantities lived by various men than would appear from the simple record of time. But whilst it is not for the men of to-day to cherish the search for elixirs of life, nor to desire nor endeavour to become centenarians, there is yet a longevity which they can most materially influence —which they can check or extend by deliberate acts most directly, having it in their power to add years, hundreds of years, of life to the community—of active, vigorous life, too, not such as the common seeker of longevity would gain; and this longevity it is no less our interest than our duty to work for. Men can diminish the mortality of populations by attention to simple laws of health, and, by increasing the average longevity, give that increased happiness and prosperity which security of life and health brings. It is in sanitary action that the *elixir vitæ* has been discovered in these days, which, though it perhaps has not as yet increased the roll of centenarians, has no limit to its operations, until the time shall have come when man will no longer, as Buffon said, "die of disappointment," but "attain everywhere a hundred years."

THE POEM OF THE CID.

BY MARY ARNOLD.

SPAIN has been too prone to date her literature from 1500, the birth-year of Charles V., to place her chief pride in a period whose splendours and triumphs have proved more fatal to her as a nation than even Napoleonic conquests to France. It is now 300 years since the military resources and vast dominion of Charles V. enabled a despotic government to ride rough-shod over the vigorous parliamentary institutions, the ancient forms of municipal government, and traditions of local independence so dear to mediæval Spain. It is now more than 300 years since the discovery of the New World stirred in the entire people that haste to grow rich, that passion for material luxury which more than any other form of national infatuation deadens patriotism and political life. Like France, Spain sold her birthright. To freedom, the impalpable yet all-sustaining, she preferred what the tongue could taste and the hand grasp. And she had her reward. Her golden age over, and the successors of Philip II. on the throne, Spain presented the pitiable spectacle of a country from which all possibilities of, and motives to, greatness had disappeared. Her writers, men without enthusiasm and without ideas, upheld a vapid and Gallicised literature. What link of sympathy was there between them and the "Poem of the Cid," or any other relic from times when Spain was free, and Spaniards possessed and maintained passionately a noble political creed? "What," they asked, "are these barbarous efforts of monks and minstrels to us? La Celestina[1] and Boscan are our Pyrrha and Deucalion. From them we date; to them we look back."

As late as 1809 this was, with notable exceptions here and there, the general drift of influential literary opinion. But the last sixty years, as all the world knows, have seen great changes in Spain. The slowly-growing determination to regain at least some decent measure of political freedom which, during that time, has led to innumerable agitations, filtering down through all classes of society, has exercised a natural and inevitable influence upon literary taste. The ancient literature of his country has of late years assumed an interest and importance in the eyes of a Spaniard which may be gauged by such a work as the elaborate, monotonously enthusiastic, literary history of Los Rios. At the time of the suppression of the Religious Orders, many valuable MSS. of the pre-Reformation centuries passed into foreign hands. It has recently been the constant effort and aim of the great Spanish libraries and academies to trace and regain them. In this literary revival, the labours of an illustrious scholar whom we shall subsequently mention, have at last borne their due fruit. Were Sanchez alive now, he would have no reason to complain of the indifference of his countrymen to his researches.

The prospect of affairs in Spain is at this moment uncertain and gloomy enough. But surely this healthier taste in literature, this stir and ripple over hitherto stagnant waters, is a hopeful and significant sign. The clue to the tangle into which political affairs in Spain have wound themselves during the blunders and chicaneries of over two centuries may be hard to find. But that the nation once more vibrates to the old cries and old impulses; that it bows once more before the old shrines; that in proportion as it emancipates itself from

[1] The earliest European drama. It contains twenty-one acts. The first, extending over fifty pages, was written about the middle of the fifteenth century, by Rodrigo Cota. The other twenty were composed by Fernando de Rojas, who published the whole in 1510.

a domineering priesthood and a corrupt government, it takes to its heart and broods upon the heroes and incidents of that grand struggle for liberty and faith from which it emerged the first of European states,—this is a change to be remarked with hope and satisfaction. In the sixteenth century the Cid and his history were already slightly absurd in the eyes of an educated Spaniard. In the modern Hymn of Riego, the Campeador takes once more his old place, like a Frederick Barbarossa come again:

"Serenos, alegres, valientes, osados,
Cantamos soldados el himno a la Cid!
Que a nuestros accentos, el orbe se admire,
Y en nosotros mire, los hijos del Cid!"

The lines read like an echo of the inscription, in strange and mangled Latin, which in the early years of the sixteenth century still existed in the monastery of St. Peter of Cardena:—

"Quantum Roma potens bellicis extollitur actis,
Vivax Arcturus sit gloria quanta Bretanis,
Nobilis e Charolo quam gaudet Francia magno,
Tantum Iberia divus Cid invictus claret!"

The "Poema del Cid"[1] is, with the exception of two *fueros* or charters granted to the towns of Oviedo and Burgos earlier in the twelfth century, the oldest Spanish document extant. It is also the earliest certain monument of Spanish literature. Parts of the oldest romances may have been composed before it; the question is still being debated. It is certain that no part of any romance was committed to writing so early.

That it was ever a popular and well-known work in Spain may be doubted, since the learned Sanchez, a Spanish antiquarian of the last century, well versed in the literary history of his country, was only first made aware of its existence by a casual notice in Sandoval's "Fundaciones de San Benito," a ponderous work of the seventeenth century. Sandoval, speaking of the Benedictine monastery of San Pero de Cardena, and of the Cid as connected with it by legend and history, mentions that there exists in the library of a monastery at Bivar, "*versos barbares y notables*," relating to Ruy Diaz.

Berganza, also a Church historian, not only asserts the existence of the MS., but copies a score of lines from it inaccurately enough. Sanchez, his antiquarian wits all aglow, seized upon this faint scent, and followed it up with eagerness. He discovered the MS.: where and how he does not tell us, and, by means of one Don Eugenio de Llaguno, was enabled to read and copy it, as he says, with scrupulous exactness, but as Los Rios,[1] the toiling interminable literary critic of modern times asserts, with a certain amount of carelessness.

Sanchez was induced by the discovery to alter the plan of a work he had already begun upon the famous letter of the Marquis de Santillana (1398-1458), relative to Spanish poetry, and to call it "Coleccion de Poesias selectas Castellanas anteriores al siglo XV." In this collection he placed the "Poema del Cid" first. Thus was this long-forgotten work at last given to the world in 17—? Over its dusty pages, covered with long thin characters, Berganza and Sandoval had, perhaps, each spent an inquiring half-hour, but till Sanchez set to work upon it, its contents had never been fully investigated, since the day when Juan Ulibarri, a literary hack of the sixteenth century, having by some means or other come to know of the existence of the MS., came to Bivar and took a copy of it. This was in 1598. Ulibarri had no doubt observed the ready sale which the printers of Seville and Valladolid found for numerous editions of the different Chronicles of the Cid, and imagined that the poem might turn out an equally profitable speculation. That he was not

[1] First published by Tomaso Antonio Sanchez, in his "Coleccion de Poesias selectas Castellanas anteriores al siglo XV."

[1] "Historia Critica de la Literatura Española." A valuable and complete work. Its overpowering and ostentatious orthodoxy, both in literary and theological opinion, makes it often tedious, and the style is laboured and confused. But to anyone seeking matter and information Los Rios's book is indispensable.

actuated by a purely literary motive is evident from the badness of the copy. It is a performance so absolutely devoid of any signs of culture and intelligence in the author, that one is almost irritated into attributing to him the mutilations of the original MS., the barbarous cuttings and clippings to which much of the uncertainty which prevails as to the date and authorship of the poem is no doubt due. Happily, some lucky chance intervened, and spared the world a specimen of editorial stupidity, which would have even surpassed the edition of the great Chronicle of Alfonso, by Florian d'Occampo, in 1541.

That the Poem was neither generally popular, as were the romances, nor generally known and esteemed by the learned, as were the poems of Gonzalez de Berceo, appears then from these two facts, that only two MSS. of it exist, and that it is mentioned by no Spanish writer before Sandoval. That it proved very useful to the compilers of the two great chronicles of the Cid[1] cannot be doubted. Whole passages of the poem are transcribed word for word in both the "Cronica General" of Alfonso X., and in the Chronicle of the Cid, generally known as the "Cardena Chronicle." In fact, the chronicles superseded the poem. Had the chronicles never been written, the poem must have lived on as the necessary food and source of the romances, and would, when the sixteenth century, the epoch of intelligent criticism, arrived, have been, as they were, edited, printed, and generally distributed. Instead of this, when in the thirteenth century Alfonso the Wise had extracted from the poem all the historical information it had to give, and embodied it in his "Cronica General," the MS. of Bivar fell into general and complete oblivion. Its author had built his hopes of immortality rather upon the historical usefulness of his work than upon its poetic worth. Short-sighted and over-conscientious *juglar!* Posterity took him at his word, got out of him what he offered, and left the real harvest of his genius unreaped. Strange to say, the publication of the poem excited no great interest in Spain. It seemed as if the spirit of Santillana,[1] that autocrat of letters who pronounced the reciters and composers of the popular *cantares* "infamous," still reigned among Spanish literati. Regarding polish and a refined style as the objects of poetical art, they looked with contempt and something of shame on those rude productions of their country's infancy. The Quevedo school of the eighteenth century could hardly be expected to appreciate the Poem of the Cid. But in this state of things foreign scholarship came to the aid of the Cid and his chronicler. German critics were quick to recognize the value and beauty of the new discovery. Under the clumsy garments of an unformed language, and a style simple to barbarism, they discerned a genuine force and vigour, faithful portraiture of a bygone state of society, and even at times a dramatic capacity well worthy of notice. Not that German opinion was then, or has ever been since, unanimous on the subject of the Cid and the records concerning him. As might be expected from the genius of the country, the question speedily became not a literary but an historical one, not "how are these things treated?" but "are these things so?" Conde[2]

[1] The first is contained in the fourth part of the great "Cronica General de España," by Alfonso X. (died 1284). The second is a garbled and interpolated copy of the first, probably a century later.

[1] This brilliant and distinguished man (1398—1458) was the pupil and friend of the famous Villena, patron of Aragonese and Provençal poetry. He has left little behind him worthy of the splendid reputation he enjoyed during his lifetime, and is chiefly remembered by his letter to the Constable of Portugal, edited by Sanchez, and by various shorter poems, of which the exquisite little *serranilla*, "La Finojosa," may be quoted as an example.

[2] "Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en España." See M. Dozy, "Recherches sur l'Histoire politique et littéraire de l'Espagne pendant le Moyen-âge," for an able if somewhat violent refutation of Conde.

and Masdeu[1] were the lights of one party, Risco[2] and Sandoval[3] of the other. While Huber edited the Cardena Chronicle, and Wolff based an ingenious hypothesis on the marriage of one of the Cid's daughters as related in the Poema, we find the learned Aschbach briefly dismissing the whole subject as unworthy of serious consideration. "A mere myth," he says, with an academic calmness, contrasting well with what Huber calls the Cidofobia of Rosseuw St. Hilaire and others, "arising out of Spanish jealousy of the glory acquired by other European nations in the Crusades. To square the balance they must needs set up a private crusade and Godfrey de Bouillon of their own. *Voilà tout!*"

Rodrigo Diaz, called the Cid probably from the Moorish *E Seid*, the lord, is the national hero of Spain. He is no myth. No Geoffrey of Monmouth has taken him in hand, and made him incredible. We know the date of his birth, his birth-place, and his ancestry. He was descended from one Layn Calvo, one of the two alcaldes chosen on the death of Pelagius to govern and protect the infant Christian kingdom. Legends of his daring headstrong boyhood are preserved in the "Romances," and in the "Cronica Rimada del Cid," discovered by M. Francisque Michel in the Bibliothèque Impériale. We find him represented as an uncurbed forward youth, bitterly resenting the outward marks of homage demanded of him by King Ferdinand, and rating his father soundly for yielding to them. While still a lad, according to the famous tradition worked out by Corneille, he slew his father's enemy, Gomez, the *Conde Lozano*, and boldly carried off Ximena, the daughter of the murdered man,—a curiously-imagined character,—who obtains from the king, as Roderic's punishment for her father's murder, a promise that the culprit shall be compelled to marry her. Unluckily for the *vraisemblance* of Corneille's famous tragedy, there is not a shred of historical foundation for this strange legend. As it originally stood in the "Romances," and in the play by Guillen de Castro, from which Corneille took his "Cid," it seems to us utterly barbarous and revolting. But the delicate artistic perceptions and fine taste of the French dramatist have transformed it into one of those fine stories whose very outline moves, fraught, as we feel it to be, with infinite possibilities of passion and beauty.

Ximena, daughter of the Count of Asturias, the Cid's real wife, whose marriage contract with him we actually possess, is a much more prosaic and probable personage. On the death of Ferdinand I. in 1065, the Cid entered the service of Sancho, the eldest son, who under his father's will inherited Castile, while Leon fell to Alfonso, and Gallicia to Garcia. Sancho, possessed with an insatiable appetite for his brother's possessions, passed his brief reign in the field. Alfonso was driven from Leon, and Garcia from Gallicia. In all this the Cid assisted; but when Sancho, having dispossessed his brothers, turned his eyes towards his sister's appanage, and set out to besiege Donna Urraca in her town of Zamora, tradition asserts that the Cid held back, loth to help in injuring an old playfellow, and left Sancho to manage the expedition for himself. Fortune turned against the rapacious monarch; he was assassinated before the walls of Zamora by one Vellido Dolfos, and Alfonso of Leon, then an exile at Toledo under Moorish protection, succeeded to the throne of Castile. The Cid, suspecting treachery, required him to take an oath at his coronation that he had had no hand in his brother's death, and was powerful enough to enforce his demand. Alfonso took the oath, but hated the Cid thenceforward. For some years after his accession, however, he did not feel strong enough to revenge himself, and indeed endeavoured to propitiate his audacious

[1] "Refutacion critica de la Historia leonesa del Cid." "Conde et Masdeu," says Dozy, quoting from Goethe, "l'un des deux frères brisait des pots, l'autre des cruches. Ménage ruineux!"

[2] "La Castilla y el mas famoso Castellano." Madrid: Risco. 1792.

[3] "Los cinco Reyes," &c.

and too powerful vassal by offering him his cousin Ximena in marriage. The marriage took place July 19th, 1074, and Alfonso fondly imagined that he had thus permanently attached the dreaded captain to his interests. But the Cid pursued the forays and expeditions which had made him famous, as independently as before, till in 1076 Alfonso, unable any longer to support so formidable "a brother near the throne," and strong enough at last to revenge his old grudge, banished him from the kingdom of Castile, giving him nine days in which to leave the country. Two reconciliations, two fresh exiles of the impracticable vassal, follow quickly; and it is with the third exile that the Poem of the Cid opens.

An important question here arises, though want of space forbids us to do more than indicate the answer. What is the amount of our historical information about the Cid? What is the verdict of history upon him? Few controversies have been waged more fiercely; few are more unprofitable to the student. A long line of sceptical writers, from Perez de Guzman in the fifteenth century to Conde, Aschbach, and Rosseuw St. Hilaire in the nineteenth, have criticized the Cid, and done their best to criticize him away; the defence, on the other hand, culminating in Huber and Dozy. We can do no more here than give names, and once for all state our considered opinion that the defence triumphs over the attack. With Huber we should especially wish, after an examination of the copy, apparently unique in England, in the British Museum, to defend the genuineness of the Latin Chronicle, printed by Risco at the end of his book, "Castilla y el mas famoso Castellano," which, with the Chronicle of Lucas, Bishop of Tuy, the *Annales Toledanos* (1247), the Chronicle of Roderic, Archbishop of Toledo (1283), forms the principal material on the Spanish side for our historical knowledge of the Cid. More interesting, but, of course, more intense in their partisan spirit, and therefore less trustworthy, are the records of the Arabic historians. Here we have not only fresh light thrown upon the man, but another man altogether, a bloodthirsty tyrant without either enthusiasm or fanaticism to ennoble his life of plunder and violence, endowed with the cunning of the Asiatic and the headlong daring of the Teuton, careless of his word, his honour, and his country. Thus, with a pen dipped in gall, do the Arabic writers almost invariably describe him. They have a little overshot the mark. By the bitterness of their hatred one may measure the power and greatness of him who excited it. By it also one may estimate aright the common reproach advanced against the Cid by foreign historians, that he plundered and fought Moors and Christians alike. If on the one hand his memory has been handed down to universal veneration, and on the other to universal terror and loathing, it can scarcely be a matter of doubt of which cause he was in reality the zealous and determined champion, and of which the inveterate foe. But this charge, like many others, is one of ignorance, founded on a total misconception of the state of Spanish society and Spanish custom in the Middle Ages.

In one Arabic writer a native perception of the heroic greatly modifies the force of national prejudice. After relating his exploits against the Moors, Ibn-Bassam of Seville (1110) says of the Cid:—

> "However, this man, the scourge of his time, was, by his love for glory, by the prudent firmness of his character, and by his heroic courage, a miracle of the Lord! . . . Victory always followed the banner of Roderic (may the curse of Allah light upon him!) . . . It is said also, that books were studied in his presence; he had read to him the deeds and histories of the brave men of Arabia, and when they reached the history of Mohallab, he was thrown into an ecstasy and filled with admiration for this hero."

In both the "Cronica General de España" of Alfonso X., and the "Chronica del Cid," published by Huber, at Heidelberg, in 1841, there is no doubt a large residuum of historical truth, but at the time these were written (and we hold that there is no important difference of age between the two), history was already

fast passing into romance and tradition, and a newer and more interesting Cid than that of the Latin Chronicle was becoming dear to Spain.

From what has been said, it will be seen that there does exist material for scientific historical treatment of the Cid and his doings. But such an undertaking would be a weary and barren one. Even in the twelfth century, the true Cid had become too tame a personage for Spanish enthusiasm. A golden mist of romance gathered round him: the true outlines, grand already, attained heroic bulk; the rude warrior of the eleventh century was transformed into something more in accordance with the courteous and generous ideal of chivalry. Why should modern criticism resuscitate what Spain has willingly let die? And, perhaps, after all, the voice of popular enthusiasm is the truest. History may recount accurately battles, sieges, and enactments; she cannot preserve to us character, personality,—that magnetic something which attaches man to man, and which is best expressed and longest lived in the utterances of the simple and the uneducated. Go to the Latin Chronicle by all means, if your desire is to gain historical information concerning Spain in the eleventh century, but to the "Poema del Cid" if your object is to make acquaintance with a hero.

What, then, is the "Poema del Cid?"

Is it a mere rhymed chronicle, as Bouterwek asserts? By no means. The life of the Cid *as such* is not the object of the author. Compare it with any chronicle, rhymed or prose, and you will perceive the difference at once. The proposition of the Poem is "to show to what great honour the family of the Cid attained through his mighty deeds."[1] For this end the *juglar* takes the most brilliant and best-known period in the history of his hero,—that terminating in the capture of Valencia,—and tacks on to it the famous legend of the marriage of the Infantes of Carrion with the Cid's daughters. He tells his story, indeed, with the scrupulous exactness and tedious detail of an historian: of this mistaken conscientiousness of his, which makes the Poem in so many places read like an abridged Chronicle, we shall have more to say hereafter. But it is certain that the author, though loaded with heavy and unnecessary burdens, knows perfectly well what way he is travelling; he is no monkish chronicler with talents and feelings tamed down to the dull level of his life, he is a poet by profession, a *juglar* accustomed to the open air and freedom, and to contact with nature and men under circumstances most favourable to the poetic impulse within him. A *juglar* sang, he did not chronicle. And that the author of the Poem was a *juglar*, that is to say a travelling and reciting minstrel, appears from the direct references to his audience in every page: "You will see;" "You will hear;" "Now I will tell you;" "Sirs, it is a fearful thing to want bread," and so on.

Is it an ancient romance?

Certainly not. The metre—rough Alexandrine,—the structure, style, and great length of the composition, have nothing whatever in common with the popular romance. No, the "Poema del Cid" is neither a chronicle nor a romance. It is a *cantar de gesta*, a *chanson de geste* like the *Chanson de Roland*, a rough epic fulfilling epical conditions in so far that it treats a great subject, and possesses a primitive unity of composition. It was recited before an audience, but it was evidently not extempore. It was carefully prepared beforehand, no doubt after French models. Its more or less artificial structure gives us some clue to the circumstances under which it was composed. That it was not intended for the simple and ignorant is evident. The people never sang it—the rough French metre would have come strangely to their ears and tongues. Piquancy, pointedness, concentration—these are the qualities which attract the popular fancy, and catch the popular memory; and though not wanting in the Poema, they are not sufficiently evidenced in it

[1] F. Wolff: "Ueber die Romanzen Poesie der Spanier." Wiener Jahrbuch, 1847.

to atone for its great length and foreign form. The Poem of the Cid is the ambitious effort of some *juglar* better educated than the rest of his class; as far as its general structure is concerned —in nothing else—an imitation from the Provençal, and intended for the edification of a refined and courtly audience upon some great occasion of public rejoicing: some royal marriage perhaps, in which either bride or bridegroom claimed descent from the Cid Campeador through one or other of his famous daughters. There were three such marriages in Spain between 1130 and 1150. Upon what occasion could such a poem be more appropriately composed and recited? In the legend which recounts the discomfiture of the Infantes of Carrion, what delicate, indirect flattery to the bride! Or if it were the bridegroom in whose veins ran the heroic blood of Ruy Diaz, would not the history of the struggles, conquests, and honours of his ancestor naturally suggest itself to the *juglar* as the subject best calculated to excite his favour and provoke his bounty? Adopting some such supposition as this, we come to understand how it is that the poem, though evidently and beyond all question the work of a *juglar*, one of the creators and supporters of the *poesia vulgar*, yet presents many features in common with the *poesia erudita* whose cultivation was till the fifteenth century at least exclusively in the hands of the clergy.

Such a theory, too, affords all the support which conjecture can to the general opinion of critics as to the date of the Poem, founded upon its language and internal evidence. This general opinion of critics, however, has not been arrived at without much disputing. In the MS. itself the date stands so—*mill è* cc . xlv. Here, it is easy to see, is endless food for conjecture. Was the vacant space erased by the copyist himself, finding he had put in a 'c' too much? was it intended to be occupied by an 'è' of conjunction between the hundreds and tens, part of the date being verbally expressed, or was it merely the work of some meddling *curioso* anxious to give the MS. a greater antiquity than it really possessed? Let it be understood of course that whether the MS. be thirteenth or fourteenth century work, the question of its date has nothing whatever to do with the antiquity of the Poem itself. The "Pero Abbat" who signs it is copyist, not author. The inscription at the end runs thus:—"Per Abbat le escribio[1] en el mes de Mayo, en era de millè cc . xlv. años." There is something suggestive in it. We can see him, the good abbot, with quiet studious brows, bending over his parchment through the glowing May-mornings; we can well imagine him endued with a great heart, since he can toil so patiently for the preservation of great deeds. But we know that it was not here that the Poem of the Cid sprang into being. This "*Abbat*" is not the warlike author of a warlike poem—a rude epic alive from end to end with the clash of arms, palpitant even in its dullest page with the excitement of battle and the enthusiasm of hero-worship. It is from a fresher, wilder life than that of the cloister that such work springs.

When Sanchez first published the Poem, critics called the metre Alexandrine, and in spite of recent objections no better name has yet been found for it. Whether Alexandrine or not, it was of French origin; no such metre was indigenous to Spain. The language of the Poem was of course in a highly barbarous and unsettled state. The want of *Verbindungswörte*, without which no language is favourable to literary purposes, is everywhere manifest, and the grammatical forms are irregular and capricious. But in its racy idiomatic roughness there lies a curious charm; it is to the dull Spanish of to-day, French in construction and in spirit, what the dash and sparkle of a Westmoreland beck are to the sluggish monotony of a Midland river. Nearly

[1] *Escribir* in the Spanish of the Middle Ages meant to copy; for composing, *hacer* or *fer* was used. Thus Berceo begins a poem: "Quiero *fer* una prosa," &c.

250 years before Chaucer and the Canterbury Tales, this Spanish *juglar* put pen to paper, fighting his difficulties like a man, and a man of genius. And his name is irrecoverably lost. It has not even come down to us doubtfully, like Homer; neither popular legend nor clerical tradition preserves it. In the MS. itself the opening leaves, which according to M. Damas-Hinard contained the name of the author, are wanting, and we have no evidence, subsequent or contemporary, wherewith to fill up the gap. Among the signatures to the *Fuero de los Francos*, in 1136, the French critic finds the name of "Pallea juglar," and points out the coincidence of date. But, alas! there were many *juglares* in Spain in the year of grace 1136.

The opening passage abruptly introduces us to the Cid at the moment when, a banished and impoverished man, he turns back on the threshold of his native Bivar, and takes a last look at the familiar spots left so desolate. He sees the rooms empty, the windows open, the mews without falcons, the stalls without steeds, and it grieved him much. But my Cid spoke well and calmly: "Thanks be to God! It is my evil enemies who have wrought me this harm." Then he goes out into the wide world, turning his steps towards the battle-ground of the border. The first day's journey brings him to Burgos. Here a letter from the king has preceded his arrival, and he finds every house closed against him. The inhabitants sympathise with him entirely, but they dare not disobey the king's command. Denied shelter and admittance everywhere else, he rides on to the church of Sancta Maria, performs his orisons before the high altar, and then with his little company wends his way to the plain outside the city, and pitches his tent there. He and his followers are supplied with food during their stay by one Martin Antolinez, a Burgalese, who finally enrols himself among the Cid's companions. The poet sketches the character of this new recruit in a lively account of a business negotiation conducted by him on the Cid's behalf. The Campeador, like all other heroes, past and present, has but little of this world's wealth. Money is greatly needed; must in fact be had; and the ready wits of Martin Antolinez quickly devise a way of obtaining it. Two chests are filled with sand. Martin takes them to two Jew money-lenders in Burgos, persuades them that they contain the plate and valuables of the Cid, and finally induces them to advance a round sum of money on the security of the chests. He binds them down not to open them for the space of two years. At the end of that time, if the money be not forthcoming, they may examine their contents. There is a great amount of quiet humour in the telling of the story. Considered as an act of the Cid, it seems to our modern notions a strange piece of work. But in those days all was fair in the case of a Jew. The Cid's word was security enough, and at the end of the appointed time the sum was duly repaid. Having thus obtained money for his most pressing necessities, the Cid sets off for the monastery of St. Peter of Cardena, where are his wife and daughters. The meeting and the parting on the following day are related with a simplicity which disregards effect, and yet produces it. The courtyard of the old monastery; the Abbot Don Sancho standing near; the group of armed men in the background; and in the centre the Cid, surrounded by his wife and daughters, overcome and well-nigh unmanned by the bitterness of the parting,—all this the author sketches for us in a few rough strong touches. There is genuine pathos in Ximena's grief. Her confession of faith as she kneels before the altar, praying for the safety of her "good Campeador," has the ring of true devotion. The last moments are especially well given. The Cid, roused by the exhortations of one of his knights, at length tears himself from Ximena, and, with a last commendation of her and his children to the care of the good abbot, throws himself on his horse and rides off. At Cardena he had greatly added to his strength,

and on setting out from thence finds himself the leader of three hundred tried knights, besides foot-soldiers and other valiant men.

On the third day they cross the Douro in boats, and on the night of the fourth halt on the south side of the Sierra de Miedes and hold a council of war. Beneath, in the plain lies the Moorish fortress of Casteion. It is decided that the Cid, with a hundred of his knights, shall lie in ambush till a favourable opportunity arrives for attacking it, while the other two hundred set off on an *algara*, or plundering expedition, into the neighbouring country. Here is a little bit of graphic description:

"Now breaks the dawn, and comes the morning. The sun arises. Dios! how gloriously he shone! In Casteion all were astir. The gates are open: men pass out, some to their daily labours, some to look after their estates. All are gone; they have left the gates wide open: but few people remain in Casteion."

How the scene shapes itself before one! The fertile land, the southern sky, the grey walls of the fortress rising amid olive-groves, and pastures where the cattle wander slowly through the morning mists, the open gates, the careless security and peace in which all is wrapped; then a speck in the distance,—a cloud of dust,—a clatter of horses' hoofs through the deserted gateway,—and the Cid swoops down upon his prey!

From Casteion the Cid makes his way steadily and surely into the very heart of the Morisma. The poet, for the most part, contents himself with a bare enumeration of his conquests. There is a passage, however, describing the fight before Alcocer, which is worth quoting. The Cid has taken the place by stratagem, and shut himself up in it. Two Moorish kings, sent by the King of Valencia, come with a considerable force, and lay siege to the fortress. Three weeks pass. Water fails the three hundred; bread runs short; the case looks hopeless. Then the Cid calls his men together, and holds a council with them, in which it is decided to attempt an attack on the Moorish force. The Moorish sentinels seeing the movement, hasten to the camp to report it. Instantly all is bustle among the Moors, who, as the poet takes care to inform us, were a very large and powerful host. Pero Bermuez, the Cid's standard-bearer, draws his master's attention to the commotion, and urges an immediate attack. The Cid is opposed; would fain remain quiet, and let the enemy begin. But Pero Bermuez "could not bear it."

"'God protect you, good Campeador! I go to bear your standard into the midst of yonder troop.' Said the Campeador, 'Not so, for the love of God!'"

But Bermuez will not listen. On he spurs into the middle of the fray. The Moors close round him. He bears himself bravely; but the odds are fearful.

"Said the Campeador, 'Let us rescue him, brave knights.' They hold their shields breast-high; the pennons float out bravely. Bending their heads nigh to the saddle-bow, they go, their hearts strong to smite the foe. With a loud voice speaks the born-in-happy-hour, 'Strike them, knights! Have at them, for the love of God! I am Ruy Diaz, the Cid Campeador!' All bear towards the spot where is Pero Bermuez. Three hundred lances are they; each has its pennon. Each of them kills a Moor; each with a single blow. At the second charge they make their number is not diminished. Then might you see many a lance rising and falling, many a buckler pierced and dinted, many a false cuirass loosened, many a white pennon stained with blood, many a good horse wandering without its master. The Moors cry, 'Mahomet!' The Christians, 'St. James!' In a little space thirteen hundred Moors lie dead."

After the battle, when the plunder is divided, the Cid sends a large share of it to the King Alfonso, with a loyal and a friendly greeting. In this turbulent spasm of the eleventh century, Christianity is a deep reality even among warriors. It is possible even for the stormy and passionate to pardon an injury, to requite injustice with good. Neither the poet nor the Cid make much of this act; it has a simple pathetic suggestiveness of its own.

Various little heroic episodes follow,

which we must pass over lightly. He meets and conquers his old enemy the Count of Barcelona, who is full of sullen despair at being beaten by such "ill-shod vagabonds," and full of distrust of the Cid's promise of liberty for himself.

"He was in fear lest the Cid should repent him; a thing which the glorious one would not have done for all the world's wealth. For never did he any disloyalty."

So, struggling and successful, he tends always southwards; takes Murviedro, and confronts Valencia. The story of the siege that follows is naturally the climax of this fighting division of the Poem. The Cid gradually cuts off the city's supplies by sea and land. Food fails the people; famine begins to stare them in the face. "Sirs," exclaims the poet, appealing to his audience, "it is a fearful thing to want bread, to see our wives and children dying of hunger."

"'Let us send for help,' they said, 'to the King of Morocco, and to those of Monte Claros.' But none gave them counsel, none came to help them. My Cid knew it, and it pleased him well."

We watch the reinforcements pouring in from Navarre, from Aragon, from Castile: we watch the nine months' siege, the surrender, the triumphal entry of the Christians,—when the work is ended, the fond turning of the hero's heart homewards, his sending of Minaya to King Alfonso with an offering of a hundred horses, and a prayer for the presence of Ximena and her children. The prayer succeeds, and there follows a picturesque description of the meeting in Valencia: how the Cid takes them to the highest point "whence their lovely eyes behold the city and the sea." The gaiety and gladness of the situation carry you away. It is impossible not to sympathise with the joy of the noble pair, and to rejoice at the well-deserved good fortune of the Cid Campeador.

Now the plot thickens. The author begins slowly to shift his scenery for the last act of the play. The Infantes of Carrion loom in the distance, indistinctly at first; all you know of them is from hearsay. Dissipated, ill-conditioned youths, hangers-on to the court of Alfonso VI., they begin to think of making use of the rich and powerful Ruy Diaz. He has two daughters; the king shall help them to make these maidens serve as stepping-stones for the advancement of the House of Carrion. Accordingly, at a meeting on the banks of the Tagus, the king takes the Cid aside and broaches the question to him. There is a touch of rough pathos in the Campeador's reply. Startled, astonished, evidently not over-pleased, he yet submits without demur to the will of his suzerain. His daughters, he says, are scarcely of marrying years, their days are few, their stature small. The Infantes of Carrion are great and wealthy; they might look higher than the daughters of Rodriguez. But—

"I and they depend upon your grace. Behold them in your hand, Donna Elvira and Donna Sol; bestow them as it pleases you; I am content."

The king calls the Infantes, the agreement is made, and with sunrise next morning the Campeador, accompanied by his future sons-in-law and some of the knights of Alfonso's train, as wedding guests, sets out on his return to Valencia. His daughters receive the news he bears with natural elation. Rank and riches, what more do the young and inexperienced desire? Ximena submits without a word either of inquiry or expostulation. We see in her behaviour one of the many traces in the Poem of that Eastern view of the position of women which throughout strikes one curiously. Ximena kneels when she addresses her lord, she kisses his hand, obeys in silence; occasionally she ventures to encourage, never to advise. How unlike the world of chivalry with its queens of beauty, its system of "mistresses" and its universal extravagant exaltation of women! This feature of the Poem would alone testify to its antiquity.

Next we have a quaint betrothal scene, followed by a short marriage service in the newly-consecrated cathedral, and the thing is done. Valencia rings

with merriment and feasting for fifteen days, at the end of which time the wedding guests take their departure loaded with gifts. The Infantes Fernando and Diego stay behind, and live with their wives in Valencia a merry two years. With this, the first part of the Poem concludes. "The *coplas*," says the author, "of this *cantar* come here to an end. May the Lord and all his saints protect you!"

From this point to the end of the Poem the narrative is distinguished by a raciness and strength of colouring, of which the traces hitherto have been few and far between. It is the same hand, but working with greater freedom and boldness. Released in some measure from the trammels of historical veracity, the *juglar* feels himself henceforth more at liberty to follow the impulses of his own fancy. A certain broad and childlike humour plays over the whole. The Infantes of Carrion are a relief both to the poet and his readers. What sport he makes of them, what malice there is, what political animus in his representation of them! In his contempt for their cowardice, and in his hatred of their cruelty, how naïvely he reveals to us in himself those generous qualities which have at all times formed the strength of the Castilian character!

First, we have the episode of the lion. While the Campeador slept and rested in his chair one day, a tame lion escaped from its cage and strode into the hall. Great was the fear of the Infantes. One of them crept under my Cid's chair, so great was his terror; the other fled, saying, "Never shall I see Carrion more," and hid himself behind a wine-press. At last my Cid awoke, and learning the cause of the commotion, approached the lion, and, unarmed and single-handed, led him back to his cage. When he asked for his sons-in-law, they could not be found. They were called, but none answered.

"When at last they were discovered, they came, but without colour. You never heard such jesting as there was in all the court."

But the Infantes' nerves were destined to be still more rudely tried. Bucar, king of Morocco, had by this time reached Valencia with his enormous army, and pitched his camp before it. The Cid and all his men are light of heart, thinking of the plunder to be gained; but the Infantes are by no means so well satisfied. Their consultations together are overheard and reported to the Cid, who sends for them, and with a mixture of mirth and vexation tells them that he has no wish to force them into the battle. Let them, if they like it better, stay at home and take care of their wives. However, the Infantes make strenuous protestations, screw their courage to the sticking-point, and set out with the rest. Pero Bermuez, by command of the Cid, looks after them for a while, but, disgusted with their conduct in an early stage of the contest, flatly refuses at last to have anything more to do with them, and they are left to their own devices, which the poet does not trouble himself to describe. After a fierce fight, the Moors, scattered and broken, fly in all directions. The Cid sets off in hot pursuit of the king Bucar. Here are some touches by turns humorous and grim:—

"'Ha! Bucar, that hast come from beyond sea, now thou seest thyself in the company of the Cid of the long beard. Turn and salute him; let us swear a compact of friendship.' But Bucar answered, 'May the Lord confound such friendship! Thou holdest a naked sword in thy hand. I see thee pricking thy horse—it seems to me thou wouldst willingly try it on my head. But if my steed bears me surely, and makes no stumble, thou wilt not come up with me, except in yonder sea.' Bucar's is a good horse, and makes great springs, but Babieca is gaining on it. Three arms' length from the sea my Cid came up with Bucar. He swung Colada round, gave one great stroke . . . . even to the waist-belt the sword descended."

Great rejoicings follow this signal victory. The plunder is immense, and the Infantes would find perfect happiness in contemplating their share, were it not for the universal derision in which they are held by the rest of the court. Even the frank trust of the Cid, ever ready to believe the best concerning them, being undeserved, galls them. So

they take counsel together, this "noble pair of brothers," as the poet ironically calls them, and plan a cruel and cowardly revenge, the first step in which is a request to the Cid that he will allow them to return to Carrion with their wives. To so natural a demand the Cid cannot but accede. He loads the Infantes with presents, provides them with every necessary for the journey, and tenderly commits his daughters to their care. On the morning of the departure, however, unfavourable omens fill him with misgivings, and he privately commissions his nephew, Felez Munioz, to accompany his daughters to Carrion, and to watch over them safely by the way. Then he and Ximena take leave of their daughters, and the Infantes, already in high spirits, carry off their prey.

After some days' travelling the forest of Corpes is reached, the spot chosen by the Infantes for the execution of their base and unmanly scheme. The first night the whole company encamp in a glade beside a clear stream. The Infantes show their wives all courtesy and attention; all goes smoothly till the morning. With the sunrise the rest of the company strike the tents, load the sumpter-mules, and set forward on their journey. Only the Infantes and their wives remain behind. Then it fares ill with the young Infantas. Their husbands turn upon them with insults and gibes: "Now," say they, "we will be revenged for the adventure of the lion. Never shall you see the lands of Carrion. Here we will be quit of you for ever." Donna Sol, divining their purpose, appeals against the intended wrong with a dignity worthy of a hero's daughter. "Kill us," she says; "then all men will esteem us martyrs, but do not strike us. That were an indignity which should redound to your dishonour and ours." But all in vain. The Infantes tear off their clothes, beat them with spurs and bridles, so that they lie at last bleeding and unconscious on the ground, and then hurry off rejoicing. "Now we have avenged our marriages, now we have wiped out the dishonour of the lion." "What good fortune were it," says the *juglar*, twice over, wrought to excitement by his own narrative, "had the Campeador now appeared!"

But alas! the Campeador is far off, and his young daughters lie dying in the forest of Corpes. Help, however, is near. Felez Munioz, who had watched the Infantes with suspicious eyes all along, comes back to find his cousins bleeding and helpless. By his care they are revived and conveyed with all possible speed to a castle on the banks of the Douro, belonging to the king's sister, Donna Urraca, where, carefully nursed and tended, they gradually recover.

The news travels quickly to Valencia.

"When they told it to my Cid, a full hour he thought and meditated. Then he raised his hand and grasped his beard. 'Thanks be to Christ who of this world is Lord, for this great honour which the Infantes of Carrion have done me. By this beard which never man plucked, they shall gain little by it! And for my daughters, I will marry them well yet!'"

After a touching meeting between parents and children, the Cid sends a carefully worded message to Alfonso, reminding him that the responsibility of the marriages rests with him, and that from him, therefore, must come the vindication of his daughters' honour. Justice, too, he asks, as a vassal has a right to ask it of his suzerain; and for the obtaining of it, the assembling of a Junta or the Cortes. Alfonso, disturbed and remorseful, consents, and summons the Cortes.

We have now arrived at the kernel and *Hauptsache* of the "Poema del Cid." To this goal the author has been striving, to this end building up his rough materials all along. There is nothing in Spanish literature which seems to us more worthy of careful consideration than this scene of the Cortes. To appreciate it fully, the unreflecting, unobserving times in which the author lived must be taken into account; the insight and truth with which he paints and distinguishes character will then appear the more

remarkable. As we read also, we must feel with him the difficulties presented by the language, its utter inadequacy to meet the needs of poetical expression, its barbarism, and clumsiness. All these things borne in mind, it is impossible to study these few pages without ever-increasing admiration for the genius which will make itself felt, in spite of all obstacles.

The appointed time is come, and the Cortes are assembled at Toledo. The Infantes of Carrion, with their relations and adherents, are there much against their will. The king, with the counts, infanzones, and barons of the realm, is there also; only the Cid Campeador is wanting. On the fifth day he appears, meets the king without the city, and passes the night in vigil and prayer in the little chapel of St. Servan. All the party attend mass before daybreak, after which the Cid gives directions to his knights concerning their order and equipments during the day. He himself dons a dress worthy of a renowned and wealthy warrior: "his garments seem all gold." Thus apparelled, mounted on Babieca, and followed by his captains and a hundred knights who carry heavy armour and good swords under their furred and embroidered surcoats, he wends his way to the hall of the Cortes. All rise at his entrance, save those of the party of Carrion. The king would fain seat him in his own chair, but the Cid, like a loyal vassal, declines the proffered honour, and takes up a station near the throne. Alfonso opens the Cortes in a short speech. He is bound, he says, as king and suzerain, to see justice done among his vassals; therefore, he has summoned this third Cortes of his reign. With regard to the question at issue, it seems to him best that two judges or arbiters should be appointed to decide the points in dispute between the two parties, and for this purpose he names Count Henry and Count Ramon, the two greatest dignitaries of his court, and who have hitherto taken neither side.

Then the Cid rises. All are silent, expecting perhaps—for Castilian honour is sensitive and Spanish passions strong—a burst of fierce invective, some words at any rate of accusation and defiance. No such thing. The Campeador speaks with the shrewdness of an advocate and the dignity of a knight. When the Infantes left Valencia, he says, he gave them the two swords of great price, Colada and Tizon. Now that they are his sons-in-law no longer, they can have no claim to them, and he demands their restoration.

The two judges grant the demand, and the Infantes, agreeably surprised and imagining that no more is required of them, willingly render up the swords, which as the Cid draws them "light up all the court," so keen are the blades, and so rich the chasing of gold and precious stones with which they are adorned.

But the Cid speaks further. He gave them as his daughters' dowry 3,000 marks of silver. They have sent back his daughters; let the dowry also be restored.

To this the Infantes, unprepared and dismayed, demur greatly. They have given up the swords, they say; let the Cid leave the rest of their property alone. But the judgment of the court goes against them. "Well," say they, "we will pay him in lands from the domains of Carrion." This is not admitted. The money must be paid immediately, into the court. The king maliciously reminds them that of the 3,000 marks they two between them had generously bestowed upon him 200. Seeing it was never theirs to give, he will help them so far as to restore the 200. Finally the Infantes are forced to pay the debt in kind, in palfreys, mules, rich stuffs, and armour. Surely the Cid's exactions can go no further.

But once more the Cid rises. His demands hitherto had been but prefatory. It was not in quest of gold he had come thither. The chief grievance of all had yet to be laid open.

"Mercy, my lord the king, for the love of charity! Listen to me, all the court, and let your heart grow heavy at my wrong. Tell me,

Infantes, in what have I ever injured you? whether in jest or earnest, or any sort at all, tell me—and I will make amends for it here in the sight of all the court. Wherefore have you thus torn the very coverings from my heart? When you left Valencia, I gave you my daughters with great honour, and possessions without number. If you desired them no longer, dogs and traitors! why did you take them from their fief of Valencia? Why have you beaten them with spurs and bridles, and left them alone in the forest of Corpes a prey to wild beasts and to the birds of the mountain? If of yourselves you will not make me reparation, let this court see to it, let it judge between us!"

The Infantes spring up mocking and gibing. Let him take his money and be gone; for his daughters they had a right to treat them as they did. Who were they to mate with the House of Carrion? The Cid, mindful of his dignity, puts forward his knights to answer for him. Pero Bermuez, the *Mudo*, or Slow-of-Speech, attacks the Infantes with rough and caustic irony. He reminds them of the adventure of the Lion, and details for the amusement of the Cortes some incidents in the fight with Bucar known hitherto to him alone. But the Infantes are still unshamed. Diego says brutally that they have nothing to repent them of in their treatment of the Infantas. "Let them sigh! The reproach of what we did to them will stick to them as long as they live!"

Here Asur Gonzalez of the party of Carrion enters, trailing his mantle behind him, his face flushed with drink and good cheer, and his speech quarrelsome and incoherent.

"Ha, Barons! who will give us news of my Cid of Bivar? Is he gone to Riodivirna to look after his mills, and count up his meal-bags, as is his custom? Who could have put it into his head to marry his daughters with those of Carrion?"

Muno Gustioz replies in a fiery and abusive speech, and so the war of words runs on. At last an interruption occurs. Ambassadors from the Infantes of Navarre and Aragon enter the hall, and ask the hands of the Cid's daughters in marriage for their masters. Once more the Cid places his daughters' fortunes at the disposal of the king; and this time a happier and more promising agreement is concluded. Great is the rejoicing among the Cid's followers at the prospect of so honourable an issue from the troubles and affronts of the past; but those of Carrion are heavy-hearted. When the business of the Cortes is resumed, Minaya, "the Cid's right arm," taunts the Infantes a little with the magnificent prospects of their discarded wives, and concludes by formally challenging them, and one of their adherents to the trial by combat. A partisan of Carrion rises to reply, but the king peremptorily forbids any further altercation. Enough of words; let the combat be arranged, and the affair concluded. The Infantes ask three weeks' grace, and that the fight shall take place within the territories of Carrion; and the king, after consulting with the Cid, grants their demands. Then the Cid unties his beard as a sign that his honour is avenged, and takes a loyal and grateful leave of his sovereign.

"The king raised his hand and crossed his forehead. 'By St. Isidore of Leon! in all our lands there is no such trusty baron.'"

So, honoured and applauded, the Campeador goes on his way home, back to "the fief he has conquered for himself," the sunny sea-bound Valencia.

The combat follows in due course. It is described at length, but the narrative offers few points of interest. When the Cid is off the stage, the poet does his work carelessly, as if only anxious to get over the ground. The Cid's three champions are successful, and the Infantes disappear, disgraced and defeated, from the scene. The news, borne to Valencia, raises the joy of the Cid and his companions to its height.

Time flows gaily on, and at length two worthier bridegrooms ride across the Glera or plain which surrounds the city, and the edifice of the Cid's fortune receives its top stone.

"See how honour increases to the born-in-happy-hour! To-day the kings of Spain are his kindred."

Then briefly, as if the glory of the hero were so present to him that he found it impossible to turn his mind to other and sadder thoughts, the poet concludes—

"He passed from this world on the day of Pentecost. May Christ grant to him and to all of us, righteous and unrighteous, pardon!"

"Here finishes this history. To him who wrote this book may God grant paradise. Amen."

"Per Abbat wrote it in the month of May, a thousand and cc . xlv years."

Thus abruptly the Cid vanishes from our sight. But the memory retains his image still. Valencia with its flat roofs, its wide harbour and encircling plains—the narrow streets and ancient cathedral of Burgos, the quiet cloisters of St. Peter of Cardena, the hot strifes and fierce passions of the Cortes, all the wayward impulses and half-developed principles which governed the mind of Spain in the eleventh century, they are each and all present to our gaze and grasp as we close the book.

Thus we have endeavoured to sufficiently reproduce the Poem of the Cid, for English readers to form an opinion as to its literary merits and conditions.

For ourselves, we can only say that we find it by no means an easy composition to criticize. As a literary effort, it is strikingly unequal. That lamentable idea which prevails in times when history is still unwritten,—that the poet must be, above all things, a chronicler of facts; and that the divine gift of speech with which he is endowed beyond his fellows has laid upon him certain hard and prosaic duties towards his country and towards posterity, which he may leaven and gild as much as he can with poetic fire, but which he dare not neglect,—weighed heavily upon the mind and heart of the *juglar* as he worked. He has complied with it; conscience and the national voice demand it of him. With exemplary care and minuteness he has followed the Cid's footsteps through the scene of his conquests. Town after town, stage after stage, halt after halt, the number of prisoners to a man, the extent of plunder to a shilling's-worth, he sets it all down laboriously; and Pegasus, chained and curbed, is transformed into a very ordinary beast of burden indeed. He hates it; nevertheless, perhaps a curious modesty suggests to him that by this work, so irksome and uncongenial, he will live in the grateful memory of posterity when oblivion has overtaken his poetical reputation. What is useful he thinks must last longer than what pleases. So he toils on to his own moral edification, and alas! poor man, to the exasperation of a remote posterity, which never entered into his calculations, and for which everything that is simple, truthful, and elementary has very much lost its savour.

For 3,000 odd lines he pursues his double *rôle* of historian and poet. When inexorable necessity will allow of it, he is a poet. He fills line after line with brief recapitulations of marches; but he will tell you by the way, that on such a day "the sun shone brightly," and on such another, the Cid and his followers were "merry of heart." In his dullest vein, you feel that the living breathing personalities were ever before him. He journeys, too, along the rough white road; he catches the glint on the armour, the brown glow of noon on the bronzed faces and noble beards of the warriors. A sense of repose comes over him as he describes the halt; he watches the pitching of the tents, the placing of the sentries; and, as he tells you about it simply enough, you feel with him the cool night-wind blowing about the canvas-walls, and the deep quiet which broods over the sleeping camp.

It is this vivid, realistic simplicity in description, combined with much that is ideal and romantic in conception and delineation of character, which gives the Poem dignity and worth throughout. You have none of the fantastic geography of the *Chanson de Roland*, none of the impossibilities of Arthurian romance. The author of the "Poem of the Cid" was incapable of either. His work is no product of imagination. His pride lies in the

truth of his story. He invents nothing, but he idealizes everything, from the Cid downwards. His whole-hearted devotion to his hero imparts that spiritual element to the Poem, which else were lacking. Here, for the first time, appears the expression "Mio Cid," so common and familiar in later romance. Is it not the very prince of surnames? Beside it how common-place are the stock-mediæval phrases *le débonnair*, *le bien-aimé*, and so on. The words have both the simplicity and the passion of genius; even the dullest descriptive passage is made graceful by them. And our poet finds nothing in the least mixed or doubtful in the Cid's character. Before his time, the Arabs had already committed to writing strange tales of Ruy Diaz. The *juglar*, if he has ever heard them, covers them up in contemptuous silence, or pours upon them indirect and passionate contradiction. Does Ibn Tahir hand down to us the story of the barbarous murder of the Cadi of Valencia by the Cid? The *juglar* tells you emphatically that Moors and Christians blessed him alike, and that the Valencians praised his just and prosperous rule. Does the Arabic historian speak of his personal vanity? The *juglar* tells you of his humility before God and his sovereign. Is he accused of a cruel lust of power, and the hard selfishness which war engenders? The *juglar* shows him to you, amid his family and friends, and dares you to doubt the magnanimity of such a heart? You are reminded of Carlyle's treatment of Cromwell. The hero is the only king by divine right; such a king can do no wrong. Therefore, let us meekly acquiesce in the justice of Cromwell's surgical operations upon Ireland. Let us above all be thorough; let us have no half enthusiasms. So reasons the hero-worshipper of the nineteenth century; but the attitude of mind is an artificial one, and self-created. But with the hero-worshipper of the twelfth century, it is an inbred, spontaneous, and genuine creed. Heroes are an absolute necessity to Spain. It is they who push the Christian frontier southwards; it is they who plunder the Moors, and strenuously protect the lands and chattels of the true believers. To them every Spaniard owes his comfort and security in this life, and possibly—for the proselytizing propensities of victorious Islam are well known—his chance of salvation in the next. Here, surely, is a shrine at which one may worship with a comfortable mind and a clear conscience. For Heaven's sake do not stand cavilling.

No, the Poem of the Cid is no product of imagination. Of the subtle humour and witchery of a Reynard the Fox, of the ideal pathos and grandeur of a Niebelungenlied, Spain was not yet capable. A nation needs leisure and security for such works. Germany had her Minnesingers at this time; France her troubadours, with their elaborate beauty-worship; Italy, a gay love-poetry of foreign growth; but Spain with the grip on her throat—Spain struggling for bare life at home while the rest of Europe is gone crusading—there are other things than love and fancy on her lips. Life is a terribly real thing to each one of her children. The sore national need under the pressure of which the child grows up, and the old man passes away, puts a natural curb upon the mind. If Spain speaks at all, it will be simple words sprung from realities. Praise of God, gratitude to man; this is all the situation allows. Therefore, she offers you nothing but a "Poema del Cid," a poor bit of work by the side of a "Niebelungenlied," judged as a literary performance, but infinitely valuable, infinitely pathetic when regarded as the only possible expression of the mind of Spain at the time. The Spain of the twelfth century speaks to you from its pages, troubled on every side, yet not in despair, for she has borne heroes, she feels within her that from which when need comes she will coin them afresh, and over all—cant words in many mouths to-day, but the very life and breath of mediæval Spain—God reigns.

A VICTIM OF PARIS AND VERSAILLES.

PART II.—VERSAILLES.

I SLEPT till daybreak, and was then only aroused by the tremendous hammering made by some of my companions on the door of our cell. I was not very well pleased at being thus disturbed in the only sound sleep that I had enjoyed for more than a week past, and demanded angrily why they could not allow those who wished to be quiet to remain so. The only answer I got was a recommendation to look out of the window and see what was going on in the court. Accordingly I climbed up to the grated casement, and fully understood why the rest were clamouring to be released.

The whole of the inner courtyard of the Mairie, on which the window of our prison looked, was strewn with corpses of National Guards and civilians, with dead and dying horses, with fragments of shattered ammunition and ambulance waggons; in fact, such a scene of destruction was there presented as I had not yet seen during the civil war. It was certain now, I felt assured, that the sentence of death pronounced on us would not be carried into execution, as the Mairie was unoccupied. Of this there was not the slightest doubt, for all our battering against the door of our cell was productive of no effect. We hoped to have forced it, but that was utterly impossible, so we continued to make as much noise as we could in the hope of attracting the attention of some one searching for ammunition, or of some individual who sought a refuge in the deserted building.

Long and anxious were the hours that elapsed, till at last we heard a voice from without inquire who was there. "Ouvrez donc; ouvrez vîte, vîte!" was our reply; but though the man, a sergeant of the National Guard, expressed himself ready and willing to deliver us, yet he could not find the keys of the cells. Another delay of more than half an hour was the result, at the end of which the heavy door at last grated on its hinges, and we were once more free.

Avoiding the distribution of rifles and ammunition which took place immediately after our release, I passed out into the street, hoping that now my troubles were nearly at an end, and that I might find some haven of refuge till I could communicate with my relations in England. But, alas! my troubles, far from being ended, were only just begun, for the first sight that met my eyes as I stepped out on to the Place, was a soldier of the Government calling on all those in sight to surrender and lay down their arms.

I gave myself up as a prisoner of war, but had the advantage of seeing my name written down in the list of those taken without arms. It was, I well remember, on the morning of Whit Sunday, May 28th. As soon as we had formed ourselves in line, in compliance with the order given to us, we were marched to a small street in the neighbourhood, where we remained for more than an hour, during which time the kind inhabitants distributed bread and wine to all, and a little money to those who most needed it or appeared to do so. Thence we were marched to the Buttes Chaumont, passing on our way many a barricade, or rather the remains of them, showing traces of the sanguinary conflicts that had taken place. Here the body of a man shot through the head, and lying stiff and cold upon the pavement in a pool of coagulated blood; there the corpse of a youth in plain clothes, apparently sleeping, with his

face buried in his arms, but a small red stream issuing from his body told that he slept indeed, but that it was the sleep of death. Past ruined houses, showing how terrible the bombardment of the last two days had been, on we marched, some in silence, some congratulating themselves that they were prisoners, as they would now be safe from shot and shell, others predicting our immediate execution at the first halt, but all with the same anxious, weary, "hunted down" look on their faces, that I before alluded to.

At last we arrived at the Buttes Chaumont, and were given over into the charge of the — regiment of the line, and another of Chasseurs à Pied. (It was the Légion Étrangère that had captured us.) The first order given was "Jetez les chapeaux par terre," and nearly all the *képis*, *casquettes*, hats and caps belonging to the prisoners, were immediately thrown by them on the ground. I was among the lucky ones who wore a *casquette* of silk; this I was able to slip into my pocket, and afterwards derived great comfort from it during hours spent under a burning sun, or in the cold nights, when it served me alike as a shade for my eyes and as a night-cap.

We stood there bare-headed in the sun for some time, until our attention was called to the sound of shooting, and then a whisper went round, "On va nous fusiller tous." Oh, the agonized look on the faces of some I can never forget! It was a complete index of what was passing in their minds. To die thus, and leave wife, children, parents, brothers, or sisters, without one word of farewell, to be thus suddenly cut off, is fearful. I could see this on some countenances near me as plainly as if it had been written on them. But these were men of the better sort, and but few in number; the greater part looked sullen and stolid, shrugged their shoulders and said, "C'est bientôt fini! Un coup de fusil et voilà tout."

One boy about four files behind me was a pitiable object; he had a document which was enveloped in a piece of newspaper in his hand, and this he presented to every soldier or officer near him, screaming out amidst floods of tears, "Oh, je suis innocent! Oh, mon capitaine, ne me fusillez pas!" till at last an officer gave him such a blow with his cane that, though he cried louder than ever, he was forced to desist from his entreaties for mercy. Those around him kept exclaiming, "Tais-toi, crapaud," but the "crapaud" only turned to them, and with fresh bursts of tears produced his document, and explained the nature of it to his companions in misfortune.

Great was the contrast between this boy, who must have been at least fifteen years of age, and a poor child of nine who stood next to me; he never cried nor uttered a word of complaint, but stood quietly by my side for some time, looking up furtively in my face. At last he ventured to slip his little hand within mine, and from that time till the close of that terrible day we marched hand in hand, he never relaxing his grasp except when absolutely necessary. Meanwhile the executions went on; I counted up to twenty, and after that I believe some six or seven more took place. They were nearly all officers of the National Guard who were thus put to death. One who was standing near me, an *officier payeur*, had his little bag containing the pay of his men, which he had received the day before, but had been unable to distribute among them. He now gave it away to those standing about him (I among the number getting a few francs), saying as he did so, "Je serai fusillé moi-même, et cet argent peut vous servir, mes enfants, dans votre triste captivité." He was led out and shot a few minutes afterwards. They all, without exception, met their fate bravely and like men; there was no shrinking from death, or entreaties to be spared, among those that I saw killed. Had they exhibited as much bravery while actually fighting for their cause, as they did when it became necessary to pay the penalty of death for their share in the insurrection, I doubt not that the reign of the Com-

mune would have been of longer duration, and might have even succeeded in its design of government.

After remaining for more than an hour at the Buttes Chaumont, we were marched to a large open space at La Villette, passing on our way through some of the batteries used by the Government troops against Paris. Here we again halted, and orders were given that all rugs, *bidons*, *gamelles*, and knives must be delivered up to the non-commissioned officers of our escort; that all those wearing uniform coats of whatsoever description should turn them inside out, and wear them in that fashion; and that we were to form ourselves by fives. All these orders having been carried out, though some time was expended therein, a staff of officers rode down our ranks and inspected us, after which we again set forth, escorted this time by regiments of cavalry.

From La Villette we proceeded down the Rue Lafayette as far as the Nouvel Opéra, being greeted as we went with the choicest selection of curses and epithets that I ever heard: "Ah, les salots! les voyaux! les assassins! les incendiaries! les voleurs! les crapauds! Fusillez nous tout ça! A Cayenne la Commune et ses soldats!" were the mildest expressions used, but there were many others which it would be impossible for me to write down.

From the Nouvel Opéra to the Madeleine, down the Rue Royale (a strange scene of ruin, where the bystanders called on us to look at the ruin we had caused), into the Place de la Concorde, up the Champs Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe, on we marched bareheaded under a burning sun, exposed to the taunts and insults of the passers-by, running every minute in obedience to the cry of "Serrez vos rangs," and then relapsing into a walk for a few seconds: we were glad indeed when in the Avenue de l'Impératrice the order to halt was given. There, weary and footsore, many dropped down on the ground, and rested themselves as best they could, waiting for death, which we were now convinced was near at hand for all of us. For myself, I felt utterly numbed and quite content to die, as I would at that time have received with equal indifference the news of my release. I remember thinking and plotting in my mind how I could possibly get the intelligence conveyed to my parents in England. Could I ask one of the soldiers to convey a message for me should I have any opportunity of so doing? and, if so, would he understand what to do? With such thoughts, and mechanically repeating the Lord's Prayer to myself at intervals, I whiled away more than an hour, until "Levez-vous tous" broke the thread of my meditations.

Up we started, and placed ourselves in our ranks.

Presently General the Marquis de Gallifet passed slowly down the line, attended by several officers. He stopped here and there, selecting several of our number, chiefly the old and the wounded, and ordered them to step out from the ranks.

"Sors des rangs toi, vieux coquin! Et toi par ici, et toi tu es blessé! Eh bien, nous te soignerons," said he sharply and decisively, now to one, now to another. A young man about five men from me called out to him, waving a paper as he spoke, "Eh, mon général, je suis Americain moi; voilà mon passeport, je suis innocent."

"Tais-toi, nous avons bien assez d'étrangers et de canaille ici, il faut nous en débarrasser," was the reply, as the General proceeded on his way. All chance was over now, we thought, and we should be shot in a few minutes; for our idea was, that those who had been placed aside were to be spared from the general massacre, perhaps released, the wounded sent to the hospitals to be cured, the old men, after a short confinement, given permission to return to their homes: "C'est juste, on ne peut pas fusiller les vieillards et les blessés." Alas! we were soon to be undeceived.

As for me, while the General went by, I took a good look at him. I remember remarking his uniform particularly, com-

paring it in my mind with that of a general in our own service, and wondering whether it was as expensive as the scarlet coat of dear old England, which at that time I never thought to see again.

We soon started off, and proceeded in the same order, except that we were obliged to march arm-in-arm to the Bois de Boulogne, where we again halted.

There we soon had our minds set at rest as to the ultimate destination of those who had been picked out at our last halt. They were all shot, old men and wounded together (over eighty in number, I believe), before our eyes. We, however, were struggling for water, of which there was a scant supply, whence obtained I know not, for I was not fortunate enough to get any.

The execution being over, we again set forth, with the knowledge that Versailles was now our destination, though what our fate would be when we were once there, none of us could conceive.

Oh, the misery and wretchedness of that weary march! The sun poured fiercely down upon our uncovered heads, our throats were parched and dry with thirst, and our blistered feet and tired legs could scarce support our exhausted and aching bodies.

The first division consisted almost entirely of soldiers of the line, and their condition must have been even more pitiable than our own. The road was strewn with knapsacks which the poor wretches had thrown down, and the men composing our escort made us pick up any object which they thought could be of use to them, and hand it over for inspection. Now and again, a man, utterly worn out both in mind and body, would drop down exhausted by the wayside; one of our guards would then dismount and try, by dint of kicks and blows with the butt-end of his rifle, to induce him to resume his place. In all cases these measures proved unavailing, and a shot in our rear told us that one more of our number had ceased to exist; the executioner would then fall into his place again, laughing and chatting gaily with his comrades as if nothing had happened.

We passed over the Seine and by the ruins of the Palace of St. Cloud, then through the park, where the cool shade of the trees brought unspeakable relief. Oh! how I longed for a draught of water,—for my tongue was so glued to the roof of my mouth that I could not utter a word,—but though some managed to obtain a little, I was not among that number.

Towards eight o'clock in the evening, we at last marched into Versailles; and if the execrations that we had endured in Paris had been numerous and varied, they were here multiplied tenfold. "Ah! il y a des bombes-à-pétrole que vous connaisses pour vous là-haut! Il y a des mitrailleuses, sacrés coquins," and so on in the same strain.

We toiled up the hill leading to Satory, and when we reached the summit struggled on as well as we were able through mud more than ankle-deep.

"Voilà les mitrailleuses pour nous," said one of my companions, pointing to what, in the distance, seemed like a small park of artillery; "c'est vraiment fini cette fois-ci." Then for the first time I did feel afraid, I thought of the horrors of being mutilated by shot and shell, and wished that I had been among those who had been executed in the day-time, knowing that death by the rifle was quick and sure; whereas here, to be horribly wounded and linger on in misery, ah! I could not think of it.

The order came to halt, and I waited and waited to hear the whirring sound of the mitrailleuses; but, thank God, I waited in vain. We set ourselves in motion once more, and were turned into an immense yard surrounded by walls, and having on one side three large sheds, in which we were destined to pass the night. With what eagerness did we throw ourselves on our faces in the mud, and lap up the filthy water in the pools.

We were now left free to manage as best we could in the yard, and accordingly a general rush was made at some

few wisps of damp straw which were lying about, on which we had hardly disposed ourselves, when we were commanded by the gendarmes, into whose custody we had now passed, to go into the sheds to spend the night. All rose, and those who were fortunate enough, I among the number, to have obtained a share of the straw, proceeded with it under their arms in the direction of the shed pointed out to us.

We were only permitted to enter five at a time, so that the last comers were left absolutely without a place wherein to lay their weary heads.

We were, however, soon settled, and with the exception of several kicks on the head from the man above me, I managed to enjoy a good night's rest.

At five o'clock next morning we were aroused and turned out into the yard, and it was then for the first time that we perceived that the walls were pierced with holes, through each of which appeared the muzzle of a cannon, near to which we were forbidden to approach on pain of death.

We loitered about all the morning, now standing in groups, now sitting down, but always discussing the events of the last few days, and speculating on our future fate.

Towards twelve o'clock we were summoned for the distribution of bread, which, together with a limited supply of water, was our only food. The ration of bread for each man was two pounds, which was to last him the day, and far on into the next, and hard work it was for men half-famished as we were, to refrain from eating the whole at a single meal; but it was necessary to reserve a portion for the morrow, so we had to curb our appetites.

About six o'clock in the evening we were visited by one of the most tremendous showers I ever remember to have seen; in a few seconds I was completely wet through, and was forced to remain in that condition the whole night, and sleep in my damp clothes in one of the sheds, on the stone flooring, as all our straw had been so utterly soaked through and through that it was quite impossible to make the slightest use of it. I shivered and shook for more than an hour, but managed at last to fall into a most uneasy sleep, which lasted till we were all summoned to resume our positions in the yard.

The day (Tuesday, May 30th) passed in the same manner as the preceding one, but in the course of the afternoon a cry was raised that some one was inquiring if there were any English present. I presented myself, and gave all the necessary information to two gentlemen, who seemed to me to have the appearance of two *attachés* of the English Embassy: this I have since discovered was a mistake on my part, as no one belonging to the Embassy visited the Camp Satory in order to reclaim prisoners desiring British protection. During the anxious time that I afterwards spent, I was always on the look-out for news from them, but never heard anything more, though they promised to communicate with me.

This circumstance led, however, to my finding that there was another Englishman, as well as sundry Americans, among the number of my fellow-prisoners, in addition to subjects of Holland, Italy, Belgium, and, in fact, of every country in Europe. The Englishman who presented himself to the two gentlemen at the same time as myself, was a naturalized Frenchman, and as such could not lay any claim to British protection. His story, which I afterwards ascertained was true, was as follows:—He had arrived in Paris from Brest on May 14th, in order to "better himself," and had been immediately arrested and put in prison by the Commune; he remained a week in confinement, being released on the 21st, only to be again captured by the Versaillais the very next day, so that he had not had good luck on his first visit to Paris.

I remained all the time with him till my release. The night of Tuesday we spent again in the sheds, and the next morning were ordered to place ourselves by fives in marching order for the *interrogatoire*. Our bread was given to us, and we left the Camp Satory with-

out regret, in order to proceed to the Orangerie at Versailles. We were escorted by a regiment of cavalry and a battalion of the line, and were everywhere greeted on our route in the same manner as on our arrival at Versailles on the previous Sunday, but we were by this time accustomed to terms of abuse, and paid no attention to the curses so plenteously showered down on us.

The Orangerie is an enormous gallery used to preserve the orange-trees from the frost and cold of the winter months. It is about seven hundred feet long and forty broad, including the two wings on either side; it is flagged with stone, upon which the dust accumulates with great facility, and, according to my experience, very hot by daytime and intensely cold at night. Within its walls, instead of fragrant orange-trees, some four or five thousand human beings were now herded together in a condition too miserable to imagine, a prey to vermin, disease, and starvation.

Although the accommodation at Satory had been as bad as we thought possible, yet we were horror-struck at the place wherein we thought we were destined to pass some few hours at the most, but where we spent three days and two nights.

We entered by an enormous doorway into a space some twenty or thirty feet wide, where two gendarmes were marching to and fro, and several other of the same corps were standing about with small slips of paper in their hands, the purport of which I soon after learnt, though at the time I did not comprehend their meaning. "Par ici, l'un après l'autre," one of the sentries called out to us, pointing at the same time to an opening in the palisade of orange-tree tubs, and accordingly we passed through, one at a time, into the limited space set apart for those who had not undergone the examination.

I waited for my turn with great patience, and, after about four hours, found myself in the presence of my judges. They were holding their Court (so to speak) in one of the wings, sitting in pairs at small tables strewn with papers, which testified to the great amount of work that they had already gone through.

We had been admitted through a palisade, like that by which we had first entered, and after waiting in a corner, were marched, five at a time, up to one of the tables, when one of the interrogators demanded our names, which we gave. As soon as he had obtained this information he examined a list which lay beside him, and seeing that none of our names were inscribed thereon, proceeded to examine us one by one. When my turn came he asked me my name, age, profession, and birthplace; then if I had served the Commune, and in what regiment or battalion of the National Guard? whether I had ever quitted Paris? how many shots I had fired? where I had been arrested, and whether I had been taken with or without arms in my hands?

Having answered all these questions, I was marched, in company with fifty others, out into the garden, where we waited till a sufficient number were collected, when we were sent into the division of the building set apart for those who had undergone the examination, and there awaited transportation to one of the seaports.

We passed through the canteen of the gendarmes, and soon found ourselves in the midst of some three or four thousand fellow-creatures, all clamouring for the latest and most authentic news from Paris, as we were known to have come from Satory that morning, and were supposed to have heard something of what was going on. However, we were unable to satisfy them on that point, and having assured them of the fact, I proceeded to look about me, in order to see how we were likely to get on among our new companions.

The general appearance of them was, I must confess, far from prepossessing: they were very dirty, dusty, and worn-out looking (like myself, I should imagine); and no wonder, for the floor was several inches deep in dust, no straw obtainable, and no washing possible. We were all huddled up together, sleep-

ing or lying down as best we might find room, of which there was but scant allowance. I gained rather a reputation for 'cuteness by collecting a large amount of dust into a handkerchief, and making a cushion of the same, an idea which I was astonished had not occurred to one of my French companions. Certainly the French people are fertile in resources for accommodating themselves to circumstances; I am confident that very few Englishmen would be able to make themselves so comparatively comfortable as did the Frenchmen either at Satory or Versailles; but then the English would help and have more compassion for his weaker brother in distress, a feeling which seemed to be utterly unknown to these Frenchmen.

Many examples of this fact came to my notice during my sojourn in the Orangerie, but one example will suffice. I had, on my arrival at Satory, a whole packet of tobacco, which I gave away to all those who asked me for a small cigarette: "Seulement une petite cigarette, monsieur"—(for *citoyen* was now dropped)—"une toute petite cigarette." This "petite cigarette" I gave and gave, until, when I arrived at the Orangerie, I had no more tobacco in my possession. The luxury of smoking is at all times great, but never greater than when you have nothing to eat, and look to your cigar or cigarette to supply the deficiency. I met several of those to whom I had given of my store, and who had now become possessed of tobacco, and begged a cigarette of them. Not one would give me the slightest morsel, saying, as they refused me, "Nous en avons besoin nous-mêmes," an answer which did not tend to increase my admiration of the French lower orders or their feelings of gratitude.

It was weary work, to say the very best of it; the sun poured in at the windows, and only added to the misery of the scene by its glorious brightness, lighting up the dull, grey walls and the squalid mass of human beings into something like absolute brightness. Gendarmes passed through without ceasing, calling out the names of those who had been reclaimed by their friends or relations; and wearisome work it must have been for them. Several of them were too hoarse by constant shouting to perform this duty, and deputed a prisoner, whose voice had not been so much tried as his own, to do this work for him. One could not have any sympathy for them, for their brutality towards ourselves had been too great: I saw many a one of my fellow-captives hit with the butt-end of a rifle, or prodded with a bayonet for no offence whatever. Our gaolers, as they were, were able to procure for us divers luxuries, such as sausages, ham, tobacco, &c., but they made a great profit out of this complaisance; and in a good many instances in which money was given them by the prisoners for the purpose of buying any of the above-mentioned articles, they appropriated the money; and when asked for the things demanded, replied that they knew nothing about the matter.

After a couple of hours' perambulating, we were lucky enough to find room to squat down in, and I curled myself up in about two feet of space, with at least seven or eight men reclining and supporting themselves against different parts of my body. Real sleep was out of the question, but the mere repose would have been very pleasant had it not been for the cold, which was intense. I shivered and shook the whole night through, though I hoped that I might have been kept warm by the number of those who used my body as a pillow, and the manner in which I was surrounded on every side by human beings; but nothing could warm anyone, and none of those around slept. The next day (Thursday, June 1st) I and my companion endeavoured to get ourselves inscribed on the list of those who were to start for one of the seaports; but as we had not received our bread for the day, we were turned back, and condemned to another four-and-twenty hours of our fearful abode. That day dragged on as miserably as its predecessor; the only event being the visit of a deputy of the Assembly, which

gave rise to great anticipation, as he said (in my hearing) that our condition was disgraceful, that at least straw and a small portion of soup ought to be served out to us—an observation which met with the approval of all the prisoners.

During the daytime the heat was as intense as the cold had been in the previous night; as there were no latrines, and nothing but open tubs, placed at intervals of twenty yards distant from one another, the stench was intolerable. Washing was entirely and absolutely impossible. The only thing to be done was to find a place to sit down (no easy matter), and to endeavour to while away the weary hours by sleep or thought.

Two or three times in the course of the day our persons were searched by our gaolers, for tobacco, money, matches, or knives. Having some small quantity of the two first named, I managed to secrete them in my boot, and was thus enabled to guard my treasures; but a comb, or rather half a one, which I had imagined secure in my pocket, was seized and taken from me.

The terrible scenes and sufferings that we had all gone through had deprived many of our number of their reason, which added yet more to our misery, for some were dangerous, and made attempts on the lives of their companions, others did nothing but shout and scream both day and night, though some were harmless and quiet enough. One of these lunatics, having gone too near a glass door which we were forbidden to approach, was fired on by the sentry posted on the outside, and killed on the spot.

I had thought that nothing could exceed the misery of the first night, but it was as nothing compared to what I endured on the second.

Together with my countrymen I had gained permission to remain in a part of the gallery where it was not generally allowed to pass, and we hoped that we had a good chance of obtaining a night's rest; but, after I had been asleep for two or three hours, I was aroused by a violent blow on the head, and found that the most dangerous of the madmen was standing over me. I defended myself to the best of my power, and my companion, having been awaked by the noise, assisted me in keeping our opponent at a distance. But he was joined by four or five more lunatics, and we were forced to leave our comfortable place, and seek another spot to lie down in. But it was absolutely useless to hope to obtain any rest that night; for though we changed from one place to another, four or five times, yet the maniacs were everywhere, and, having seen us walking about, followed us, and would allow us no repose. I counted that night forty-four men, entirely bereft of reason, roaming about, and attacking others in the same way as they had done us, till at last very many got up, like ourselves, and walked about till daybreak.

To our inexpressible delight we succeeded the next morning in being among the very first ranks of those who were to start that day; but our names were inscribed at half-past eleven in the morning, and we did not leave the Orangerie, to march to the station, till half-past seven in the evening; thus remaining eight hours in the ranks awaiting, every instant, the order for our departure.

When it did come every one seemed to brighten up and become more cheerful. What our destination was, or what our future treatment would be, were to us unknown. The general impression (whence derived I know not) was that we were to go to either Brest or Belleisle, but there was not a man of our number but was glad to quit the place where we had suffered such misery, and we were unanimous in agreeing that it would be impossible for us to be worse off than we had been.

We were marched, escorted by the Infanterie de la Marine, to the railway station at Versailles. I suppose that the inhabitants of the town had by this time become well accustomed to the sight of poor wretches like ourselves, for we passed through the streets uncommented upon, and almost without being looked at, to our great relief. The train in

which we were to travel was waiting for us, and accordingly no time was lost in getting us arranged in it.

There were first-class carriages for the officers, second-class for our guards, and beast-waggons for us, into which forty of us were packed.

There was an ample supply of bread placed in the waggon for our use, but only four large cans of water, each containing, I should think, about eight litres, so that all we had to drink for seven-and-twenty hours, which was the time our journey lasted, was not quite a quart of water for each man, and this for men who were cooped up together in a small space, with barely enough air to keep them alive admitted into their place of confinement! I wonder that one of us survived. However, as all evils must have an end, so had our journey; and at midnight we were deposited on the quay at Brest. We were put on board several large boats and tugged out into the harbour to one of the dismantled ships, where we were to be confined. It was three o'clock in the morning of Sunday, June 4th, when we were enabled to lay ourselves down on the hard deck and snatch a few moments' real repose.

Our condition, though still miserable enough, was greatly ameliorated. We had better food, airy lodging, hammocks to sleep in, but above all we were given a clean shirt apiece, and were enabled to wash ourselves, the comfort of which was very great.

We were divided into messes, ten in each, and to every man was distributed a fork and spoon; a tin cup was also given between two.

We were summoned by sound of trumpet every morning at half-past five, when the hammocks were rolled up into bundles for the day, immediately after which a distribution of bread took place, each man receiving but a small quantity. Then the decks were washed down, an operation which lasted till half-past eight o'clock. From that time till eleven there was nothing to do but sleep, play piquet or lotto, or listen to the many speculations which were rife as to the ultimate fate of all the prisoners. At eleven the morning inspection took place, and was followed by the morning's soup, accompanied by bread or biscuit. Four times a week we had meat—on Sundays and Thursdays fresh beef, and on Tuesdays and Saturdays salt meat; but the latter was generally uneatable, owing to the cook never taking the trouble to soak the meat previous to preparing it. The other days our soup consisted simply of the water in which peas or beans had been boiled, and very little of that, with a small quantity of the vegetable at the bottom. Soup was again served at five o'clock in the afternoon, and at half-past six the evening inspection, before slinging the hammocks for the night, brought the day to a close. Every other day each man mounted on deck, according to the number of the division (of which there were four) to which his mess belonged; on one day it was their turn to wash their linen, for which purpose they went up during the washing of decks in the morning; on the next only to take the air and smoke, for permission to smoke was granted to those alone who were on the upper deck.

The amount of sickness and disease was so great that a hospital ship was moored close by us, to receive the patients, many of whom, I afterwards heard, died of a sort of gaol fever, caught during their sojourn at Versailles, but never fully developed till some days afterwards.

I saw many a man fall down suddenly, as if in a fit, his fists clenched and his teeth set, looking like one dead, and be carried off to the hospital, never again to come among us. One night, one man about three hammocks from me, fell out of it on to the ground—dead: want and starvation had killed him. I cannot, for obvious reasons, detail at present the horrors of my three weeks' sojourn on board. I only wish to give a general idea of what the life was in one of those ships, and when I think that those who were there with me still remain in the same condition,

and, as it appears, have no chance of release for months to come, my heart grows sick within me, and I can only be thankful to Almighty God for my miraculous and providential release.

How that was effected, I cannot at present tell; I hope that I may be able, at some future date, to relate the whole history of my adventures in a more complete and detailed fashion.

In conclusion, let me say, as one who ought to be able to form an opinion, having lived so long among them, that, far from speaking hardly of the miserable creatures who have been led astray and suffered so much, one ought rather to pity them. The greater part of those who served the Commune (for all, with but few exceptions, did serve) were "pressed men," like myself; but those who had wives or children to support, and were without work—nay, without means of obtaining even a crust of bread (for the first siege had exhausted all their little savings)—were forced by necessity to enrol themselves in the National Guard for the sake of their daily pay.

In the regular army of the Commune, if I may so style the National Guard, there were but few volunteers, and those were in general orderly and respectable men; but the irregular regiments, such as the *Enfants Perdus*, *Chasseurs Fédérés*, *Défenseurs de la Colonne de Juillet*, were nothing but troops of blackguards and ruffians, who made their uniform an excuse for pillaging and robbing all they could lay their hands on. Such men deserved the vengeance which overtook the majority of them.

All I can say in conclusion is, that the crimes and excesses laid to the charge of the Commune seem to me to have been greatly exaggerated: that they were greatly to blame is indisputable, but the old proverb is a true one,—"The Devil is never so black as he is painted," and it certainly holds good in this case.

END OF VOL. XXIV.

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